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The
Smith College
Monthly

October - 1913

Owned and Published by the Senior Class

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THE
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

VOL. XXI

OCTOBER, 1913

No. 1

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IVY ORATION

MARION HINES

When the reward of achievement is upon us we realize for the first time that the joy we have anticipated does not lie in the attainment, but rather in the effort and struggle. We have become conscious only gradually of the growth which has resulted from that struggle, but the significance of its fruition we cannot grasp for many years. There are human enterprises which check the current of events and transmit their consequences not only to every moment of our future living, but also bring results in everything which we attempt. They are judged not so much for what they are in themselves, but rather by the ever-widening influences which radiate from them. We see their importance and call them great. College is such an expe-

rience. It holds for us the culture of ages ; shields us for a few years while we attempt to make the past our own ; gives us therefore a new understanding of the hopes and aspirations of our own time ; sends us out into a new world and bids us succeed.

What right has college to demand success when from every side comes the ringing criticism that college life is abnormal ? The so-called normal world was the first to formulate such a criticism which later was echoed by educators themselves until the conception is familiar to all college students. If we have not thought it we have felt it, especially during vacation periods when we meet those who are not interested in the things in which we are interested. Our critics have not sought an explanation of the keen joy which youth finds in such an abnormal atmosphere. It is wholesome ; it is large-hearted ; it is free. Each girl stands upon her own merits. She is not asked whence she has come or whither she is going. We only say, "Are you worth while ?" The girl who comes from the small towns and villages finds college life variegated and interesting. It holds for her a greater liberality, a keener sympathy with her aspirations than she has known. She enjoys the freedom of such a life in comparison with the critical atmosphere of her normal existence. For her who comes from a larger community, the abnormal wholesomeness and frankness of college is preferable to the routine of her earlier years. She enjoys to the full the freedom from conventionalities. Does not college thus hold an experience vital for the fuller growth of each individual ? No one questions whether we have enjoyed the living of the last four years. But there are those who ask whether there is any vital relation between college activity and the work of the world. The question comes to us as we look forward to the days in the coming years. They seem to many devoid of a clear, familiar color and meaning. In spite of present criticism I believe there is a great similarity between the life in college and that which awaits the college woman afterwards. May not a translation of our present living into terms of that which is to come help us receive our degrees with more joy than we have expected to have ?

When we came to Smith we found an established order. It was determined not only by those traditions which had grown up within the college, but also by those which have been gath-

ering through more than the thousand years during which colleges have existed in some form or other. We made an effort to understand it and to conform. We learned to read the signs in the note-room because we had missed a division play. We accepted the Smith system of dates and bought a pad. Later, whether we were accustomed to walking or not, we walked and wore sensible shoes with sturdy heels. A new appreciation of the beautiful became a part of our every-day living. We learned to watch for the sunset and to expect a change in the clouds every time we passed the library and looked across to the hills beyond. We learned to love the outlines of Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke in their varied clothing of Fall and Spring. We know how silent and dark they are across the meadows when the stars are bright overhead. Although we accepted some conditions, we rejected others and even at times created a new spirit. We no longer stand in line to draw for game tickets. We dance at Junior Promenade in the Students' Building and in the Gymnasium. A new attitude towards the Christian Association has been created. We understood the order into which we had entered; we loved it and therefore wished to make a contribution that would keep it at its best.

But greater than this was the knowledge of our fellows which came to us. We had wondered how they could call this one who laughed so much serious-minded and that plain-looking one marvelous. We found many who knew as much as we did and others who knew more. We took the attitude of one who learns and yet teaches at the same time. This is "the give and take" of college. Each of us was of some use to the others and a part of the whole, which of course could go on without us, but being a part of it was joy for us and our friends.

When we approached our last year, we realized in our work the pleasure of following minds far greater than our own. Special subjects became fascinating. A peculiar phase of life interested us and there welled up within us the determination to become masters of that subject. We longed to specialize, really to know something. We pursued kindred subjects with a new zeal and counted that time most happy when we could make our contribution. We were anxious that this vision of usefulness touching the inner life should find some expression in our outer activities. Within our souls the dawn of our new relationship to the work of the world was breaking.

When we entered college we lost ourselves in the order peculiar to Smith, we recognized the intrinsic worth of our fellows and we created a place through our own activities. These three processes of development in college are like the situations which will greet you in the years following. You are to enter an environment in which there is an established order. Fresh from college, its mistakes may be more evident to you than to those who are living in it. But a constant attempt to interpret its spirit may convince you that its hardened shell has protected something fragile and sacred. You may have a part in bringing to light its true spirit and in establishing a new order for its expression. And yet it must not be accepted without questioning the efficiency of expression for its real spirit. The attitude of one who investigates need not be that of open revolt; but may he not gather and record his information quietly, constructively criticising the existing conditions and offering a new solution? If you find that the spirit of the law has left its ritual as a form without meaning, be brave in asserting that the spirit is gone and that the custom needs to be dropped. Does it lie within the scope of educated womanhood to understand, to criticise and to patiently create?

There are two general classes of people whom you will meet, those with whom you work and those who are the objects of your benevolent love. How will you regard them? You have had four years of cultural training. New methods of approach are habits with you,—a breadth of outlook and a sympathetic understanding of conditions not your own. You meet for the first time those who are experts. Their methods have narrowed their lives to such a point that they can see only those manifestations of life which that point touches. They know how to make a living while you have been learning to live. They will have little use for faith and enthusiasm, your sympathy and imagination; but they know the value of a trained mind and of a skilled hand. Does not the highest service of educated womanhood in democratic society demand a breadth of interest as well as a depth of technical reach? Does it not also require an unquenchable ardor for the best things, a spontaneous delight in work and play and a many-sided enthusiasm? Fortunate are they who learn the professional mode of work and manner of application and yet retain an ever-renewing enthusiasm and love for the work itself!

Besides those with whom you are to work there are those whom you will endeavor to help. They too have been working while you were in college, although they do not have much to show for their labor. What shall be your attitude toward them? May we not turn to that which once controlled your regard for your fellow students? At that time you knew that you might learn from each woman in college, whatever her birth or previous training. When you spoke of all of them you used the pronoun "we." It is the democratic attitude rather than the aristocratic which is needed in the normal world, too. Let the college woman speak graciously of her environment, of the people of her group as "you and I." That is the spirit which enlarges living and keeps it interesting. I do not disregard the unequalities of living; they will always exist. But their bitterness can be overcome by a large-hearted sympathy which must become a part of your womanhood. I believe that there is no one so lowly who within his honest heart is not proud to share his meagre experience, if you wish to learn of him. You may possess this spirit which demands of you a self-renewing belief in human nature coupled with an enthusiasm for living itself. As college women you may radiate the open-heartedness of true democracy.

There remains the work of which the vision came in college. Such a work should be founded upon adequate knowledge, endowed with undaunted courage and enriched by love. College itself has given a foundation in its intellectual training; but preparation cannot stop there. It is a continuous process. Whether it is prepared for in a professional school or whether proficiency is gained through individual effort, you must possess a thorough training before that which you hope to do is your own. But work along any line as the execution of a theoretical plan falls short of the ideal. If its realization has left but the usual gap between itself and its ideal men will grant you success. If not it is failure. After all, it matters little what men may say; for "our business in the world is not to succeed but to fail in good spirits." If all you live for goes to pieces in your hands begin again and rejoice because of the courageous spirit which undaunted builds anew. That does not mean that failure is preferable to success, but more significant than either success or failure is the courage with which the struggle is renewed. It is the "love of your work which will lift you

above the fatalities of time and chance so that, whatever befall the labor of your hands, the travail of your soul will remain undefeated and secure."

Is there not a striking similarity in the underlying principles of living, whether they be found in college or out of it? That which is unique in college is only a form. It is the manner of eating and drinking, of rising by bell and retiring at ten. The laws which have governed your life together are those which will continue to govern you wherever you may be. The end of college demands that you link the experiences of these four years to what is to come and recognize that each part has made a fuller living of the whole possible. The spirit here may be translated into forms and conditions unknown as yet and you may have the joy of being translators. Each year may bring new thoughts and new forms for their expression because you have had the gift of college. They will find their fruition in the fulfillment of the vision of usefulness which you have seen here.

"The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid!'"

OCTOBER

RUTH COBB

Oh, it's yellow tops the hillside
And the branch is brown between,
Where the crow,
Flying low,
Glints his jet and satin sheen.

Oh, it's red is in the hollow
Where the oak and maple grow;
Ruby red
Overhead,
Amethyst below.

OVERTURE TO THE SEA IN STORM

PAULA LOUISE CADY

Low over the stormlashed twilight sea
Is flung a heavy pall of thick black shadow massed
And from its stillness to the leaping water-waste
Stretches a vasty reach of gray dark gloom.
Sad is the night dusk that floats drearily
Out of awful boundless void—from dim infinity ;
Black are the shadows that drift wearily
In the black-green light of the stormy sea.

Is it the heaving of the rising waves
That makes dark shadows in that black strange green ?
Or are those long lithe bodies sea-born forms—
Rolling, swinging, diving, floating—
The woe-bringing court of the lord of storms ?
Do strange fierce stirrings quicken in the air
Thrilling with wild alarms ?
Are those flashes of foam on the crests of the sea
Or glimpses of corpse-white arms ?
Are those dark sea-weeds pitching in the surf
Or wild-flung matted locks of snaky hair ?
And is it water hurled above the rocks
That seems like kobolds in the gloom-filled air,
Leaping to look expectant past the ocean's bound,
Peering with comprehending evil stare ?

A slow low moan o'er the tossing waves—
Fear and Dread and Pain—
The breakers leap and roar and shout !
And a moaning—
Swelling and dying again.
Then a wind sweeps in with a wailing "Hail !"
The combers curtsey low,
The thunder's artillery roar salute
To this courier of the Gale !
The rush of the blast follows fast, follows fast !
Beneath it the bounding waves flee,
And it swoops along with a stirring sad song
On the road between the sky and sea.
And its song, its song, is that slow long moan
A heart-breaking terrible tone,
Screams snatched from the lips of drowning men
By the Gale and claimed for its own !

The night has darkened, darkened, darkened
Like that first Darkness when blind chaos ruled.
Ah ! through its denseness feel the flying Gale !
Out of invisibility
Hear the death cries throbbing through your heart !
And mourn the sadness, sadness, sadness of the sea.

THE LAUGH OF A SPORTIVE SPIRIT

HELEN V. TOOKER

“‘Thanking you for letting us see the story, we remain sincerely—.’ Bah, just the same old printed formula that every magazine in the country uses.” Charles Quent tossed the manuscript on the desk, and leaned back moodily in his chair.

The rejection coming as it did, the fourth in a week, brought to him a feeling of utter despair and hopelessness. It was as though he were struggling against some malignant force bent upon destroying him. His work, he truly felt, was good. It was certainly not trash; it had truth in it, and strength and art and an intangible something which goes to make literature. Much of it had been published from time to time, and highly praised by both editors and critics; but the path to public favor and the resulting humbly receptive editors he had not yet stumbled upon.

During the past year he had had only one story accepted. Story after story had been returned, and there had been times when the dread of returning home to be greeted by the familiar large envelope had kept him walking the streets till late hours. Moreover, he needed the money badly, and the strain was beginning to tell upon him, and his work now was anxious, hurried work. It lacked the old spontaneity, the terse, sweeping power.

He sighed. “It’s good work, I *know* that,” he said. “A start is all I need. If only I could make the public realize that I am here, that I am just longing to spend my time in making them laugh and weep, why, I’d be a blooming millionaire in a couple of years.” He smiled, an ever-ready optimism shaming into silence the passing depression. “And I’ll do it yet,” he exclaimed. “Confound it, I’m not going to take sass from editors all my life. Just wait.”

As he turned to the desk to re-address the story, a headline in the evening paper caught his attention.

“Stockton Writing Stories in the Spirit World,” it read. “Professor H. S. Whiting says that well-known author is creating light literature for the spirits. Professor Whiting made

the statement this morning that he had recently been in communication with the late novelist and short-story writer, Frank R. Stockton, and that the latter is very pleasantly whiling away his time in Heaven, or wherever he is, by creating light literature for his companion shades. More than this Professor Whiting is not now prepared to say. We hope that Mr. Stockton will find profit in creating light literature for such a spirited public, and wish him all success."

"Well, the sheer cheek of some people," Quent burst out. "They can't be satisfied with having everything their own way in this world, but have to keep it up in the next. What wouldn't I give for just a bit of Stockton's talent for getting himself read! If only he would give—" he broke off suddenly as if overwhelmed by the rush of ideas which an idle thought had called up. "I would explain afterwards, of course," he spoke aloud, and slowly, then he gave himself an impatient shake. "Bah," he flung out. "Are you a common thief?" And again he defended himself, saying, "It's not common thievery. It's—."

For over an hour Charles Quent sat in his chair, fighting with the tenacious idea that had taken possession of him! At the end of that time he rose deliberately and took his hat from the desk. "Of course," he said to himself as he went out the door, "it is only a wild idea, and nothing can come of it, but there is no harm in my just finding out."

It was a strange evening that he spent. He saw stranger sights and heard stranger sounds than he had ever before dreamed of, and at midnight he crept home, awed and ashamed, feverishly repulsing the alluring idea that had so charmed him the night before. But in the more matter-of-fact mood of the next morning he laughed at his mental cowardice, as he termed it, of the previous night, and plunged eagerly into his scheme.

After that evening his impressions of the cold, work-a-day world were vague and hazy. He seemed to be going about as one does in dreams, not touching the ground, but gliding along just above it without effort or voluntary motion.

Then one night as he sat in his room there was a quick knock at the door, and at his answering call a man entered, crossed to the desk in three strides, shook Quent affectionately by the shoulders, and cried aloud, "Congratulations, man! It's great, great, do you hear?" It was Frank Doyle, editor of the *People's Age*, and a personal friend of Quent.

"I couldn't wait to tell you," he continued a few minutes later, "because I knew you had been pretty discouraged at our turning down so much of your stuff lately; but you certainly have struck the real thing this time, and no mistake. Everyone at the office is enthusiastic about it, and we're going to rush it right through. Why, man, do you know what we think? That it is going to be the same kind of a big success that 'The Lady or the Tiger?' was. Big excitement. Everyone talking. Reputation made. That's all you need, of course. Once get a name and you're all right if you don't slump. Speaking of 'The Lady or the Tiger?' though," he said musingly, "that story has quite a Stocktonian tang. Did you notice it?" He looked inquiringly at Quent.

That was the first acceptance. The story was published three months later in the August Fiction number, and fully justified Doyle's prediction by the furor it created. Everyone was discussing it, and no one agreed with his neighbor as to its interpretation and its merit. Consequently everyone read it, and all the stories which Quent sent out to magazines at that time were quickly accepted.

So for eight months he went about in the excitement of attained desire, and worked, worked hard, and worked ceaselessly, partly because of a feverish desire to follow up his advantage, and partly from a fear of the little black demon that buzzed questions of why and how in his ear whenever he attempted to have a restfully lazy evening.

Then came a night when the work would not go, and characters and situations got hopelessly out of hand, and the little demon at his ear became teasingly insistent. "Had it been worth while?" he thought frowningly. And how, how was he to clear himself with his own conscience and with the public? He laughed mirthlessly. Yes, surely, get up and tell people that they had been duped, hoaxed. That was simple. And after? He shivered as though he were cold. He must have been mad, insane, that night and all the days that followed to have even dreamed that a simple explanation would satisfy. No, certainly, he could never tell how he—

A rap sounded sharply at the door, and before he could speak Frank Doyle stood in the doorway. Quent saw the anger and wondering incredulity in his face, and the first thought that passed through his mind as he rose mechanically to meet him was, "How did he find out?"

"I had rather stand," Doyle said quietly in answer to Quent's greeting. "Did you really do that, Charley?"

There was nothing but hopeless pleading in his voice, and as he spoke Quent asked himself in bewildered self-wonder how he had ever conceived such a plan, but Doyle's tone, justifiable as it was, hurt, and he flung his head back with a defiant "How did you know?"

Doyle's face flushed angrily. "I'll show you," he said, and going to the door called some one who stood outside. A little old man, thin, straight and spider-like, darted past him, and stopping himself almost under Quent's nose, shook his fist in his face and burst out into a sobbing, scolding tirade. "You impudent scoundrel, you black-tongued, lying, faking hypocrite, pretender, imposter," he bawled, his small, reddish eyes narrowing and broadening as he screamed. "How did you dare, dare, dare, bah!" his voice broke with anger and he drew off from Quent, folded his arms and stared at him in sudden dignity. "Worm of the earth," he snarled.

"Charley," said Doyle, "this is Mr. Scrabner. Mr. Scrabner claims—"

"Claims, sir, claims!" shouted the little man. "By Walter Scott and Theocrites, no, I assert, sir, I know!"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Scrabner," Doyle continued. "Charley, Mr. Scrabner says, in plain words, that that story of yours, which everybody made such a fuss over, was a steal. He says it is one of the first stories Frank Stockton ever wrote, and that it was published in some country newspaper when he was quite a young man. The *Enterprise Gazette*, was it not, Mr. Scrabner?"

"The *Enterprise Gazette* for August, 1855, and here it is, imposter!" and the little man fairly threw the paper at Quent.

It was indeed the *Enterprise Gazette* and on the back page the familiar title seemed to leer vindictively up at him. As he glanced down the columns and noted the familiar phrases and expressions his first emotion was an instinctive resentment that anyone should have printed his story here in—then the realization of his foster-parent relation to it drove him to seek refuge in impotent anger against the real parent. "He had no right to—" he burst out, but Scrabner knocked his words aside.

"Right! Who are you to talk of right?" he screamed.

"Frank Stockton himself gave me the right," Quent answered loftily. "I suppose he thought he would get funny and play a practical joke on me, that's all. Well," he continued, not heeding the blank expression on the faces of the other two men, "it's just a bit too blame practical for me."

"Man alive, what are you talking about?" asked Doyle in a bewildered tone. "Stockton couldn't have told you that story. He has been dead ten years, and you never knew him. Try to tell us where you got hold of it. Didn't you see this paper?"

"Never saw the fool paper before in my life. And for Heaven's sake don't take that tone, Frank. I'm not crazy, even if Stockton is dead. I saw some blame spiel in a paper about Stockton's writing stories in Heaven, and I'd been getting my work back from everywhere. I thought if I could only get one story to go, and go hard, I'd be all right, and perhaps Stockton—well—perhaps he would have the goods. I went to a medium, or whatever you call the creatures, and, well, it wasn't a pleasant experience. But I came back with a story, and I sent it out to you. I had no idea it had been published or even written on earth, which is where Stockton's little joke comes in, I suppose. I meant at first to tell, sometime, and then somehow I didn't see my way clear. That's the whole tale." He squared himself defiantly. "Now say what you please, I don't care."

"But you will, you will," gleefully cackled the little old man, whose face, while Quent was speaking, had taken on a diabolical look of virtuous and vengeful triumph. "We'll do you yet, we'll show you," and he drew himself up into a dignified attitude and flung his arms out grandly, "that you cannot unpunished tamper with the works of great men. We, we who love and reverence them, will rise in their behalf and will defend them with all our strength, aye, with our lives."

Quent made no motion, but stood stolidly waiting. Doyle, however, moved restlessly.

"Don't you think, Mr. Scrabner," he began, "that perhaps it would be better in every way to let the matter rest? It would be a most delicate matter to explain, and it would mean so much to Mr. Quent, and to me also, as editor."

"Sir, if you are not willing to do your duty, and cry out the shameful case," Mr. Scrabner replied haughtily, "I must. Never wittingly will I permit a man to plagiarize with impunity. This is my heaven-sent duty which I must perform."

For an hour the two men argued, hotly and stubbornly, while Quent stared stonily out of the window, and at the end of that time Mr. Scrabner, by virtue of his obdurate vengefulness and perversity, triumphantly bore away Doyle's promise of a complete disclosure.

For the next few weeks Quent lived in a state of mingled dread and relief—dread of the day that should hurl knowledge at all the gossiping world, relief from a responsibility which had slipped from him. When he thought of his work, and of the new book which would soon be at the mercy of public and critics, and of his own future, despair gripped him and turned him sick. He realized now the inconsequent foolishness of his act, by which he had thought to gain his prize by a sudden clever, strategic move, rather than by sheer toil and perseverance.

The explanation was to be made in the July number of the *People's Age*. It would come out on the twenty-fifth of June. After that date, he told himself, there would be no future for him. He had committed an unforgivable sin, and the public would demand his atonement. He would be an outcast, ostracized; his career would be blown to the winds, and he—well, he would find something to do. He might take up farming. Then a revulsion of feeling would sweep him in the opposite direction. Surely, all this could not be. Something would happen.

The twenty-fifth of June came at last and with it the July *People's Age*. At the sight of the familiar brown cover on the subway news stands, Quent's knees grew weak, and he paced the platform restlessly, watching the stand uneasily from the corner of his eye. He did not go to the office that morning, but took the train for the country, not much caring whither it took him, and wildly cursing the sportive spirit whose mischief had led him into trouble, he hid from the world's accusing finger for the space of three days.

On the fourth day he returned from his seclusion, haggard, but quieted, and half-reconciled. He walked into his room that evening, and found Doyle sprawled out in an easy chair, reading a paper and blowing curly, lazy smoke into the air. Before Quent could summon up a protesting and unfounded sense of resentment Doyle was shaking him vigorously by the hand.

"Have you seen the papers?" he demanded eagerly.

Quent shook his head. "I don't care to very much," he said simply.

Doyle nodded understandingly. "They have handled you pretty kindly, though, for some reason. You ought to be grateful to them. But, Charley, this thing has boomed you to the skies." He leaned forward excitedly. "'The Dyer's Hand' has sold out one edition in the last three days."

Quent started forward and gripped Doyle by the shoulders. "Do you mean that?" he demanded sternly. "Is that true? Didn't they break me?"

"It's true. And you had better say they made you, not broke you. Coleman thinks that this is only a beginning. The second edition is already almost bought up in advance."

Quent sat down suddenly, as if all his strength had slipped from him. For a while both men were silent, then Quent spoke.

"And I have been eating my heart out for the last three days. I thought I would take to farming," he laughed. "What's all that mail on my desk?"

"Humble editors at your feet begging for stories, stories, and more stories, probably. Try and see, Quent."

Quent tore open an envelope and glanced down the sheet, then he looked up smiling. "It's Irving Bradley," he said contentedly. "He wants to see some of my work as soon as I find it convenient. He returned me seven stories in one month once. He has never accepted more than one in his life, and he only paid me a hundred for that."

"He won't haggle over terms this time," Doyle prophesied. "What do the rest say?"

"Same thing. Haven't I something I can send them. Glad to see anything I can send, etc." Suddenly Quent looked up from the letters with a gleeful smile. "I say, Frank," he chuckled, "I think Stockton has stopped laughing now. Don't you?"

IN THE LANE

DOROTHY OCHTMAN

Last night in the twilight, down the lane,
My dearest and I passed on our way,
And the thrushes sang in their sweetest strain
And called to my dearest to stay, to stay.

The roses looked up and saw her face,
And bent o'er the path to keep her there,
But I pushed their branches back into place,
Cool with the dew of the evening air.

So we passed down the lane and went over the stile,
And the wind whispered low, "Come with me, come with me,"
The crescent moon, rising, looked on for a while,
And all things were loving my dearest and me.

* * * * *

Now, in the morning, down by the lane
The birds are all silent, for she is away.
The wind roves over the fields in vain
To seek where my dearest is hidden to-day.

And the wild red roses that grow in the lane,
Dropping their petals one by one,
Call to my dearest to come again,
And turn their heads from the waiting sun.

SHEPHERD'S DISCONTENT

ANGELA RICHMOND

Beyond the margin of the purple hills
Lie worlds undreamed of ; golden mystery
And bright adventure on the shimm'ring sea.
A happy wanderer that knew no ills
Has told the marvels of those worlds to me.
So I am weary of this placid vale,
Its rippling waters and its willow trees ;
The sun-warmed meadows and the wind-swept leas
Have lost their beauty since I heard the tale
Of all that lies beyond the mountains' rim.
How bright the sun upon their crests, how dim
The shadow in the valley seems to-day !

YOUR BOOKS

MIRA BIGELOW WILSON

How still you sit around the table !
The clock ticks loud, the lamp's aglow ;
The clock ticks fast, the lamp burns slow.

How wearying the day has been
With all its small concerns,
The house and family whats and wheres
And whens, and how the cook-stove burns !

But now you're grouped around the table
So still, so quiet with your books,
And something far away about your looks,
Something that has at length forgot
About the garden-hose and cooks.
Our easy chairs are close together ;
Yet miles and years and winds and weather
Are separating us.
" Brother, all hail ; I wish you love and joy !"
My message comes by deep sea cable.

The clock ticks loud, the lamp's aglow ;
The clock ticks fast, the lamp burns slow.
How still you sit around the table !

THE HEART OF THE WOOD NYMPH

FRANCES MARGARET BRADSHAW

The wind was young once.
In the cool, dark wood he came to woo me,
Sprinkling sunlight through the thrilling leaves.
I loved his timid kisses on my cheek
And when he touched my brow with fingers cool
My heart was won with all his winsomeness.

But now my love is grown to be a man,
Mighty is he, masterful and bold.
He woes no more with sighs of tenderness ;
In the whirlwind of his passion he carries my breathless soul.
I quail and tremble, but I cannot flee,
My heart adores the god that masters me.

MAMIE

KATHERINE B. NYE

There was once a smart girl who had lived with the same family for three years. So of course the family thought they knew her very well, and one of her mistress' favorite remarks to the neighbors was, "Mamie is such a jewel! And you always know she will do just what is expected of her!"

This stability of character had been given her, I think, as armor, to protect her from almost overwhelming odds. In the first place her mistress, Mrs. Warren, expected Mamie to do everything. And it so happened that Mamie was by nature one of those people who *do* everything. She did not go around looking for work; but she didn't have to. As soon as Mrs. Warren found she could do the kitchen work, the housework was added to her duties. After that Mrs. Warren began to count on her for little "extras," such as pressing out a frill or two or a suit now and then. In return she gave Mamie five dollars a week, Thursday afternoons and Sunday nights off.

As for Mamie, well, Mamie wasn't her name at all. Her name was Margaret. However, Mrs. Warren's name was Margaret, so instead of changing her own name, which she had a perfect right to do, she changed Mamie's, which she had no right to do. But then, she never thought of it that way.

Every Thursday afternoon Mamie spent at the Public Library reading magazines and those books in which the illustrations were startling enough to attract her eye. And Sunday nights she took the crowded, stuffy, suburban car out to Laketown, and there had supper with a little old lady who was a friend of Mamie's aunt. The old lady was very deaf and very anxious to be talked to; consequently Mamie usually came back more tired than before.

This is where the story really begins. Once after Mamie had spent an unusual amount of lung power on the old lady and had given her an exhausting description of Mrs. Warren's new spring suit, she boarded the suburban car, sank into a red plush seat and fell fast asleep. And of course the man next to her, being below middle age and above medium stature, looked down

at the tired girl beside him and pitied Mamie because of the dark circles under her eyes and the bright crimson spot on either pale cheek. He admired secretly her brown hair and wondered what color her eyes were.

The man was rather different from the ordinary men that Mamie saw on the "nine o'clock city special." To be sure his clothes bore none of the distinguishing touches of a fashionable tailor; they were decidedly "store made." But there was a look about his eyes and a little turn of his under lip that saved him from being homely, and his black hair was gray enough at the temples to save him from looking hopelessly young. He took out a magazine and began to read.

As the wheels rattled over a crossing Mamie wakened with a start, and stared around her half-dazed. Before she knew it she had looked straight into her neighbor's eyes—and he found that hers were deep blue. Abashed she glanced at his magazine, and unconsciously read the title of his story. That was all. He went on reading and she got off at the next corner.

The next Thursday Mamie, having pressed frills until her wrists and eyes ached, walked to the Public Library, entered briskly and, abashed at hearing her footsteps echo and reëcho along the halls, stopped and tiptoed to the nearest shelves, with the approved "library attitude."

She was startled to find herself gazing into two dark-brown eyes, and the owner of the brown eyes was in turn duly startled at the reappearance of the blue of the "suburbanite." Mamie muttered something about "magazines" and tiptoed off again. She entered the magazine room, with its smell of rubber matting and its rows of shiny tables. This time she had no difficulty in making her selection. It was the story of the "Brown-eyed Man" that she selected.

Being a girl she did not stop long on the description of the heroine; the glowing account of her blue eyes, brown hair and tired face was lost on Mamie and she only lingered for a moment on the details of the yellow satin dinner gown which enveloped the faultless form of this paragon.

But she dwelt at length on the paragraph devoted to a clean-shaven, bold hero who seemed to know exactly what to do at every turn of the complicated plot. He had, she learned, an endless amount of money and Mamie sighed, thinking of the bare kitchen and the bleak bedroom which were home to her.

And after she had sighed she wished she hadn't done so, for glancing up, she saw the brown eyes looking in her direction.

That was all, but Mamie laughed to herself all the way back to her—that is, to Mrs. Warren's home, and said, "If he turned out to be rich and secretly in love with me it would be funny! But as it is, it's just happened and he isn't rich or he'd have better clothes. He's that kind."

Then she went in and did everything she could find to do to keep from thinking of pleasant but improbable things.

And it so happened that every Sunday night the man was on the "nine o'clock city special," and every Thursday afternoon he was in the magazine room at the Public Library. So most naturally they said "Good-afternoon" at the Library, and when they sat together on the car they talked, mostly about the stories they had read.

Mamie found he had read a great many books, and he recommended some of his favorites to her. Strangely enough, after that they both deserted the magazine room and met again in various other parts of the building. Above all Mamie loved fiction. Just where she got her "sentimental streak," as she called it, she never knew; surely not from her matter-of-fact farmer father, nor from her hard-working mother who never smiled and was not given to "acting foolish, even with the children."

So time went on until Mamie had been with the same family for four years. She was now "doing a little sewing for the children now and then," aside from her numerous other tasks. As she took care of the children evenings while Mr. and Mrs. Warren were out, her wages were raised to six dollars a week. With this princely sum and more which she had saved Mamie bought her new spring suit and hat. And she laughed when she handed over her twenty-five dollars, for she knew that she was the "kind that liked better clothes, too."

The next Sunday was warm and sunny, and the little old lady was more eager than ever to hear how the children were, how the new cake came out and whose parties Mrs. Warren was attending. She received thunderous answers to her mild, slow little questions, and when Mamie left she gave her a large bouquet of apple blossoms. Mamie "just loved" the flowers, but secretly she was so tired she hated to carry them.

On the car she sank into her accustomed seat and closed her eyes. The "clickety-click" of the ties as the wheels buzzed over them soothed her tired nerves. The brown-eyed man glanced down at her again—just as he had a year ago—and thinking to bring a smile to her tired lips he said, "The wealthy hero has arrived, I see," and he touched her new suit lightly.

There was no answer. But when he glanced at her again he saw something that made him draw his breath sharply. Then he made a motion as if he were going to take the apple blossoms from her hand. But something happened and he changed his mind—and his hand was still on hers.

And the clickety-click of the ties sang, "*He has come, he has come!*"

The next Thursday afternoon the brown-eyed man and the blue-eyed girl entered the magazine room on tiptoe. Then they sat for a long time reading a story in a magazine which was a year old. After they had finished the man sighed.

"The trouble is, you see, that heroes are always millionaires," said he.

"Not *always*," said Margaret.

THE PURPLE HEATHER

MARGARET LOUISE FARRAND

Across the common and up a winding road,
Bordered by hedge-rows, tall and green and neat,
Shutting in brimming fields of golden grain,
With scarlet poppies laughing through the wheat.

Tall trees that touch their branches overhead,
And fleck the road with dancing bits of light,
A brook that tumbles down its stony bed,
Laughing with all its might.

Then follow to the middle of the moor
A little path that loses itself there,
While round it, like a sea without a shore,
The purple heather stretches everywhere;

And the Surrey hills that are dreamy, hazy blue,
Roll their long and misty lengths away, away,
And you look at them and wonder if it's true
That behind them lies the road to yesterday.

MARGARET AND THE BUTTERFLY

MARY LOUISE RAMSDELL

Under the blue pavilion of the sky,
Where ravelled clouds their carded fleeces spin,
The apple orchard spreads its leafy tent
And chambers mellow aisles of shade within.
All cool and dark the swimming air, and green
As some dim emerald pool within the ocean's deep demesne.

All cool and dark and green the swimming air,
Save where the riddled canopy lets through
Some trickling drops of sunshine, whose bright pools
Checker with gold the grassy avenue.
The whispering breeze, the rustling bird, the bee'
Voicing that teeming silence which is Nature's harmony.

Hark! Through the stillness, pulsing waves of mirth,
The untaught melody of childish glee,
Ripple and break; and from the farthest shade
A bright form gleams and darts from tree to tree,
Now back, now forth it twinkles o'er the grass.
Till, nearer drawn, an errant beam reveals a little lass.

As when the painted autumn leaf is lured
By jocund zephyrs from its mother bough,
And frolics downward in a zig-zag path,
Now poised midway a tremulous instant,—now
With one swift, headlong rush, a leaping fire,
Darts to the earth and vanishes amid the tangled brier,—

So she, charmed by an opal butterfly,
Pursues, with arms outstretched, its eager flight,
And now she gleams athwart a golden ray,
Now slips from view within the shadow's night,
Her eager feet in mazy patterns lead
Adown the lanes where shifting lights their tapestries have spread.

THE TRUANT

ANNA ELIZABETH SPICER

I saw him steal carefully from the animated group of his schoolfellows who were intent on some question involved in a game of marbles and, crossing the bare school yard unheeded, push aside the bushy hedge and jump the small stream which reminded one of an ancient moat in this connection and purpose.

A small, insignificant-looking fellow of some twelve years of age he had appeared in the school yard ; a timorous air seemed to fold him round like some garment, and he seemed to prefer to watch rather than to participate in the games. I had not noticed him until his movement of withdrawal caught my sharp eyes.

After jumping the stream he turned and looked back to make sure that no one was following and was evidently satisfied that he was unobserved, for the thick bushes hid me. And then the miracle happened ! His mantle of timidity and insignificance fell from him and I saw a slender, supple lad with brown hair and keen blue eyes.

He stooped down and soon I saw that he was drawing off shoes and stockings. This accomplished, he straightened, took a deep breath, and started on a run for the woods some ten rods distant. I had a secret feeling of prying, of treading on forbidden ground, but he had enchanted me and I could not but follow him, keeping well behind that he might not see me.

How fast he ran ! Little bare brown legs flashing, flashing like shuttles in a loom, and head bent forward with firm purpose. He skirted the edge of the woods for a few minutes, then dashed into them on a narrow trail ; these were evidently old hunting grounds ; no hesitation delayed him now.

The path led up a gently sloping hill covered with spring wild flowers and dainty fern lacework. Here the world was predominantly green and blue—no dismal shades, but the living tints of spring. The boy stopped here and there to admire some rarely exquisite arbutus or some slender Mayflower, breathing in the soothing fragrance.

Up, up the path led, through grey bowlders half moss-covered and over deceitful little gullies hid by last fall's dead leaves ; and up we followed it, he a lithe impersonation of a little fawn or satyr, never losing footing nor misjudging the distance of a leap.

We had now reached the top of the hill and, writhing up an unusually large bowlder which guarded the brow, he stood up and looked upon the scene which he had chosen to leave. Far below him the little city lay steeped in the early morning sunshine, seemingly half asleep. Over to the right was the school-house and yard, the latter now deserted for the hot, busy hum of work inside the building.

A flock of crows flew by him with their great wings flapping cheerfully, and off in the distance a lonely flicker followed his strange, inundating path. A drowsy bumble-bee hummed in a near-by bush ; and the boy stretched his arms and again drew in a deep breath, many of them, then burst into a joyous peal of laughter. To me it meant more than he could have told me in words, had he tried. A little pity, perhaps, for the poor, drudging schoolfellows, a gladness that the world was his, lay there before him to do with as he willed ; but most of all, joy, pure joy to be living and breathing and laughing.

I forgot that he did not know of my presence. From my short distance I called out an answer to his expressed joy.

Again a change passed over him. His arms dropped to his sides, he glanced quickly around and, seeing me, jumped down the bowlder and ran. I thought he had run swiftly before, but I had still swifter running to see now. He sped through the underbrush and had disappeared into the misty greenness of the woods before I could gather my thoughts. Far down the path a crunching noise died away and the kindly woods hid him from my view. In vain did I call, assuring him that I meant no harm. The little wild creature had gone, not to return.

The flicker still swooped in dizzying patterns and the bumble-bee still hummed and droned, but the most of the joy and happiness had gone. Soon I too went, passing slowly through the leafy path, picking my way with care.

I have watched for the little figure often since, but never have I seen him. His schoolfellows still throng the narrow playground at recess time and play their old games, but his

figure is missing from among them. I go often to the hilltop and rest on the bowlder, scanning the whole hillside for him. Once I heard a slight movement in the underbrush near me as I ascended the hill, but I could prove nothing—it might have been some squirrel or other little wood inhabitant. And I wonder if I shall ever see him again with his bare, brown legs and small, keen, wistful face, and hear his joyous laugh.

MAXFIELD PARRISH'S PICTURES

MARION DELAMATER FREEMAN

Such pictures! As you look you quite forget
That you are grown, and can no longer play
In fairyland! You are a child again,
Lord of this towered castle gray and tall.
See how the pennant from yon banner floats
Out on the evening breeze, as you ride on
O'er drawbridge, 'neath portcullis grim,
Welcomed by your retainers great and small
With cries of joy, "All hail the conqueror!"
And leaping from your charger, in you go
To feast in torch-lit halls of splendor rare.
Or, if you should prefer, you might become,
Instead of knight, a pirate bad and bold.
Yo ho! The wind shrieks through the rigging taut,
The spray flies far before your boat's sharp prow,
Their ship is swift, but yours is swifter still!
On, on! Before the wind! Spread every inch
Of sail! You've got them! Aye, with treasure, too!
Pearls, diamonds and gold, just heaps of gold!
But maybe you'd just rather be a child,
To go exploring in the dark, deep woods,
Where fairies live, and elves and gnomes?
You'll find them if you search and then they'll play
With you, and share with you their treasure troves,
And show you where the magic pools lie hid,
And tell you everything you want to know.
Or would you care to run and leap and swing
Again the way you used to, years ago?
Just look into his pictures, and forget
That you're grown up! He'll show you how! He knows!

IMAGINATION

BERTHA VIOLA CONN

I saw a tiny elfin who was dressed in green and yellow
With many jingling hairbells on his small red hood,
And he frisked within the twilight like a jolly little fellow
While his merry laughing hairbells went a-tingling through the wood.
And the night was growing older,
Grey and dark and black and colder,
And the night was getting blacker through the pine trees in the wood.

Above the cracking branches came the blinking moon acreeeping,
And shadows formed like monsters on the cold dirt ground.
Deep within the empty silence every little bird was sleeping,
While the hollow wind went whistling bleak and comfortless around.
And the stars were growing whiter,
Clear and sharp, then gold and brighter,
While the hollow wind went groaning through the branches all-around.

Among the dropping pine-cones and within the chill moon glances
I watched the little elfin in his midnight glee,
And the dusky, dancing shadows disappeared like hollow fancies,
For I loved the little elfin who skipped about with me.
But can it be I'm growing colder?
Wiser, learned, grave and older?
For now I find no laughing elf to frisk about with me.

FINITE

MARION SINCLAIR WALKER

Against yon meadow's fringe of darksome pine
The fireflies flicker in uncertain flight;
The steady stars burn on; are thoughts of mine
Thus to Thy thoughts, Eternal Lord of Light?

SKETCHES

THE THIRD TRIUMVIRATE

MARY COGGESHALL BAKER

They were walking leisurely along one of the fascinating, unexplored, winding roads which leave Northampton in every direction and end 'most anywhere in the surrounding country. It was a blue jewel of a day with a clear, deep, cloudless sky overhead and Mount Tom Range in the distance, transformed by the Midas-touch from its one-time restful hue to a mass of brilliant color with alternate splashes of flaming crimson and golden and yellow and here and there a stray green relic of the departed summer.

Nearer, in the middle distance, were level fields broken at intervals by shocks of brown cornstalks with tasseled heads and nearer yet, too near in fact to borrow the enchantment that distance lends, were the broad, prosaic acres of an onion farm strewn with dirty little gray bags packed full of the delectable fruit and emitting the same familiar, peculiar, penetrating odor that onions have always emitted ever since their happy childhood back in Adam's vegetable patch. I am not bemoaning the fact for I like the smell of onions at this early stage of their existence and it is only after they have been cooked and—but why go into detail? This story is about freshmen, anyway.

There were three of them walking along the dusty, gray road in the warm, golden sunshine of the late October day. The musical warbling of the birds in the woods at their right fell upon unheeding ears and the interesting antics of a lively young squirrel on the board fence at their left were likewise unnoticed, for the three girls were completely wrapped up in their own conversation, the all-absorbing subject of which was themselves.

Ermingarde was speaking. "I suppose freshman year is hard," she admitted, "but I am sure that after I get accustomed to my new surroundings I shall get along all right. How could I help it? I was valedictorian of my class in Blakeville and was one of the brightest girls the school ever graduated, my principal said. He expects me to reflect honor on the school and on my home town and I have promised to try. I think I can all right." Ermingarde was a rather pale, undersized, slim, sixteen-year-old girl with sandy hair, which she still wore in a braid, and rather nice brown eyes, which were marred, however, by the gold-bowed spectacles perched on her long, hooked nose. Her apparent self-confidence impressed the others.

"Oh, were you valedictorian?" cried Grace and Eunice in a chorus and Grace added, "Why so was I back in Kenton, Missouri. Say, I'm awfully glad to know another intelligent girl. I was so afraid I'd be lonesome here. I guess it will be nip and tuck between us for first honors all right." She turned to Eunice. "Were you anything, Eunice?"

Eunice smiled at the frankness of the question. She was not exactly pretty but there was something very attractive about her clear complexion, her smooth black hair neatly fixed and her graceful, athletic figure. "Nothing like that," she replied in a pleasant voice, "but I was captain of the basket-ball team senior year and I think I stood third in the class."

"We didn't have a basket-ball team," said Grace, "but we published a school magazine, *The Youthful Promise*, and I was the editor-in-chief of that. I am quite literary and I hope to write books after I graduate from college. If in after years you ever come across a book written by Grace Mary Anthony you will know that I wrote it and so you want to read it."

"I will," promised Eunice cordially. Grace was by far the prettiest of the three with a lily-white skin except for the faint rose in her cheeks, big, blue, innocent eyes and a lot of curly, radiant, golden hair piled up on top of her head. She was not Ermingarde's conception of a literary light but of course she must be one if she said so.

"Well," she admitted, "we didn't have a basket-ball team or a magazine at our high school but I've had some poetry printed in the *Blakeville Chronicle* and that's a real newspaper."

"O-oh!" said the other two in respectful admiration, "a real newspaper!" There was a long silence while the three

girls were thinking deeply. Each of them had come to college with the idea firmly fixed in her mind that she would far excel everybody else in the class and now had come the first hint of a struggle. Finally Grace spoke. "Of course," she said slowly, "we can't all be everything." Nobody contradicted this self-evident truth. After a time Grace continued as if talking to herself, "Personally I'd rather run the MONTHLY than do anything else."

Ermingarde and Eunice brightened perceptibly. "I won't beat you out if Eunice won't," said Ermingarde generously.

"No, I won't," agreed Eunice. "I probably couldn't, anyway. Besides, I'd rather make the freshman team."

"And I will stand at the head of the class," concluded Ermingarde.

As she said this the three girls came to the end of the road, which left them on a high rock with a steep, sheer descent on one side, below which was spread out before them miles and miles of level fields and peaceful farm lands, a panorama of calm, rural New England scenery. It was near sundown and the hour, together with the atmosphere and the setting as they stood there high above the rest of the world, was conducive to lofty thoughts and aspirations. An inspired expression causing a momentary resemblance flickered in the three faces but faded immediately, however, when Eunice broke the spell. "It's a bargain," she said and they solemnly shook hands. Thus was formed the Third Triumvirate.

* * * * *

The scene had changed. It was no longer mild October weather but the wind was blowing a gale outside, hurling great masses of wet snow and hail against the big windows and rattling the sashes as the drifts piled up deeper and deeper around the big campus house. Grace had just returned from spending a few days with some friends in New York and Eunice had met her at the station in a taxicab. After having tea in Eunice's room they went down into the parlor and settled themselves comfortably on the divan in front of the fireplace. At the other end of the couch was Nellie Williams, Eunice's favorite senior, fast asleep with a volume of Shakespeare on the cushion beside her.

"Perhaps we'll disturb her," said Grace doubtfully.

"No, we won't and besides, she won't mind because she's supposed to be studying for a Shakespeare written."

"I bet that's a hard course," said Grace thoughtfully.

"Well, just a few," responded her friend. "I never could pass it."

Conversation lagged. They had discussed Grace's visit over their tea and now the heat of the wood fire burning cheerfully in the fireplace made them drowsy. Eunice was meditating on the changes which had taken place in Grace since that day in October, changes slight enough to the ordinary observer but very evident to her best friend. A few months ago the mention of a hard course, particularly of a hard course in English, would have made Grace determined to take it but now—well, now she did not display any undue eagerness to become acquainted with the great Elizabethan dramatist. Her face was thinner than it had been and on her forehead between her eyes was a fine little line which certainly had not been there before.

"Do you know," said Eunice slowly after a long silence, "I wouldn't take eighteen hours next year if I were you, dear. Fourteen is all the college requires and really I think that is enough."

"Oh yes, I changed my mind about that," replied Grace, "I shall take only fourteen."

"What are you going to drop?" inquired her friend.

"Art or English 13."

"Why, Grace, not English 13!" Eunice's voice was full of surprise and dismay.

"Why not?" said the erstwhile famous-author-in-embryo gloomily. "They say Miss Jordan reads themes for only two reasons, either because she likes them or because she doesn't. She read just one of mine last semester and since then I have been afraid to hand in anything. I just passed the course."

"Oh, my dear, I'm so sorry," cried Eunice. "I think you write beautifully. Please keep on trying."

"Well, perhaps," sighed Grace, "but I am afraid you are wrong about my talent. Anyway, I shall be tickled to death if the MONTHLY ever puts my name in the back of the book as announcing my engagement to so-and-so or teaching school in Chicopee Falls. An ordinary diploma looks big to me now without any side honors."

"Same here," was the laconic answer. "I got a fierce report card."

"Why, so did I, only I was afraid to say so because I thought you had a good one."

"No, and I just made sub-team because Helen Johnson couldn't pass the office. I wouldn't have stood a show otherwise."

There was another thoughtful silence, broken at length by Eunice. "Do you remember that walk we took and Lookout Rock where we three divided the class honors?"

"Do I!" exclaimed Grace. "How long ago it seems! By the way, where is Ermingarde? I'd like to see her again."

"You can't," replied Eunice sorrowfully, staring fixedly at the fire, "because—because she isn't here any more. She left right after mid-years."

"Honestly!" cried Grace. "Why, she was terribly bright, valedictorian and everything and the best scholar the school had ever graduated."

"It was only a little high school," said Eunice, "and it had been running only five years and just two people graduated in the class before her and there were only five scholars in her own class. So that explains it." Again there was a pause as they both watched the flames shooting up the chimney and the falling sparks, the golden head and the brown one close together, tears shining in both pairs of eyes. Something stirred at the other end of the couch but neither of them heard it.

"Well," said Grace with a little catch in her voice, "I suppose that does explain it but there were four-hundred-seventy-six who entered in our own class and most of them are still here. If she couldn't keep up, how did they? For after all she was the whole thing at home."

"I don't know," said Eunice heavily. "I cannot understand."

There was another stir and the volume of Shakespeare slipped to the floor as the senior, murmuring softly in her sleep, quoted, I think from Mark Anthony's great speech in Julius Cæsar, "So were they all, all prep. school shining lights."

"I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES TO THE HILLS"

LEONORA BRANCH

"I will lift up mine eyes to the hills!"
To the hills! There is silence there,
Silence and peace on the hills;
But the valleys, they are fair.

The air of the hilltops is pure;
I will climb to the heights above.
Yet the valley air is sweet
With the fragrance of human love.

And down in the valleys men strive,
And labor and toil with their hands,
Yet of labor and striving there comes
A joy that my heart understands.

On the hilltops I cannot guess
What futures my heart may meet;
But the life of the valleys I know,
And its loves, I have found them sweet.

Yet Thou bidd'st me higher climb,
Bidd'st me leave the vales at length.
"I will lift up mine eyes to the hills,"
And Thou, Thou wilt send me strength!

GOOD NIGHT

HYLA STOWELL WATERS

The little candle is burning low,
The giver of yellow light.
The little candle is burning low,
And the great, weird shadows come and go
As they dance the victors' dance, for they know
They have almost won the fight.

The little candle is lower still,
And wavering wild its light.
The little candle is lower still,
And the bright flame dances its death-dance, till
The dark shuts down with a fearful thrill.
The candle is out. Good night.

THE RECTOR'S STUDY

ELLEN BODLEY JONES

The whole affair came from our not being commissioned officers. It was later found out that I was the first boy who was ever graduated from S— Military School without being an officer and, to speak truly, I was rather proud of the disgrace, or honor, whichever you choose to call it.

I was always at the tag end of everything. It seemed as though I had been born into the position, from the moment when, a scared "new boy," I had first entered the hallowed portals of the school, late in the term. I was the youngest boy in my classes, the newest, and consequently the "goat." It was my name that appeared every month at the end, when the rector read the list of ranks, "Jones, thirty-second." I accepted it without a whimper, feeling that I was destined always to be at the bottom, so what was the difference, anyhow?

According to the military custom of the school, any boy who came to class tardy, who appeared at roll-call with his boots unblackened or with a button missing from his coat, had to drill an extra hour in our free time in the afternoon. I was always late to everything, never was orderly, consequently, when the officer of the day, with his haughty, stentorian voice, read out the names of those delinquent ones, "Jones" was always among them. I can remember yet that straight brick pavement in front of the chapel, where we formed ranks. After a while I got so that I never even listened for my name, for it was always there, so why take the trouble to listen? When the order "Fall out!" was given, I always marched off with the rest to the "grove" as we derisively called it, a triangular plot of grass with a fence around it and three pine trees in the middle, which was the place of torture. In this hallowed spot, because it was considered a disgrace to be there, no boy was allowed to drill with a gun. But a cord-wood stick, much heavier and harder to handle, served its purpose. I think, in my most self-conscious moment I could never feel as ungainly, as awkward, as I used to when that cruel officer gave the sharp command, "Double time, march!" and we, with cord-wood sticks on

shoulders, started off in that mad rush around the triangle. Often he kept us running so long that to drop dead on the turf would have been a God-send. But our lungs were too stout for any such romantic ending. I have the greatest understanding and sympathy for that dog, much celebrated in verse, with the proverbial tin-can tied to his limp tail.

It was almost at the end of the first year when I took up with Stuffy or, to speak more truly, Stuffy took up with me. It was he that made me "buck up." I had asked permission to drop algebra and had gained my desire. With joyful heart I happened to mention it to Stuffy.

"What did Tiggy say when you asked about it?" he inquired. "Tiggy" was the instructor.

"Oh, he said, 'Yes, I guess you are right. I don't believe you ever could learn to do algebra. You'd better drop it.'"

"Look here," said Stuffy, bristling, "you don't mean to say that you're going to drop it after he said that! Why, boy, he called you a sap-head!" I looked at him solemnly.

"Stuffy, I guess you're right. I'll just go and tell him I've decided that I don't want to drop it after all." I did so, much to the instructor's amusement.

After that Stuffy took a personal interest in me. I had been the butt of the school all year, didn't have any friends and never had time to play football with the rest. Stuffy was two years older than I but we were in the same class. Under his genial protection, I came out of my shell like a snail to the sunshine. I got to classes on time, I blacked my boots and laboriously sewed buttons on my coat. I gained confidence in my lessons. Soon, instead of Stuffy helping me in algebra, I was helping Stuffy. And, wonder of all wonders, "Jones" was no longer at the end of the ranks! One day, as I "fell out" as usual towards the triangle, the stern voice of the officer called my attention.

"Jones, why are you here?" I muttered something to the effect that I was always there.

"No, name not on the list. Fall out!"

Fall out! No afternoon drill! I felt like a pet squirrel suddenly freed from its cage. I did not know what to do. But in a moment I saw Stuffy's broad back over the gooseberry bushes and with a shout I galloped off to join him.

Now, after rather a lengthy introduction, we come to the real subject in hand. It was early spring of my second year at S—, on the kind of evening when one feels tired of himself, tired of everybody and everything except the open. It was always Stuffy that started things moving. At dinner he cautiously dropped the hint that it was Thursday night. If we didn't go to study hour "Tiggy" would think us in choir and everybody knew that old Craps was too near-sighted even to see boys in the back pew. So it was arranged. There were five in all who, with proper solemnity, were let into our plan, Stuffy, Joe, another congenial soul, and two other boys in our class, who, although officers, and a bit "leery," still condescended to join us.

It was half-past seven when, with cat-like tread, we stole down the old brick walk and out into the road. I remember still the warm scent of newly sprouted shrubbery, and the puff of the cool night breeze in my hair. As we walked along towards town we meditated upon our chances of escape. Would old Craps suddenly take it into his head to call the roll?

"Well," said Stuffy, "this prison life is too much for me. When I get home you bet I'll hunch my shoulders. With a sigh he unbuttoned the tight-fitting coat of his uniform and we all followed his example.

"And as for these," he recklessly tore off a hanging button and threw it far away into a field. "What's the use of having buttons on, anyway? The only thing they're good for is to give away to girls. Say, have a hunk?" Here he produced a flatish brown piece of tobacco.

"How the deuce did you get it?" we all asked in wonder, for at S— school the boy who could hide tobacco, under the scrutinizing military inspection of pockets, drawers and closets, was deemed a hero among his companions.

"Aw, that's nothing. Do you know where I keep it? Behind a loose brick on the Rector's porch. Then at night I hop out and grab it. Here, have a chew." For a while we chewed in silence.

"There's one thing you kids have got to learn," said Stuffy, "and that is to be able to chew and not spit. It's the mark of a perfect gentleman. Anyway, what would you do if you had to talk with the Rector for half an hour with a cud in your mouth?"

By now we had reached town and proceeded to Ike Hoffenstein's Tavern, that place dear to the hearts of all who have been bad boys at S——. There we ordered beer at once and called for cigarettes.

We were in the very midst of our revel when the clock struck half-past nine. Lights went out at ten and an officer went the rounds to see that every boy was in his bed. Slamming down our mugs and money, we hurdled out. The end of a good three miles in thirty minutes, up hill, saw us hot and exhausted and if anyone had cared to look at us when we slipped into our rooms, he would have sworn that we had not been peacefully studying all the evening. My room was way down the hall from Stuffy's, so the officer passed him first. I could hear Stuffy answer present in a panting, breathless voice. Joe, whose room was next mine, not being so overburdened with flesh as Stuffy was, answered in a voice as calm as you please, and I followed his example.

That night my dreams were happy, for I experienced many thrilling adventures under the Rector's very eye without detection. However, my joy was short-lived for the very next morning at breakfast the Rector gave out from his elevated position on what we called the "hash pulpit," the awful summons.

"The following will report to me in my study after drill this morning, for breaking bounds." I looked at Stuffy, expecting to see a face dismayed. Perhaps I would had not Stuffy's mouth, being full of toast, presented a ruddy, bloated appearance.

All that morning that summons haunted me. Never before had I been actually called into the hallowed presence of the Rector. To me, the door to his study was something like the River Styx, when once one had crossed it, he might never return. At last the morning with its tedious round of duties wore away and the appointed hour arrived. Five boys, spick and span, with freshly brushed uniforms and shining boots and with buttons tightly sewn on, knocked at the sacred portal and when the solemn "Come in" was heard, entered into the dim study. High book-shelves lined every wall. In the center was a low table, at which sat a white-haired man. Surely no Augustus could be more awe-inspiring or dignified. I think all of us felt a whole lot sorry, in spite of our rebellious natures,

at having caused this man any trouble. As we stood there I remember tracing along the line of books on the lowest shelf with my eye.

I suppose the Rector's talk was like that any other head of a school would have given to refractory boys. He spoke of the need of discipline, especially in a military school, that the great cry of the age was the need of obedience, how the greatest generals, before they conquered cities, had first to learn the lesson of implicit obedience to their commander.

I have often wondered where men gain the power of making others feel about two inches high. I suppose it is inborn. It certainly was in the Rector.

"For the next month," the Rector continued, "in addition to drill in the afternoon squad, I think it would be wise for you to give up your rooms and sleep in the general dormitory." All juniors and seniors had rooms of their own, while the "common herd" slept in long dormitories. Now Joe, Stuffy and I were not officers. The other two boys had that honor and all officers had special rooms for study and recreation.

It was Stuffy who thought at once of a plea for our rooms.

"Rector," he ventured, "if we give up our rooms we will have no place to study outside of study-hour and, as we are juniors, we can't get along without extra study."

"Then," said the unrelenting Rector, "those of you who are not officers may come here every evening to my study and do your work at this table. Then there will be no cause for your instructors to complain of my discipline interfering with your lessons."

"Say," said Joe, when we were well out of the door, "think of studying in there every night! I'd rather go study in the morgue!"

Next evening, after the regular study-hour, books in hand, we three trooped into the Rector's study. It was all the same as before, massive gloomy book-cases, the low table and the white-haired Rector sitting before it. Without a word, he moved his work over to give us places and we all settled down around the reading light. I do not think any of us did much studying, although our eyes were glued to the page. Stuffy was brazenly reading Virgil for a week ahead, while Joe's book was open at the table of contents. But the Rector's serene face showed never a sign that he was aware of our existence. At

about a quarter to ten he rose and with a quiet good-night went up-stairs to his room, leaving us in full possession of the study.

Like those proverbial mice on the disappearance of that feline monster, we began to stretch and look around. Joe looked under the couch to see if the Rector had a tobacco box hidden, while Stuffy and I stared up at the thousands of books that glared ominously down upon us.

I have always prided myself that I saw it first and to this day I can feel the thrill that advanced along my spinal chord when I perceived it. There it was, as little and insignificant as you please, yet my untrained eye fairly spotted it out from all the rest. There it stood, among all the other ponderous volumes of stored-up knowledge, and it seemed strangely out of place. It was grey and said in black letters, "Homer's Odyssey, literally translated."

"Hi, Joe, came out from there! Look what I've found." It took only a minute to climb on a chair and pull out the book.

"Whew! Look at the dust! I guess the Rector doesn't have much intercourse with the classics."

"Is it real or only a fake?" whispered Stuffy. I opened it to the first lines. Sure enough, there they were, staring at me in plain English, those terribly hard lines that I had dug out, figuratively and literally speaking, by the sweat of my brow and a Greek dictionary. Suddenly we all professed a remarkable interest in the Greek language. The book was laid face downward upon the table while we all crowded around it, pushing and shoving for the point of vantage.

"Say, isn't this just like taking candy away from a baby?" Stuffy said. Our Greek lesson was finished in a remarkably short time, so that we attacked our geometry with vigor still fresh and by, the time that the tower bell warned us that it was time to be off, we were in perfect command of all our lessons for the next day.

"The next question is," I said, "where are we going to hide it? It would never do to let it go now!"

"No, it never would," they both agreed. So, with thief-like secrecy, we hid the precious volume back behind the other books and spread the rest out so as to fill up the gap.

"Now if he misses it and asks us where it is—why, what then?"

"It isn't likely that the Rector will be hunting around after a Greek trot. Anyhow, we would not know anything about it, of course," I answered.

The following day our instructor remarked on the excellent quality of our Greek lessons. We fairly shone, compared to the dimmer lights of the rest of the class. They looked at us in wonder. Surely, we must have been up all night, they thought, to "do up" Homer in such style. But our fresh and happy expressions seemed to dispute even that.

In the evening we again went to our disgrace. All the school knew of it and we were regarded by all with feelings of mingled awe, wonder and admiration. Surely we were bearing up bravely under such a strain, they thought.

After that life took on a rose-colored hue. It became habitual for the Rector, tired out from his daily activities, to retire early and leave us in full sway. He seemed impressed by our quiet and gentleman-like decorum and left us with implicit confidence in our good-behavior. An academic atmosphere of study reigned supreme. Inspired by the "trot's" kindly aid, we read far ahead of our lesson; we soon were doing the work of months beyond, foreseeing the time when we would be helpless again. Also, on account of being able to get that bug-bear, Greek, in so short a time, we had more time and energy to spend on our other lessons. In geometry we fairly exhaled brilliancy; in Latin, the professor commended us on our new interest in the work. In the afternoon we went to our extra drill with resigned if not jovial faces. Be it double-quick time or not, even this could not mar our serenity of soul. Affairs got better and better. Professor Tygh even hinted around that I was a probable candidate for the valedictory next year; and all because of one little book!

One evening, near the end of the month, our usual solemn little group was assembled in the study, the Rector on one side, reading, Joe opposite, working equations, and Stuffy and I at the ends. I was particularly tired that night. The officer in charge at afternoon drill had had a "grouch" on and had set us running at double time and then had gone into the house to get a drink. I guess we would have been running yet had not another officer happened to pass by and compassionately released us. At any rate, I was wishing that the Rector would hurry up and go so that we might get our Greek done and go to bed, when he swung around in his arm-chair and said:

"Boys, I want to tell you how much I appreciate the excellent attitude you have taken towards this form of your punishment. You have endured it all with cheerfulness and with no sign of stubbornness or sullenness. I have also been informed by your instructors that your work has shown a marked improvement in the past few weeks. I am happy to see that you are taking hold of life with a new vigor and I feel sure that you are going to succeed, all of you. I am convinced that you now see the folly of your rule-breaking, so I think to-morrow you may have back your rooms and I will tell one of the officers to erase your names from the list of afternoon drill. Good-night, boys."

As his footfalls died away up above, we all stared at each other in bewilderment. After a long silence, Joe said,

"After all, I suppose the square thing would have been to tell him about the book."

"Look here, Joe," said Stuffy hotly, "what's the use of being bright enough to do a thing like this if you're going to spoil it all by telling!"

"Anyway," I said, "have a little consideration, Joe! Just think how awfully disappointed all our teachers would be; and the Rector would be broken-hearted." I assumed a martyr-like attitude. "For their sake, my boy, we must not tell. It is our duty."

Then no one said anything for a long time. Somehow I seemed to feel the Rector's gray eyes looking at me, as he complimented me for my work. I looked up, to see Stuffy eyeing Joe sheepishly.

"Fellers," I began slowly, "I think that guy was wrong when he said there wasn't any royal road to learning. You know, when the Rector began talking, it kind of put a fly in my ointment. Mum's the word about this, of course, but what do you say that we quit the royal road and take to the straight and narrow path? As for horses, the cavalry may be all right, but gee! it's the infantry that really does the business!"

"Look here!" shouted Stuffy, growing excited. "Here's a Bible. Now we'll all swear. Put your hands on the book and say, 'By this Bible I do hereby swear henceforth to steer clear of all horses.'" So, standing around the table, with our hands in a heap on the Bible and with sober faces, we swore this mighty oath.

Then Joe took down the gray volume and examined it fondly. Something like a grin flickered over his gloomy countenance.

"Say, think of seeing this little guy for the last time. Get out your handkerchiefs, fellers." After a last fond embrace we put the book back in its accustomed place, then solemnly lined up before it.

"Now pretend I'm captain," said Stuffy. "Company salute! Company to the right, face! Forward, march!" And with heads held high, and in military order, we filed out of the Rector's study for the last time.

PRETENDIN'

ELEANOR LOUISE HALPIN

One night I thought I was a bear,
A great big wooly one ;
('Course I was just pretendin',
But it was the mostest fun).

I got right down on all four paws,
And crawled around the floor,
'N' then I shook myself so hard,
And gave the awf'lest roar.

One night I was a fireman,
And rang a make-b'lieve bell,
'N' jumped around my bed 'n' then
O' course I had to yell.

Then nurse came runnin' up the stairs,
And so did Ma and Dad ;
They thought perhaps I'd hurt myself,
'N' my ! but they were mad.

My fam'ly don't like any noise
When they are tryin' to rest.
They give me blocks and cars and track,
But pretendin' is the best.

'N' then I play that I'm in church
With lots of little boys,
'N' I am givin' 'em licorish
So they won't make any noise.

'N' different times I'm different things ;
There's lots of things I've done ;
('N' course it's all pretendin'
But it's just the bestest fun !)

ABOUT COLLEGE

THE LITTLE MAID OF THE FOUNTAIN

JEANNE WOODS

Across the blue arch of the September sky
Race wind-driven, snowy clouds.
The stately trees, crowned aloft with flame,
Rustle their leaves in the sunshine,
And, torn off by the breeze, scarlet leaves swirl down
Dancing, to drop o'er the fountain's rim
And float on the twinkling water.
Life and the golden wind thrills everything here
But you, little fountain maid.
So quiet you stand, and gentle and cool and gray,
With lashes dropped, and a musing smile touching your lips.
A spirit apart, yet pervasive,
As if the Peace of eternity listened—and listening smiled—
To the sparkling Unrest of earth.

A ROUND TRIP

MARION SINCLAIR WALKER

It is seldom that I make journeys or visits—my time is too valuable; besides, all such interruptions are distracting to the mathematical mind. Last year, however, while I was at work upon a text-book in algebra, designed for the use of college freshmen, and in particular for the freshmen of Smith College, it occurred to me that I had a niece studying at that institution. I decided to look in upon her for a few days, in the hope of accumulating some data which might be of value to my book—touches of local color, so to speak.

On the first day of my stay in Northampton, my niece and I were at luncheon, at a place frequented by the students—

"Hoyden's," I think was the name—when Emily said, "I'm so sorry, Uncle Horace, but I have an engagement for this afternoon. Pill Club is going on a bat."

The phraseology was very strange to me. "Pill Club?" I repeated in amazement. "Why, my dear, are you studying to be—ah—an apothecary?" I was relieved to find that "Pill Club" stood for Philosophical Society, but I was still in doubt as to the nature of a bat. It must be a vehicle of some kind, as the girls were going somewhere on it. However, I did not enquire further.

"But I have thought of something to entertain you," continued Emily. "There is to be a lecture this afternoon at three o'clock, in Assembly Hall, on the subject of 'Possibilities of Probable Parabolas.' That will interest you, I'm sure."

I admitted that the subject was a fascinating one, and expressed my regret that Emily also could not hear the lecture.

"It would be wasted on me, Uncle Horace," said Emily cheerfully. "I dropped Math at the end of freshman year. English is my specialty."

"What a pity," I thought. "That young person is gifted with a really remarkable mind—excellent material for the study of mathematics. English, indeed! And probably Shakespeare. I never could see why people made such a fuss about Shakespeare; really sensible people falling all over themselves to bow down before him!" With such musings did I receive the information that my niece was specializing in English.

My niece had not given me very definite instructions as to how to find Assembly Hall, but I received the general impression that there was a prominent building, noticable by reason of its tower and clock, and that if I entered any door of this building I could not fail to reach Assembly Hall. The building described I found without difficulty, and noticing by the clock that I was already quite late, I entered the first door available. Walking along a corridor, I looked hopefully to right and to left, but saw nothing which looked like an assembly or a hall. Through the last door at the right, however, I saw, not a hall, but an exceedingly great assembly of students, massed about a desk, all trying to pass in little blue pasteboard squares. "Tickets!" I thought. "My niece forgot to give me one." "Are they compulsory?" I asked a girl who was standing near me, indicating the card in her hand.

"Yes, indeed!" she replied warmly. "You get a demerit if you don't hand one in."

"Do I?" I gasped in some alarm, but then recollecting the strange phraseology of the place—"Pill Club," for instance—I concluded that "a demerit" was some kind of emergency ticket to be had at the last minute. I was about to inquire further, as to where I might procure one, when I became aware of a lady in an inner office beckoning to me. I entered, wondering if the demerit was about to be conferred.

"I am Miss Blank," said the lady, a most dignified person indeed, before whom I felt quite abashed. It is characteristic of me, I regret to say, to feel embarrassed in the presence of ladies.

"You are Mr. X—," continued the lady, with assurance. I was about to protest, but so convincing was the lady's tone that I thought rather helplessly that perhaps she might be right.

"And you wished to see me about your daughter, Miss Evelyn X—, of the first class."

"B-b-but," I stammered.

"Yes, I understand. You would like very much to have your daughter stay at home until the Monday after the Christmas holidays. I regret not being able to grant your request, but it is impossible. A definite principle is involved; it is a matter of policy, of tradition."

Here I managed to collect myself. The conviction of the lady had led me almost to believe that my name was X—. But my daughter! "Madam," I interrupted, "I have no daughter. I—I am a bachelor. I merely wished to purchase a demerit, by which I might be admitted the lecture on "Possibilities of Probable Parabolas."

Miss Blank became very cordial when she learned that I had no designs upon my "daughter's" time, said that I need not get a demerit, and directed me to Assembly Hall. So ruffled had been my composure by the interview that when outside the door I could not remember whether she had said a stairway to the right or to the left. I went, however, to the right, and ascended a spiral stairway. I saw a number of interesting places—the interior of a tower, for instance—but nothing remotely resembling an assembly or a hall, or indeed "Possibilities of Probable Parabolas." Cautiously I retraced my steps—the stairway was steep. "Miss Blank must have said 'to the left,'" I concluded, with my usual excellent logic.

On ascending the stairway to the left I was confronted by so many possibilities—not of probable parabolas—that I could not decide which door to enter. Just then, fortunately, three belated students appeared, and from their conversation I judged that they too were seeking, albeit reluctantly, the probable parabolas. Following them, I found myself at last in Assembly Hall. The seats were apparently all taken, a fact which amazed me, for though the subject was a most fascinating one to me, I had imagined that undergraduate students might fail to see its true value. I mentioned this pleasant surprise to my niece, later, and she pointed to a footnote concerning the lecture, on the weekly bulletin, namely, "Attendance required of all members of the first and second classes."

At length I secured a seat in a side section to the right of the platform, and spent a most delightful half-hour listening to the conclusion of the lecture. By this time I had quite recovered my dignity and poise, and I determined to seek a *direct* means of exit—one worthy of a mathematician, who is supposed at least to be firmly grounded upon the principle that a straight line is the shortest path between two points. Accordingly I chose the door at my left, and went down the stairs with an air of calm assurance. At the foot there were three doors. Resolved that to hesitate was unbecoming, I boldly opened the middle one. From a desk before me there rose another stately lady, with a smile of welcome. "Ye Higher Calculi!" I thought. "Am I again to answer for my daughter?" I was about to forestall her with a disavowal of the possession of such, but she was too quick for me.

"Ah, yes, Mr. Z—," she began, "I am Miss Y— of the Faculty Committee on Recommendations. I know your time is limited, so I am prepared for you. You wish to interview prospective teachers of German, chemistry and zoölogy; am I not right? I have asked a number of the seniors to meet you. Shall I call them in?"

"Don't, I beg of you! I am sorry to have made this mistake. I was merely looking for an exit."

"Oh, ethics," she rejoined. "How strange! There must be some misunderstanding. But," consulting her list, "at least two of the seniors whom I have in mind are prepared to teach ethics. I will call them immediately."

I do not know yet how I escaped from that room without

engaging a teacher of ethics. But suffice it to say that I did at length find myself at the foot of the stairs which I had descended so confidently. This time I was about to open the door to the right when I noticed that it was labelled "Telegraph Office." Suppressing a momentary desire to telegraph my niece to send a searching party for me, I turned and mounted the stairs. I had not sufficient moral courage to open the third door.

Arrived again in the now deserted Assembly Hall, I paused for a moment to get the facts of my position clearly in mind. Behind me was the door which had already led me to disaster. At the rear of the room, to the left, was the one by which I had entered—and I knew that that way was too complicated to be attempted again. By the process of elimination there were left two doors, one to the right of the platform, the other midway between it and the rear door. I chose the latter, distrusting the one by the platform because of the trouble into which its companion at the left had led me. When, however, I opened the chosen door, I reconsidered my decision. I am a man of caution, not willing needlessly to risk life and limb, and for one of my years and build an icy fire escape is not the ideal means of descent. I had begun to feel a genuine regard for Smith and its students, and should have sincerely regretted causing them the inconvenience sure to be attendant upon the failure of my text-book in algebra to be completed.

I had then no further choice. To the door at the right of the platform must be entrusted my fate. All seemed to be going smoothly as I stepped carefully down the staircase, which descended in a beautiful curve. It was growing dark, and I felt my way, grasping the railing with characteristic caution. The last step—but unfortunately it was not the last, for I found myself sprawling in most undignified fashion before a colossal figure which stood at the foot of the stairs. When I had sufficiently recovered myself to peer through the gloom, at the features, I found that it was William Shakespeare to whom I was so unceremoniously doing homage. My musings of the afternoon flashed into my mind—"Falling all over themselves to bow down to him."

"Oh, I've come to it, have I, William?" I muttered. "Have you prepared this pitfall for just such as I?"

I arose with all dignity and opened the first door which confronted me. It led into a classroom, which I crossed, and entered a narrow hall. I found myself opposite a door which had some kind of inscription on it. "Faculty Recommendations," I spelled, and fled. I do not know where I went then, but suffice it to say that it was with thankful heart that I trod the icy pavement of Main Street some fifteen minutes later.

My adventures of the afternoon bore fruit in one very practical way. Next year when members of the freshman class in Smith College enter upon the study of mathematics, making use of my text-book, which is to be published during the summer, they will find under the head of "Permutations and Combinations" some excellent, and I may add difficult, locally colored problems, dealing with the ways of entering and leaving Assembly Hall.

FORMALITY

DOROTHY VAUGHN MCCORMICK

Sent out, like the proverbial cub-reporter, to get news for a "write-up" for the Press Board, I found that the Dean was the first on my list of persons to be interviewed. It occurred to me that the Dean might be very busy these first few days, busy enough to be approached and questioned in a short, business-like way. I realized that I didn't know much about business and its etiquette, and yet I could remember reading many a little article headed, "Advice to the Business Woman," in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. As I thought it over, some of the old rules and maxims for success in business came back to me.

The first one was, "Be neatly, tastefully and fittingly clothed." Happily my coat-suit had just come back from a pressing engagement.

It was already after nine o'clock and, being impressed with the fact that it is the best business policy to be the first caller, I hurried along without making any plan for the conversation. It is my habit to decide beforehand what to say on a given occasion. I never think of entering a store to buy a yard of ribbon without having outlined and memorized my conversation with the prospective clerk. Accustomed as I am to know exactly how to begin, I was quite nonplussed when I was

seized in the mid-air contemplations by the young lady in the anteroom, saying that I might enter the inner chamber at once. I was on the point of saying I would sit down and think over what I should say to the Dean, when the young lady pressed a button underneath the top of her desk and a loud, jangling response came back. It was too late; the Dean was plainly waiting for me. With a sickening realization that "Promptness is the politeness of business life," I walked over to the door.

When I got there horror struck me! I did not know whether it was business-like to knock or to open the door and step briskly inside. Not one of my stand-by "articles" had forestalled this predicament. If I had only come later and watched those who were ahead of me get inside, I should not have been in this great quandary.

"Please don't keep the Dean waiting," spoke the young lady at the desk rather crisply. Nettled a little by her tone, I opened the door and popped inside.

By a big window with dark draperies sat the Dean, silent. I am thankful to say that I remembered the advice of somebody in the newspaper to say good morning with a smile to the person with whom you want to do business. I said it while I was dragging the door slowly to—I would not have had it slam for a good deal, because one should eliminate all unnecessary noise when in business. With my face respectfully turned toward the Dean, I kept on carefully, slowly, pains-takingly drawing the door to behind my back. It took so long that I had ample time to remember what an awkward, thoughtless creature I had always been; the one person in the world unsuited to interview the Dean. As I turned that strange, uncomfortable handle round in its lock behind my back, I wondered where I should begin my speech. Should I start it at once and throw my words over, as I had learned in elocution, to the Dean, eight or nine feet away, or should I walk over, giving her a specimen performance of how my ankles knock together? I walked over to her desk and the time it took to get there seemed a long, drowsy, summer afternoon.

Clutching pad and pencil tightly, forgetful of all the diaphragm rules for good speaking, too intent upon saving the Dean's time to allow my attention to wander for an instant to the clothes she wore, I began as smoothly, simply, vividly and

tersely as I could, "I represent the Smith College Press Board."

The Dean smiled, amused. I fear that I am too small and too fat to represent anything in a dignified, worthy manner.

Smiling affably, as my reading had advised me, but feebly, I rushed on to present my case in the fewest words possible. I galloped over what I wanted to do, who had ordered me to do it, whom I expected to interview also, and how I would bring everything I wrote back to be looked over and corrected.

When I stopped the Dean smiled again. So kindly was her smile that I imagined it to be the preface to the request that I repeat my last hurried remarks. So I started to do so. She asked me to take a seat. I forgot about sinking gracefully into the chair, but I kept my eyes upon the Dean's face in the most approved intent-upon-business way.

The Dean began to talk, to tell me the things I should have fumbled around an hour or more to get at, through questions. She grew more interested in the subject as she talked. Her eyes lighted up. She leaned forward in her earnestness.

The door behind me opened. I knew it, but, according to the rules of business life, I kept my mind upon what the Dean was saying.

As the Dean paused the secretary announced my successor. With a hurried apology I offered to go. The Dean said I might come again for the rest of the interview.

I walked out so wrapped up in what the Dean had said about her aims and the ideals of Smith College that I have a horrible, lurking, disconcerting suspicion that I did not close the door after me; that I was guilty of that breach of breaches of business etiquette.

HEARD ON THE TAR WALK

THE SEEING EYE

A curve in the road and a hillside
Clear cut against the sky,
A tall tree tossed by the autumn wind,
And a white cloud riding high,
Ten men went along that road,
And all but one passed by.

He saw the hill and the tree and the cloud
With an artist's mind and eye ;
And he put them down on canvas—
For the other nine to buy.

MARGARET LOUISE FARRAND 1914.

TO A LEAKING OVERSHOE

I trusted thee ; on stormy days
When blew the wind and poured the rain,
On thy protection I relied.
Say, was my tender trust in vain ?
No, when together we were young
Thou shielded me from every ill,
And for the mem'ry of those days,
Ah fair but false, I'll keep thee still.
Thy shiny blackness does not show
The fatal leak that inundates my toe.

ANGELA RICHMOND 1916.

The scene is laid in the Seelye reading
A SLICE O' SMITH room, elegantly furnished with books in
Drama in one act book cases, portraits on wall, a clock,
studying students at tables.

Enter FILIA SMITH, a senior, on a dead run, arriving at objective table pale and spent.

FILIA (to students at table)—When did you come?

STUDENTS—We do not remember. We have cut dinner, we have cut luncheon, we have cut breakfast, we have always been here.

FILIA—Do you not hunger, my classmates?

STUDENTS—We hunger after learning, the food of the mind. We soar higher than hash.

FILIA—Who has the "Extracts from the Works of Petronius Prune"?

ONE PALE STUDENT—Alas, with the break of day I left my downy divan with the bed-box beneath it. As swiftly as my skirt permitted, I fled to the libe. Two were before me. The first is now half through her task. Forty times has the immortal work been promised. You are the forty-first.

FILIA—When, when will come my turn at the book? When may I bathe my cerebrum, cerebellum and my medula oblongata in the fount of its learning?

STUDENTS—Perchance when the rose, wooed by the breezes from the pulp mill, shall welcome the spring.

FILIA—Tell me what is within this book.

STUDENT WITH BOOK (in faltering accent)—It concerns food. Beginning with soup, continuing through meat, it lightly touches upon salad and in the end arrives at ice-cream and coffee.

Moment of Silence.

CHORUS OF STUDENTS—Our healed wounds are reopened. Again is matter victorious over mind. We sorrow for the things of the flesh. Oh for a cow cracker!

Scene of violent grief, the stronger sustaining the weaker.

QUICK CURTAIN.

MARGARET BLOOM 1914.

There was a time when I should have considered it the height of rashness to attend the theatre, a concert, or a class meeting, unless I carried under my arm a volume containing some part of the world's knowledge. Gradually these ideas have vanished, and yesterday when my roommate picked up a chubby volume of Molière as she started for a recital, and asked in a parental tone, "Aren't you going to take your Math?" I only shook my head, and wondered how long it would be before she too would

be free from the illusion. For the idea that one will study in places not intended for that purpose is surely an illusion. Repeated experiences tell us how small are the chances, yet day after day we persist in carrying our books to these places. What are the reasons for such a peculiar course of action?

Perhaps the underlying cause is habit. We become so accustomed to taking our books from class to class that when they are no longer needed, habit operates, and we take them just the same. Frequently they are picked up with very little consciousness of why we are doing so, the action becoming merely reflex in its character. We merely know that we are going among an assembly of people where, as in the library, there may be a chance for study; at this stage habit orders our doings.

William James declared that to our material selves belong all those possessions with which we are intimately related, such as our friends, our home, or our clothes. At college, then, our books must comprise a considerable part of such a self. Who could pass and repass the library without even a note book in her hand and still feel natural? Instantly we would be aware of an incompleteness, even if we were wearing the coveted "S" at the time. Because of this close relationship, habit asserts itself, and we tuck a volume snugly under our arm.

At times, the influence of habit is not so apparent; we hesitate a moment before we take up the customary burden. Then the passing thought that we may gain some notion of the next day's assignment exceeds in intensity a saner judgment based on previous experience. Something whispers tantalizingly in our ear:

"You can't judge the present by the past. This time, all will be different!"

It is nine o'clock, the hour we have gym, and Latin comes the next period. Horace was neglected the night before because of a friend's supper party, but a chance for atonement still remains. Into the gym class Horace goes, and is placed carefully beneath a padded stool. As soon as we have leaped over the wooden horse a few times, we cautiously withdraw from our companions, and search out the poet. The first stanza of the first ode is barely read when "Get into line, girls," is heard, and Horace must be hastily replaced in his hiding. Our feelings are not helped when the instructor says, "I must ask you to leave all books outside."

The next time, it is a class meeting. We remember the disastrous results of trying to combine gym and Horace, but somehow we feel that this is quite different. Surely it was not proper to take books to such a class, but no law of ethics can be violated if we study physics while votes are being counted. There may be time for a tennis game if the physics is finished. Moreover, by glancing out of the window we see that many of our friends have books in their hands. Consequently the theories of Newton travel to the Students' Building, and while we try to comprehend them, if we do try, our friends keep up a constant buzz of conversation. At last, as the successful candidate is led down the aisle, we drop our book, feeling that the reception we are according her is a trifle too material to be appreciated.

Those of us who wish to test psychological principles, such as distributive repetitions, find a delightful opportunity between the acts of the play. We read over our poem for elocution before we start, and repeat the reading after each act. Somehow in these cases the principles fail, for the amount we have learned is rarely proportional to the time or effort involved.

A feeling of security is always agreeable, and even if the security is false we may allow ourselves to forget that part of it. When we select a book which contains the matter on which the next day's written is based, to be our constant attendant at an entertainment, we invariably feel safer than if we had left it in our room. The knowledge, if not in our heads, is at least in our hands, and by that much we fancy we are assured of a better grade.

A final and very important influence is discovered in what we call conscience, combined with a lingering trace of New England Puritanism. Often in spite of work that needs our attention, we decide to give over the evening to pleasure, but all thought of the work does not vanish as soon as the decision is made. Instead it persists as an obstacle to our action. Is it right, we reason, to devote ourselves wholly to enjoyment; should we not at least allow ourselves the opportunity for a little work? We overlook the fact that the value of the opportunity is negligible, and appease all misgivings by burdening ourselves with the book in which the neglected information resides. If the book is heavy, all the better, for then we gain satisfaction in the labor involved. As soon as the desired

knowledge is physically present, we indulge in a lurking hope that by some peculiar gift of Providence this companionship will be partially equivalent to mental acquisition.

You must not imagine that an idea of the worthlessness of encumbering myself with books on every occasion occurred to me at once. The process of discovery was gradual. After my adventure in gym, I never again attempted to introduce Horace to physical education, and after that class meeting I made no more attempts to mingle physics and serenades. The theatre and concert mania persisted heroically, and has been only lately dispelled. Could my roommate know the freedom of my arms as well as my mind at the recent recital, she would, I am sure, permit Molière and mathematics to remain side by side.

MARTHA FABYAN CHADBOURNE 1914.

FALL

I sit in my garret window,
Look down on the passing throng,
Everyone's clad in rubber
And no one sings a song.
The tar walk is black and shiny,
It's covered with nice worms and things,
That's enough to make anyone happy,
There ought to be someone who sings.
Don't they know that the rain in fall-time
Is something we can't do without?
Don't they know that a lack of moisture
Is sure to result in drought?
Why don't they look forward to skating?
Oh, why do they look so chilled,
When we must put up with downpours?
How would Paradise else be filled?

DOROTHY LILIAN SPENCER 1914.

EDITORIAL

What was the last question we discussed in June? Was it not,—“Are the Northampton Players really coming back next year?” And this fall after the first hilarious greetings, did not most of us breathlessly ask of the girl who had been here since “yesterday morning”,—“Are the players here yet? When do they come?” If one may judge from the frequency of such remarks and also from the great number of students in the audiences last year one can say with some assurance that the average college girl includes the Municipal theatre in her curriculum. True, “theatre, three hours a week” does not appear on her schedule of hours. But the number of names on the theatre lists in the different houses and the record of light cuts need no explanation.

However, we cannot attend the theatre from one to four times a month for nine months out of the twelve without being benefited or harmed by so doing. For every thing we think, every thing we see or do has its effect on us. Some one answers, “our City theatre cannot be harmful. The girls will seek amusement somewhere. And in a season of the Northampton Players they are seeing better plays, better produced than they otherwise would see.” But the result in each one of us, of a season of theatre going, is not entirely dependent on the merit or demerit of the performances. Whether we are benefited or harmed by attending the theatre depends less on what we see there than on our attitude of mind towards what we see.

The girl who is going regularly to the theatre, no matter how good the productions she sees, “for something to do,” for the merely emotional stimulus, is harming herself. The constant demand for excitement for something “doing” is a destructive force working against quiet thinking and truer living. It is to be deplored that so many people seek the theatre as they would a roller coaster,—as something to give them a thrill.

But there is another type of theatre goer. Her attitude towards a play is very much what she has when enjoying a symphony or a piece of sculpture. She, too is there for pleasure, but the deeper pleasure of making her own whatever is worth while.

Last winter the Northampton Players worked tentatively. They tried to learn our taste and to give us the best attractions possible. But this year they not only are trying to give us a season of better plays, but they would help us to a deeper appreciation and enjoyment of what they are giving. Their positive policy takes the form of a suggestion,—that we “organize dramatic clubs for the study of the plays and their authors. Each member shall keep a theatre book in which to write individual impressions of the play and the acting each week.” Criticisms of the play are to be sent to the management and a prize will be given for the best one. It is also proposed that these dramatics clubs prepare a play for a public performance to be given at the theatre under the supervision of the management. These suggestions are most interesting, although the plan is perhaps not a practical one for us. For our days are already so over-crowded, it is doubtful, indeed very improbable, that we have time for any more clubs than we have at present. It is rather for any clubs already formed to decide whether they care to take up the proposal.

But the most interesting point of this suggestion is the purpose underlying it,—“to help the young people in getting a deeper enjoyment from the season of the Northampton Players and their plays,”—which is the same as saying, “to help us to become a more intelligent audience.” We have in a season of the Northampton Players an exceptional opportunity to develop our critical sense, to learn to recognize the good when we see it, to distinguish the failures and to know why they are such.

Last year too many of us went to the theatre merely to be amused. But this year at the first of the season would it not be wise for each one of us to stop and think of these three hours a week of amusement. Should we not be getting more out of them than mere entertainment? Can we not let the theatre be our “joy course” which, we are told every college should have? For we shall find that in proportion as we actively try to be an intelligent audience we shall be getting a deeper satisfaction and pleasure from our theatre experiences.

EDITOR'S TABLE

In a great city in a great country in this great world there was a dictionary. And a great newspaper in this city wished to sell the dictionary. So it advertised the dictionary widely in all the street cars: a two dollar volume for ninety-eight cents, and a dollar volume for forty-nine cents. But the people did not buy the dictionary, for it was not great. So then the newspaper took away its advertisement and in the empty space it put up the word "Spizzerinktum." And under the word it advised the people to look in their dictionaries for the meaning. But the people could not find the word in their dictionaries and they wondered. Then the great newspaper told the people that in its own dictionary they would find the word and know what it meant: a two dollar volume for ninety-eight cents and a dollar volume for forty-nine cents. And the people looked. They did not know how "Spizzerinktum" got into a dictionary, and they did not look for its descent or credentials. They did not care. But they looked and found that it meant "vim and energy," and they shouted it. They shouted it at the great baseball games, and the street car conductors shouted it at the great crowd. "Spizzerinktum" met the eye and met the ear at every street corner. Even the modest little milliner placarded her promise of attention and despatch with it, and the great department store blazoned it forth in great letters a foot long. And the newspaper sold all of its dictionaries, a two dollar volume for ninety-eight cents, and a dollar volume for forty-nine cents. The dictionary was great. And the thing that made it great was this: *no other dictionary in the whole world contained the word "Spizzerinktum."*

A weighty problem now confronts the Exchange Department. It is our bounden duty to write an article of five hundred words or more concerning the college magazines of the month, with the endeavor to criticise their contents. This editorial must be completed before the second of the month, and it should be

interesting as well as instructive to those who venture to read the more serious portions of our magazine. This would not appear to be a difficult matter. But our readers must realize that the editorial this month should be based upon September or October magazines, which have not as yet been published. If any of our exchanges have been published, we are not cognizant of the fact, for no magazines have reached our hands. Instead of the piles of magazines that usually surround us, there are the broad empty spaces of our desk and table. And the second of the month draws nigh! May we ask what should be done in such predicament?

We have consulted some of our fellow members of the board, and they one and all offer condolences and sympathy, and suggest that we criticise magazines that we received last June. But in the June number we made an endeavor to criticise those magazines, and we fear that, if there be any constant readers of this department, a second article about the same magazines would have for them a musty flavor. The only alternative that occurs to us now is that of using imaginary periodicals. We are, however, afraid that this would be a dangerous precedent to establish, and our editorial would not in all probability be highly instructive from a critical point of view, however interesting it might be.

Since it seems impossible for us to criticise as we should the college magazines of the month, we have decided not to criticize at all. We might discuss our plans for the year, except for the fact that this has been done carefully in a previous number. For the benefit of those, however, to whom this magazine is new, we will state that we endeavor to criticise and bring into prominence the best of the literature in the college magazines, so far as is possible taking up each month the dominant type, whether it consist of stories, poems, plays or essays. Work that is poor we will leave unnoticed for the most part, with the exception of a few cases where criticism may be a help and a spur toward better things. It is obvious that there will often be much good work of which we can make no mention because of our limited space; usually it is only that which is best for one reason or another that we can criticise in detail. And we should like to say in closing that we hope to find in the college magazines of the year much work that is of such a high order that it will be difficult to decide what is really the very best.

D. O.

AFTER COLLEGE

TUNGCHOU, PEKING, CHINA, VIA SIBERIA, July 6, 1913.

DEAR SMITH GIRLS :

This is not a proper time to be writing to you, for you are all off on your vacations, and will not see this letter till September. I shall be going off for my vacation next week, and am going to write now and tell you about the close of school and a few other things.

We did not graduate a class this year for a year has been added to the course, but we planned an exhibition the week before examinations. It was held in the church one pleasant June afternoon and the program consisted of singing and gymnastics and the reading of original essays which the girls had been writing during the term. The girls were in their best gowns and nearly everyone had the new style trousers, not bound in at the ankle, and looked rather mannish to us foreigners. A new style, very stiff, low bow has also supplanted the old-fashioned courtesy, and I am sure the audience was impressed as each head with its new style of coiffure bent low. Some of them doubtless were impressed because these girls could recognize so many characters, and stand up before an audience, and their read essays. There were proud mothers and little sisters, and many of them women who are not very much used to foreign ideas and ways. I expected the audience to laugh when the gymnastic classes performed, but they took it quite seriously, though I do not know what comments they may have made later on at home. We invited them all to go to the school afterwards and see the girls' work in drawing which was on exhibition, and to drink tea, but not many wanted to take the extra walk. Those that did come seemed to enjoy walking about the schoolroom and examining the the drawings and even the desks and seats, while eager girls served them with tea.

Examinations are mostly oral and it is one of the foreigner's duties to listen to them, looking as wise as possible, keeping her place if she can, and being ready with an excuse when invited to add a few questions. Then there are averages to be made out and reports to be sent to parents. This year there was another important matter to be attended to directly after the close of school, getting the girls off to a summer conference.

This year for the first time the Y. W. C. A. held a conference for girls at the Western Hills, near Peking. Two of the Y. W. C. A. secretaries are Miss Paxson and Miss Taft, whom some of you know, and I fancy the meetings were very much like those at Silver Bay. Some things were necessarily

different, for instance each girl was required to take her own bedding and wash basin, and the journey from Peking was made by rickshaw to the city gate and then by donkey or cart. Moreover the conference was held in an old temple—the Temple of the Sleeping Buddha, where a few priests still chant their prayers, undisturbed by Christian service!

We had five delegates, two of them young teachers and three girls. I went with them to Peking, leaving them at our mission to go with the party from there. It had rained a little for two days before and we had been very much afraid that it might rain that day, in which case the roads would have been impassible, but it was a beautiful morning with a cool breeze, and we started off in fine spirits, on the morning train. It was the first time one of the girls had ever been to Peking and she was bubbling over with excitement as she watched the country fly by the car window. The bedding had all been sent the night before, but you would have been amused at the little bundles the girls were carrying, neat bundles tied up in a square of blue cotton cloth, in true Chinese fashion. Several of them also had a tooth brush, sitting casually in a mug and only partially concealed by a handkerchief.

The girls were delighted at the idea of an outing, but they did not know exactly what to expect, and since coming back they have said, "Nobody knew what it was going to be like," and some girls did not want to go very much and the first day or two they said, "What a bore to go to so many meetings," but by the end they did not want to come away. I have never seen our girls so enthusiastic over anything as they are over the conference. They feel just as you do after Silver Bay. Moreover they want to do something right away, and to-day they had a meeting to discuss plans. We have asked them to take charge of two Sunday afternoon meetings for women and children, and suggested that they might go calling with the Bible women, or might have a Bible class for some of the younger girls who did not have the chance to go to the Hills. Then they are going to substitute for me at the hospital where I go once a week to talk to the women at the clinic. It certainly is good to know that they got so much out of it and are so anxious to give it to others. I am hoping very much that their influence will do much for the school next fall. Our girls are not little saints. Won't you think about us next year as you are starting your Bible and Mission classes and committees, and pray for us too, that our year may start well and it may be a good year clear through? We need your prayers, you can help us a lot that way.

Loyally yours,

DELIA DICKSON LEAVENS.

SENIOR DRAMATICS 1914

1914 presents "The Tempest."

Applications for Senior Dramatics for June 11 and 12, 1914, should be sent to the General Secretary at 184 Elm Street, Northampton. Alumnae are urged to apply for the Thursday evening performance if possible, as Saturday evening is not open to alumnae, and there will probably not be more than one hundred tickets for Friday evening. Each alumna may apply for not

more than one ticket for Friday evening; extra tickets may be requested for Thursday. No deposit is required to secure the tickets, which may be claimed on arrival in Northampton from the business manager in Seelye Hall. In May all those who have applied for tickets will receive a request to confirm the applications. Tickets will then be assigned only to those who respond to this request. The prices of the seats will range on Thursday evening from \$1.50 to \$.75 and on Friday from \$2.00 to \$.75. The desired price of seats should be indicated in the application. A fee of ten cents is charged to all non-members of the Alumnae Association for the filing of the application and should be sent to the General Secretary at the time of application.

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be addressed to Eloise Schmidt, Gillett House, Northampton, Massachusetts.

'04. Fannie Stearns Davis has announced her engagement to Augustus McKinstry Gifford.

'08. Mrs. Arthur Coolidge (Mabel F. Tilton). Address: 49 Beech Street, Norwood, Massachusetts.

Ruth Monroe has announced her engagement to Eddy Warren Landy.

'09. Margaret Hatfield has announced her engagement to Stuart Chase.

Mary Palmer has announced her engagement to Raymond T. Fuller.

'11. Mrs. Fred J. Biele (Bertha Bender). Address: 318 72d Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Madeline Burns is assistant in the Administrative Department of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston.

Margaret Foss. Address: 19 Fairmont Avenue, Newton, Massachusetts.

Jean T. Johnson has announced her engagement to Thomas Jewett Goddard of New York City.

Joyce Knowlton is at the Finch School in New York teaching typewriting, short hand and business methods. Home address: 33 Dwight Street, Brookline, Massachusetts.

Hazel O'Neil has gone to San Domingo as secretary for her uncle, who has been appointed minister to that country. Address: American Legation, San Domingo, Dominican Republics.

Carolyn Palmer is the Executive Secretary for the New York Smith Club. She is to be found at the University Club.

Katherine J. Powell is teaching in the High School at Ellenburg, New York.

'12. Elizabeth Noakes will be abroad for the winter. Address: Care of Baring Brothers, 8 Bishopgate Street, London, E. C., England.

'13. Clara Ripley, Marjorie Lincoln, Maude Hamilton 1910 and Eloise Harney 1912 spent August at *C  p    l'Aigle*, Canada, the summer cottage of Anna Chapin Ray 1885, as the guests of Catharine L. Chapin.

713. Caroline Clarke will take the Training Center Course under the Y. W. C. A. National Board until Christmas, when she will have a secretarial position with them. Address: 72 W. 124th Street, New York City.
- Genevieve Clark will travel in the West for three months and will then be at home.
- Alice Cone sailed for Europe October 4, to be gone for the winter. Address: Care of Baring Brothers, 8 Bishopgate Street, London, E. C. England.
- Beatrice Darling is living at home and studying Design with Miss Sacker of Boston.
- Dorothy Douglas will be abroad for the winter. Address: Care of Baring Brothers, 8 Bishopgate Street, London, E. C., England.
- Jane Garey has announced her engagement to Maxwell Barus of Providence, Rhode Island. She is at present teaching Mathematics at Miss Beard's School, Orange, New Jersey.
- Lea Gazzam is teaching English and coaching Dramatics in the Kelso High School, Kelso, Washington.
- Marion Halsey has a position as an apprentice to learn filing, in the Bond Department of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York City.
- Ruth Higgins is taking the secretarial course at Simmons College. Address: Stuart Club, 102 Fenway, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Marion Hines is taking a medical course at the University of Chicago.
- Alice Kent is employed in the Personal Service Office of the Wanamaker Store, New York City.
- Ada and Edith Leffingwell are living at the Studio Club in New York and studying Music and Art.
- Mary Lorenz has left for a year at Wei Hsien, Shantung Province, China. She expects to tutor in the family of a missionary.
- Clara Murphy has a fellowship for training in social work at the South End House, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Nellie Oiesen is taking a training course at the "School for Social Workers" in Boston, Massachusetts.
- Dorothy Rowley is teaching and acting as a secretary at Dwight School, Englewood, New Jersey.
- Clara Savage and Louise Nicholl are on the city staff of the New York Evening Post.
- Marian Storm is assistant to the head of the City Trades Department of the publishing house of Longmans, Green and Company. Address: Care of Longmans, Green & Co., 4th Avenue and 30th Street, New York City.

MARRIAGES

701. Annie M. Buffum to Nathan W. Williams. Address: 3800 Broadway, New York City.

- '01. Florence L. Byles to Joseph W. Barr. Address: 115 West Third Street, Oil City, Pennsylvania.
- '04. Esther Josephine Sanderson to Rev. Percy Chandler Ladd, September 2, 1913. Address: Moline, Illinois.
- '06. Mary Louise Thornton to Philip Sidney McDougall. Address: 34 Inwood Place, Buffalo, New York.
- '07. Lulu Morley Sanborn to Raymond Aaron Linton, August 11, 1913.
- '08. Elizabeth Gates to Giles Munro Hubbard, September 26, 1913. Address: 268 Paris Avenue, Grand Rapids, Michigan.
- Malleville Wheelock Emerson to William Haller, September 3, 1913.
- ex-'08. Catherine DeWitt Chambers to John Harry Campbell. Address: Port Jefferson, New York.
- '09. Elizabeth Beardsley to George McKeever, October 15, 1913.
- Eleanor Burch to John Elliott Jackson, September 20, 1913.
- Beth Crandall to Rollin S. Polk, July 16, 1913.
- Edith Hatch to William H. Rucker, July 1, 1913.
- Louise Milliken to Samuel Hiland Holden, September 10, 1913.
- Marcia Reed to Victor Arthur Binford, August 23, 1913.
- Frances Stevens to Kenneth Sargent May, September 4, 1913.
- Mary Stevens to Guy Carlton Hawkins, September 18, 1913.
- '10. Marjorie Fraser to William F. Hosford. Address: Manilla, P. I.
- '11. Marian Butler to Guy E. Boynton, October 22, 1913.
- Frances D. Campbell to Charles A. Cary, August 26, 1913. Address: 2052 65th Street, Brooklyn, New York.
- Anna M. Daugherty to Carr Kemper Sutton. Address: Indiana, Pennsylvania.
- Gertrude Lyford to Edwin Ruthven Boyd. Address after January 1, 1914: Buckingham Terrace, Kelvinside, Glasgow, Scotland.
- Gladys Megie to James Morse Kingsley.
- Gertrude Russell to Edwin C. Doubleday, June, 1912.
- Florence Smith to Benjamin Franklin Tillson, July 9, 1913.
- Josephine Tripp to Lawson Wesley Wright, June 18, 1913.
- Ethel Roome to George Jenks Boutelle, February 4, 1913.
- Marguerite Underwood to John Randolph Labaree, July 26, 1913.
- ex-'11. Marian Lane to Arthur Lange. Address: Hübner Street, 15b Dresden.
- Gertrude Law to Chester Reith Thomas, September 10, 1913.
- '12. Helen Palmer to Percy Adams Rideout, October 11, 1913.
- '13. Alice Frances Griffiths to Augustus C. Wiswall, September 8, 1913. Address: 15 White Avenue, Wakefield, Massachusetts.
- Mary Helen Sneider to Oliver H. Starr, June 23, 1913.
- Edith Van Horn to Jesse Russell Watson, September 10, 1913. Address: North Woodstock, New Hampshire.

BIRTHS

- '08. Mrs. Frederick Dwight Downs (Florence C. Sheldon), a son, Frederick Sheldon Downs, born April 2, 1913.
Mrs. Edmund Thorp See (Louise Edgar), a daughter, Ellen Edgar, born September 7, 1913.
- ex*-'08. Mrs. Harper Silliman (Gertrude Morris Cookman), a daughter, Caroline Sleeper Silliman, born August 22, 1913.
Mrs. Paul K. Dayton (Anna C. Griggs), a son, Paul Kuykendall Dayton Jr., born September 10, 1913.
- '11. Mrs. Tilden Grafton Abbot (Josephine Dormitzer), a son, Walter Dormitzer, born July 9, 1913.
Mrs. Norman Slade Dillingham (Grace Clarke), a daughter, Elizabeth Clark, born May 25, 1913.
Mrs. Martin Hartog (Florence Plant), a son, Martin Hartog Jr., born May 24, 1913.
Mrs. Frederic Russell Moseley (Mary Rice), a son, Frederick Russell, born July 13, 1913.
Mrs. Howard Murchie (Marjorie Browning), a daughter, Margaret Eaton, born August 11, 1913.
Mrs. J. M. Seay (Louise West), a son, James Miller Seay Jr., born September 19, 1913.
Mrs. George Sicard (Katharine Burrell), a daughter, Katharine Burrell, born July 17, 1913.

CALENDAR

- October 15. Concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.
- “ 18. Meetings of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi
 Societies.
- “ 21. Massachusetts State Charities Conference.
- “ 25. Group Dance.
- “ 31. Lecture by George A. Birmingham.
 Subject : The Stage Irishman.
- November 5. Pay Day.
 Concert by Mme. Louise Homer.
- “ 8. Group Dance.
- “ 12. Lecture by Professor Hastings Rashdall.
 Subject : Oxford, Past and Present.
- “ 15. Meetings of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi
 Societies.
- 4.00 P. M. Lecture by Alfred Noyes.

The
Smith College
Monthly

November - 1913

Owned and Published by the Senior Class

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THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

VOL. XXI

NOVEMBER, 1913

No. 2

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ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

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POPE AND CONSTRUCTIVE IDEALISM

MARION SINCLAIR WALKER

Given "a crazy carcass," a life that was "one long disease" and the heritage of a religious faith whose believers were excluded from all political privileges; and under these circumstances endowed with "one talent which 'tis death to hide"—how could Alexander Pope, upon this foundation, build up a structure significant and enduring; a private life worth while and work as a poet which has a distinct and important place in English thought? The answer is, "Because Alexander Pope was an idealist."

Bernard Shaw, in his book entitled "The Quintessence of Ibsenism," tells what ideals and idealists mean to him. "A fancy picture," he says, "invented by the minority as a mask

for the reality, which in its nakedness is intolerable to them. We call this sort of fancy picture an ideal; and the policy of forcing individuals to act on the assumption that all ideals are real, and to recognize and accept such action as standard moral conduct . . . may therefore be described as the policy of idealism."

The realist, according to Mr. Shaw, is "the man who is strong enough to face the truth that the idealist is shirking." He characterizes the idealist as "the man who is defending existing institutions by maintaining their identity with their masks," while the realist "is striving to realize the future possibilities by tearing the mask and the thing masked asunder."

It is not likely, however, that Mr. Shaw's definitions will be accepted by all idealists. To be sure, there are, as he says, people calling themselves idealists, to whom idealism means nothing more than a blindly optimistic attitude—an unintelligent satisfaction with existing conditions. But there is a higher type of idealist, and as a point of departure in the search for his principles, we may take the philosophical doctrine of idealism. "Idealism is the system or theory that makes everything to consist in ideas, and denies the existence of material bodies." Believing, then, that the only real world is the world of thought, the idealist proceeds to make his world what he would like it to be by thinking of it as he would like to have it. That is, unlike the satisfied idealist whom Shaw describes, this type of man sees the flaws in existing conditions, but sees, too, their possibilities, and by an active belief in them makes them more possible. Suppose, for instance, a school-teacher in one of the primary grades to be confronted by a very mischievous little boy. She is desirous of getting from him the confession of some misdemeanor. Now if she is an idealist, she says:

"Tommy, I am leaving this to your honor. I believe that you will tell me the truth. How did the window get broken?"

But if a realist:

"Tommy, I know that you are not always a truthful boy. It is very wicked to tell a lie. You must not do anything so wicked. Now tell me just how the window got broken."

The realist, in tearing off the mask—in making it evident to Tommy that she knows him to be a mendacious little boy—has satisfied her desire for facts, for truth for truth's sake, and there is much to be said for her frank policy. Whatever the subse-

quent intercourse between Tommy and the teacher, it will be based on a frank understanding of each other, with no illusions on either side. Yet the fact remains that she has lessened Tommy's chances of being truthful. Though the idealist might be criticized for avoiding the issue of Tommy's mendacity, still, by her expressed belief in his ability to be truthful, she has given Tommy a distinct upward pull, has made it more possible for him to reach her ideal of him. Which teacher, judged by an absolute standard, is in the right, is, perhaps, not for us to decide.

Idealists, then, are of two types: the satisfied idealist, who is, as Mr. Shaw says, "defending existing institutions by maintaining their identity with their masks"; and the higher type, who, alive to things as they are, sees beyond the facts to their possibilities. This idealist is, to a certain extent, like the best type of realist, for both deal with "future possibilities." Their methods, however, are different. While the realist thinks that the beginning must be destructive—a tearing asunder of the mask and what it represents—the idealist begins constructively, by believing in the possibility of the thing as he wishes it to be, and acting on that belief. It was such a living belief that St. Paul meant by "faith" when he said, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." This, then, is the doctrine of constructive idealism.

Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee, in "The Lost Art of Reading" (a book which, transcending its title, is really an "Art of Living"), says, "Going about in the world respecting men until they respect themselves is almost the only practical way there is of serving them." In this statement is the essence of constructive idealism.

What, then, in the life of Alexander Pope would mark him as an idealist of either type, or would exclude him from their ranks? In brief, what did Pope accomplish as an author and as a man?

A man's achievements in his personal life may be estimated by the answers to two questions: first, "How did he meet his obligations?" and second, "What, beyond the fulfilment of obligations, did he build up about his life to make it more than existence; to render it full and abundant?"

If Pope had failed to meet his obligations; if he had been a disappointment as a son, or had looked to patronage as the solu-

tion of his financial difficulties, it would not be hard to pardon him, for much may be forgiven a man whose life is "a long disease." How many of the vagaries of Lord Byron, for instance, have been looked upon with indulgence, because of a physical infirmity not approaching in severity those of Pope! But Pope does not need our defence, for he did not fail. His devotion to his parents is commented upon even by his hostile editors who have done so much to discredit the name of Pope, and they cannot but mark the beautiful sincerity of the lines in tribute to his father :

"Unlearned, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by Temperance and by Exercise.

"O grant me thus to live and thus to die!
Who sprung from kings should know less joy than I."

Of his feeling for his mother we may judge by the dread with which he anticipated her death—his anxious care, as he expressed it,

"To keep awhile one parent from the sky."

That a man fulfils his duty to his parents, however, is not a subject for commendation. Most people do. It is more remarkable that Pope, in spite of the limitations of his "crazy carcass," was able to stand on his own feet financially, an attainment which had been reached by few of his predecessors in the field of literature. Dryden had shown the world that it was possible to live by literature as a profession without making oneself the dependent of a wealthy patron. It would hardly have seemed, however, that Pope, handicapped by physical weakness, was the one fitted to carry on the experiment. Yet carry it on he did, with even greater success than Dryden. From his correspondence with Swift, it appears that Pope's translation of the "Iliad" was undertaken for commercial reasons, and was, moreover, a financial success. His relief is evident when he speaks of concluding the "Iliad" and of taking up work upon the "Essay on Man."

"I mean," he explains to Swift, "no more translations, but something domestic, fit for my own country and my own time." Swift replies :

"I am exceedingly pleased that you have done with transla-

tions. Lord Treasurer Oxford often lamented that a rascally world should lay you under a necessity of misemploying your genius for so long a time."

The perseverance of a man who could consistently and with determination "misemploy his genius" upon uncongenial work until his financial purpose was accomplished, and who could, in working for commercial reasons, produce an excellent as well as a stupendous piece of literature, cannot but command respect.

In a more intimate and personal matter, that of his religion, Pope was faithful to an obligation. Born and brought up a Roman Catholic, in an age when membership in that religious body excluded one from all political privileges, Pope remained throughout his life a consistent, though a liberal, Catholic.

In addition to the complete fulfilment of his obligations, Pope built up a private life full of interest and of genuine enjoyment. In brief, he may be said to have done this through his friendships and through his hobby. Five of Pope's friendships may be taken as representative—three which succeeded and two which failed. Bolingbroke—"My St. John" of the "Essay on Man," whose friendship with Pope was a lasting one—was a most interesting character. Association with him could not but introduce widely varied interests into the more or less limited life of Pope. In addition to his literary ability, which no doubt was the original bond between him and Pope, Bolingbroke, as politician and accomplished man of the world, must have represented to Pope all the activities and achievements in which he could have no part. Perhaps, too, there was an element of fascination in the wickedness of Bolingbroke for Pope, who never had the opportunity to be anything but moral, and probably would not have used such an opportunity had it presented itself. Still the attractively wicked Bolingbroke opened to Pope an interesting field for speculation, and helped him, without actual experience, to understand the point of view of a man of the world.

Swift and Pope were peculiarly congenial as friends. Their genius was of the same type, both being proficient in a form of expression clear, pithy and to the point; both satirists with this difference, that Pope fundamentally believed in human

nature, and Swift did not. Pope could not have echoed his friend's sentiments when Swift said :

"Like the ever-laughing sage
In a jest I spend my rage ;
Though it must be understood
I would hang them if I could."

Pope indulged in no such malice ; he had no desire whatever to "hang them." An element of interest in the friendship between Swift and Pope was their wealth of common experience. Each suffered from a physical infirmity ; each had a long and mysterious relationship with a woman ; each found marriage unnecessary.

The third of Pope's friendships was with Martha Blount. She contributed to the poet's life the point of view of a normal, wholesome woman, not remarkably brilliant, but personally attractive, loving and sympathetic. It is of Martha Blount and his mother that Pope is thinking as representative, when he says, "Most women have no characters at all,"—not meaning in the least that women as a class are devoid of principles, but rather that the normal woman's quiet, unobtrusive virtue does not bring her into public notice.

As the friendships of Pope with Bolingbroke, Swift and Martha Blount were lasting and successful, so, too, there are to be considered his friendships which failed. Addison and Pope were friends for years, Pope feeling a warm admiration for the older man ; yet eventually they were estranged, and Pope satirized his old friend in the character of Atticus. In the case of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, the friendship was based on the delight of a clever mind in another equally clever. When later, however, Pope mistook his intellectual admiration for Lady Mary for affection of a more personal nature, Lady Mary, justifiably, of course, discouraged his advances. The tactlessness—yes, more, the cruelty with which she managed the difficult situation made Pope her bitter enemy. Still Pope's friendships, those that failed as well as those that succeeded, each contributed its own element of interest to his life.

Pope's country place at Twickenham was his hobby. There he worked and idled, entertained his friends and experimented with landscape gardening. He really made a significant contribution to the latter art by avoiding the formal clipping of trees into set shapes and permitting them to grow naturally.

This gardening hobby, being of so different a nature from any of his other interests, helped to make Pope's a well-rounded life.

As a poet Pope has two distinct lines of achievement, his satires and his moral essays, as he calls them. In all his work the form is admirable. As a maker of graceful and polished verse, Pope is unequalled. The satires, aside from their graceful expression, lose something now that the personal element cannot be appreciated, yet they are interesting because they are always clever. Lines from them, as from all Pope's works, have become a definite part of English thought in the form of familiar quotations.

Not in his satires, however, but in his moral essays, is Pope's permanently significant work to be found. In the "Essay on Man" he has given us the essence of the philosophical thought of the time. What Hooker, Hobbes, Locke and others were saying in many volumes of size discouraging to the casual student, Pope has summarized "in neat, portable form" in the "Essay on Man." The importance of his contribution to philosophy is not that he has discovered many new thoughts, but that he has summed up what seemed to him the best ideas current at the time, and has related them to make his theory of of life. "To vindicate the ways of God to man," is his purpose in the essay, and he does that quite convincingly. We are conscious throughout the essay that Pope feels the unity of things—the conformance of all to a great plan.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

It is this ability of Pope's to relate ideas, to put the right things together, that makes his philosophy seem at times startlingly modern. When he says that "true self-love and social are the same" is this not the very doctrine of intelligent self-interest that Shaw and Ibsen represent to-day?

"I have long been told of your great achievements in building and planting," said Swift once in a letter to Pope. "And especially of your subterranean passage to your garden, whereby you turned a blunder into a beauty, which is a piece of 'ars poetica.'" Herein was Pope an idealist of the constructive kind, for the episode of the "subterranean passage" is symbolic of what he did with his life—"turned a blunder into a beauty." A blunder indeed it might have seemed to him that he was in the world at all, with his ugly, misshapen body and constant

suffering, combined with an eager activity of mind which must have made physical drawbacks all the more intolerable. Yet Pope had a vision of what life might be—a life of usefulness and interest. A mask, perhaps, to cloak the bitter reality, a realist might have called this vision, had Pope stopped with the dream. But being a constructive idealist, Pope, believing in his vision, steadily built up a life in which the ideal was made real. Without the inspiration of an idealist's vision, the actual realities being so manifestly against him, he might have settled down to be an invalid,—might have decided that the obligations of life were not for him to meet. With a doctrine of satisfied idealism, he might have dreamed a beautiful dream, while others shouldered his responsibilities. But choosing to disregard the hampering realities he said, "My vision shows me that part of the life of a man is to meet his obligations"; and straightway he went forth and met them right manfully.

The life of a man, however, must be more than the fulfilment of obligations; it is entitled to breadth of interest, it should be full and abundant. Pope might have said, "I cannot have friendships with people worth while—I, without wealth, influence or personal attractiveness. No, I will be a hermit. Neither can I, with my inadequate strength, interest myself in the little pleasures and hobbies that make part of the daily life of a normal man."

Instead, Pope, believing that he could have life abundantly, won the lasting friendship of a brilliant politician, of more than one accomplished man of letters, and of a good woman. Knowing the hobby to be a valuable contribution to life, he busied himself constructively, as always, with his Twickenham garden. Thus in his life as a man, Pope meets the requirements of our definition of constructive idealism—"to see the possibilities, and by an active belief in them, to make them more possible."

In his art Pope was not always a constructive idealist. He had his experiments with the policy of tearing off masks, and as a result we have his satirical pictures. They are interesting as showing the plan of a keen mind, and in so far as they depict types of human nature, are still significant. Yet the satires have not the quality of high seriousness which Matthew Arnold considers the test of true poetry. In the "Essay on Man," the expression of his philosophy of life, Pope attains to that high seriousness and here we see him again as a constructive idealist.

As soon as he reaches the conclusion, "Whatever is, is right," we know him for an idealist; the realist indeed, taking this statement by itself, might have reason to accuse him of satisfied idealism—of "defending existing institutions by maintaining their identity with their masks." But Pope's philosophy of life was constructive, in the sense that he put his world together. In "The Lost Art of Reading," Mr. Lee speaks of the poet and idealist as viewing things from "the ridgepole of the world." We think that Pope must have been there, too, when he said, "Whatever is, is right." Not each little fragment of "whatever is," but the whole, viewed in perspective from "the ridgepole of the world."

"All discord, harmony not understood,
All partial evil, universal good."

There were times, of course, when Pope's idealism failed. What builder since the world began has not, once at least, "built his house upon the sand"? Pope's friendship with Lady Mary Wortley Montague was a failure because Lady Mary was not an idealist, nor even a woman of feeling. Had she been the latter, when Pope made the mistake of thinking his affection for her romantic love, her method of disillusioning him would have been more gentle. If she had been a constructive idealist, perhaps, she need not have disillusioned him at all. With a little tact she could have led him to see their friendship in its true light, and together they might have built up a relationship of lasting beauty. So here it was Lady Mary who failed. Of the other broken friendship all there is to be said is that it failed because Addison was—Addison. In these cases even Pope's active belief in his friends proved insufficient to help them realize his ideal of them. He, too, fell short of the ideal of friendship, when in bitterness of spirit over broken faith, he permitted himself to satirize those whom he had loved. In his art he failed when he stooped to trickery and personal invective. Though these were the literary weapons of his time, nevertheless, in making use of such weapons, as a constructive idealist he failed.

Because sometimes the vision faded, and the poet saw but dimly, we must not forget that Pope in the main issues of his life, and in the noblest of his work, was patiently and perseveringly seeing the possibilities, and by believing in them, making

them more possible. It is a wonderful thing that Alexander Pope, with his frail, misshapen body, and in the course of his life that was "one long disease," managed to mount up upon "the ridgepole of the world." We like to think of him there—poor little Pope who had overcome so much; and there, with the goodly company of all the constructive idealists who have lived since the world began, the men who have believed, and by believing have made possible, those who have seen the vision, and in its radiance have put their world together, with Socrates, St. Paul and Plato and the rest, we will leave him—"on the ridgepole of the world."

THE TRADE OF THE TIDE

KATHERINE BUELL NYE

A roll—and a curling roar,
A swish—and the shifting sands,
And now on the glistening shore
Lie treasures from many lands.

A wilted flower tip
From the island, out in the bay,
And the hull of a whittled ship
Lost by some child at play.

A pebble that came from the deep,
Where scarlet sea-flowers bloom
And green, scaly mermaidens sleep
In the cool of a coral room.

From a land of ice and snow,
From a land of tangled glades,
From west of the sun's dying glow
And from east of dawn's opal shades,

From mountains towering high,
From plains that are low and wide,
These wares of the earth we buy
In the ceaseless trade of the tide.

THE OLD SQUARE

ELLEN BODLEY JONES

As I entered the dim old square from the noise and clanging turmoil and traffic of the busy streets outside, I had the same impression that I had in Spain long ago, when I descended from the cobble-stoned street, loud with clattering water-carts, to the quiet of a little underground sepulcher.

This was the most remarkable thing about it: here, hardly a sound broke the quiet, the ancient trees spread forth their branches unmolested—yet this square was in the very heart of the city, in the centre of a district crowded with all the life and traffic of the business world.

There was only one street leading into the square. On all other sides, the high fences at the back yards of the houses shut out the view. In the middle was an inclosure, surrounded by an iron fence, now corroded and eaten away in places by rust and dampness. In some places it had given away, but it still maintained its original appearance. Inside the fence there were several large old elms, towering far above the tall houses. There their huge branches met in gigantic arches, and their dark feathery foliage, mingling together, looked like the delicate tracery over the columns of some rare old cathedral. Here they expanded—spread out their arms to the light—untrimmed, unmolested. About their shaggy trunks the grass stood high, hiding from sight their roots. It had been unmoved for years, and stood tall and rank in a luxuriance of unhindered growth; weeds of all kinds were scattered and intermingled with the grass, and the whole had interwoven and was knotted together in unkempt profusion like a jungle.

Facing the square on all four sides stood old brown-stone houses, displaying in their stern porticos and balconies an aspect of almost austere magnificence and grandeur. Most of them had high stone gate-posts, on which carved stone lions languished at ease, or sat bolt upright, fierce and alert to scare away intruding strangers. But no such vigil was needed as few people ever came here now.

As I walked along the weed-grown street, a chipmunk ran chattering past me, and disappeared under the porch of one of

the houses. This house, more than any of the rest, impressed me with its spirit of melancholy, loneliness, and neglect. It was set far back from the street, and a sidewalk of those ancient flagstones so much used in the time of our forebears led up to the imposing steps. But this walk had sunken, in some places two or three inches below the grass level, and between the flagstones weeds and wild flowers raised their tangled heads. The house itself, unlike the others, had its shutters left open, and the large panes of plate glass, translucent rather than transparent on account of their coats of dust, gave that peculiar eye-like appearance so often remarked in vacant houses. On the porch, the heaps of dead leaves and dirt had been pushed into irregular piles, and along the cracks in the steps, where the moisture had gathered, fungi and lichens had already begun to appear. The lawn must have been remarkable in its time, for even now hardly a weed was to be seen. The tall blue grass, straight and erect, filled all the spaces and hid from sight almost entirely the remains of the flower beds—of oyster shell and broken-bottle borders.

In the centre of the yard stood an old marble fountain. A large, pure white slab of marble in the centre was carved into the likeness of the god Pan, holding a struggling water nymph on one arm, while, with the other hand, he poured water from a shell over her shining hair. By some sharp blow, I could not tell what, the basin had been smashed into two parts, and the broken fragments lay in the grass below.

At each side of the walk, an ancient yew-tree spread its mottled shade. They met over the portico, and mingled and re-mingled their branches, until, except for their trunks one would have believed them to be one tree. As the dried leaves fell upon the stone pavement below, each gave a sharp crackling sound, as though the old trees were vainly trying to wake the echoes of sounds heard long ago.

These details would not have interested any chance passer-by, but to me every corner of the place cried out for sympathy. For in this house I had been born, and all those half-formed, shadowy recollections of childhood hung about it still, like the perfume from a rose, now dried and faded. Here it was I had worked, and played, and laughed and cried, with Lena. Yes, there was Pan, smiling sardonically in the same way that he, when I, in a naughty moment, had pushed Lena head first into

the fountain, had smiled at the thought of the whipping that was to come. Why, I could fairly see her yellow curls now, framed against those dark leaves, as she stood, tearful and reproachful, with one tiny finger raised accusingly at me.

Yes, everything was the same. There stood the same wooden seat under the yew-tree, where the happiest moment of my life had been passed, when I learned that Lena truly cared for me, and with pulses a-tingle, we planned all the wonderful things we would have in a home that should be all our own.

A dingy sparrow flew down, and lit on the nymph's head. Memories are not always joyful ones. It was on that bench, too, that we were sitting when my father came out to us, and, when he had spoken to us, shattered all our hope and joy, and made the world fairly crumble in about our ears. He said it was wrong for cousins ever to marry. I must go away. Shall I ever forget when I said good-bye to her? She walked with me as far as the gate, to make the time last as long as possible. I shall always remember the gown she wore. It was white dimity sprinkled with cherry blossoms, and on her soft curls she wore a white straw bonnet with a cherry-colored ribbon tied under her chin. At night, when I can not sleep, I can still see the tears in her eyes when she kissed me. Then I turned and went away without looking back, but the memory of that last kiss has been paradise to me for twenty years.

And now here I was back again. Everything was the same, yet somehow it seemed like another world. From afar off, I heard the dull roar of the ever pressing traffic. But the gloom and quiet of the square held me as though in a spell—apart from all that strife farther on. It was like fairyland.

Some one was approaching. I looked up, and caught my breath. Ah, there she was at last, after all these years. I stood still, waiting. She did not see me, but advanced slowly down the walk towards the gate, where I stood. She wore the same dainty dress, and I saw that the cherry-colored ribbon was still there, tying her pretty bonnet. Then I looked at her face. Surely it too would be the same. I almost cried aloud, for it was the same, yet with an expression strangely new. The eyes were surely Lena's, of that deep sea-blue that only comes with hair yellow as corn. But before they were tender and dancing, and now—oh Lena, have you suffered as much as I? Now she saw me, and with a little cry ran towards me. Now I had her

in my arms. It was only then that I knew what I had been missing for twenty long years.

With our hands clasped like little children, we walked about the deserted lawn. Oh, if we might only have walked on forever!

"See," said Lena, "Here is dear old Pan! How many times I used to scold him for teasing that lovely nymph!" She was away, light as a bird, and I saw her climb up and print a kiss on Pan's wrinkled countenance. I recognized in her the same light-hearted child of the old days.

"And see that horrible crack in the basin! That happened the night after you left. A tree fell against it, you know. I always said it was because you had gone away. Did you have to cry too? At night, I mean, after everybody else was in bed?" We were walking on towards the back of the house. Lena gave a little bubble of laughter.

"And here's the old rain-barrel. Oh you dear! Do you remember the goldfish you saved up your money to buy and put in here? And then the rain came and washed them all out on the ground. Poor little things! How frail and silvery they looked when they were dead! I remember the funeral we had for them, here by the house. Yes! See, here is the brick you put 'in memory.'"

We had strolled back to the gate. Lena had ceased her gay prattle, and had become strangely silent.

"How still everything is here!" she said at last. "It makes me think that the house and the trees and everything else is in mourning—for—for us!" I saw her eyes well up with great unshed tears—like those other tears, long ago.

"Lena, Lena, don't! Think how much better it is than if our love had died too!" I held her to my heart, and all those twenty years of loneliness and despair melted away before this one moment of joy.

From far away, I heard the city clock strike six and the whistles begin to blow from all parts of the city, as a signal for the tired factory hands to stop work. A faint breeze was moving the leaves of the yew trees until they stirred and moaned fitfully, like sleepy children. I was standing alone by the gate. Lena had gone, and it was almost dark. Already long, creeping shadows were advancing from the dark corners of the house. The elms in the square beyond seemed to spread their branches

over the place in protecting shelter for the night. I walked away, with a sigh in me too long and deep to give vent to—a sigh twenty years old. At the corner I turned back to look, for the last time, at the dim old house, Pan and the nymph shining white in the twilight, the old stone gateposts and the blessed trees over all. In a hundred more years they too, would all be gone—gone never to return. It is only the memories of things that last.

“BOUND IN THE BUNDLE OF LIFE”

MARY AUGUSTA JORDAN

The Bible phrase strikes quaintly and perhaps a little dully on our unused ears.

Life—a puzzle, a problem, a conflict, a confusion, a chaos—we are painfully familiar with these forms of description and indictment; we almost ignore the great human and divine bundle, bound together with cords of joy, pain and sympathy.

Or, at best, we know it as shreds and patches, instead of the roll complete. We are concerned more with making it appear suitable furnishing, or even luggage, than with its core. What is there, for most of us, in the last inside fold of our own or our neighbors' bundle?

Now and again the wrapping is torn off by accident or fate, the loom-wheels reverse and glimpses are caught of life, ending, not beginning, running down, not in the disguise of full career.

The spectacle is rare and grateful. The close of life is, for most of us, a dim twilight traversed with the aid of anaesthetics. The report of the trained nurse, and the notes and curves of the doctor's chart convey the passing spirit's message with scientific decency. Some of us confess to missing the old-time hope of a testimony, uttered with high authority from the threshold of new experiences. Others of us are a little breathless, after long dependence on estimates and averages, and schedules, at the mere idea of a soul's unwrapping itself in the clutch of pain and casting off its garments, standing straight and naked in its own nature—God's homing child.

The little collection of verses by Louise Stockton Andrews, the last one dated June, 1912, and copyrighted by her father in

November of the same year, comes from the place where the writer lived—bound in the bundle. They are touchingly expressive of some of the poignant things of life. They are simple and concerned with some of the trifles that give confirmation strong^{er} as proofs of holy writ. They have the note of confidence belonging to pure hearts reaching out for sympathy in a world full of God. Some of them are :

“ One day God let me be a guest
In the treasure land of the unexpressed,
I found art there that no human hand
Could ever have made in the Realized Land.
There were thoughts and yearnings too
For which our words would never do,
There were dreamed-of homes at last complete,
Where sounded the patter of tiny feet.
I knew that the love in that wonderful place
Was just the reflection of God's own face.
Some day when we finish our earthly quest,
We shall claim our own, our unexpressed.
For God, who gave it is guarding it, too
And keeping it safe for me and for you.

When I lay in my narrow, white hospital bed,
And could only see things above my head,
To help me forget the bad hurt feeling,
I used to make things of the cracks in the ceiling.
I saw horses and kites, a fish and a hen ;
And cities and mountains, and rivers and men.
Then sometimes across my ceiling town
A fly would walk, all upside-down.
And once a spider, that seemed all feet,
Built his house where the two walls meet.
But when I got tired of the things on the wall,
I'd fall asleep—and forget them all.

Sometimes, I think I'm in a dream,
That things aren't really as they seem ;
That I will waken up some day,
To find things back the same old way.
That this has just been given me,
To show the way that things might be.
Are things really as they seem,
Or am I living in a dream ? ”

It is high privilege to be assured of one's human kinship as one catches the last gesture of farewell from the soul adventuring out into the great unbound life.

"C. O. D."

ELLEN ELIZABETH WILLIAMS

PART I.

(Related by Miss Constance O'Donnell)

"The dance is to begin at half past eight," Ruby had written me, "and we are going to have a dinner-party first at seven. Just the people staying at the house, you know, to get acquainted. The three-forty from Hartford will get you here about five."

I answered Ruby that I couldn't possibly come, for I have History from three to four on Fridays, and I had already used all my cuts. That produced the following reply :

"Dan and I have looked up the time-tables, and if you can catch the four-eleven from Northampton, you just make connections at Hartford. You *could* reach Milford a little before six and come out on the trolley, but I think you'd better go on to Waterbury, and Uncle Jack will bring you out in his car. That will be quicker on the whole, and if you're all ready underneath, it won't take long for Freda to hook you into your dress. At any rate, you *must* come !"

Personally, I hate doing things in a rush. It makes me nervous to have just eleven minutes in which to make a train. It gives my heart the jumps, and by the time I do make connections, I feel all worn out. Moreover, I didn't feel confident in having Freda's assistance at the last moment. With five maids in the Hamilton household, not one was ever free to attend to the needs of a guest. If Annie was attending to Mrs. Hamilton and one inveigled Freda into the guest chamber to fasten a last button in that ever-unattainable position in the small of one's back, a voice would exclaim : "Oh Annie, that won't do *at all* ! Freda will show you how," and Freda would mutter a hasty excuse, and fly down the corridor to her mistress.

I knew, therefore, how little I could depend on Freda. But I am honestly fond of Ruby, who seemed anxious to have me come, and besides, I had really no excuse except my prejudices to last-minute travel, so I wrote that I would arrive at Waterbury at six-fifteen.

My nails were manicured, my hair "coiffed," and my evening clothes arranged near the top of my suit case when I left Northampton on the four-eleven that Friday. I didn't notice that the date was the thirteenth! I even had time to get a parlor car seat at Hartford, and my trip seemed going well, when—in the suburbs of Windsor we stuck. At Windsor Locks we were fifteen minutes late, and my teeth were on edge. Then a thought came to me. "I can put my dress on here in the train. With my fur coat it won't show, and at least that much will be done."

Accordingly, I repaired to the dressing-room and divested myself of my travelling dress. Now no dressing-room on a train is palatial, and this one was particularly incommodious. With my coat and hat hung on pegs, there was room for me or for my suit-case, but not for both. As my party dress was floating open in the back, I decided that the suit-case should be the one to go, so, locking it, I set it in the corridor outside. Then, with contortions worthy of my gymnastic class, I hooked the belting, the inner lining, the lining, the satin bodice, the placket hole, the chiffon over-skirt, and the lace tunic of my Paris "creation." "Très simple, mais très chic," the couterière had assured me at my last fitting.

The train stopped a long time at Milford, and I was thankful, for, in spite of the delay, it gave me time to scrutinize my appearance and pin my hat on straight. Then I stepped into the corridor.

My suit-case was gone!

I rushed through the parlor-car. I looked at all the baggage. There were straw suit-cases, leather suit-cases, suit-cases plastered over with foreign labels, but a suit case there was not with C. O. D. on each end, and my dancing slippers, gloves and fan inside. In the midst of a heated altercation with the porter, we arrived at Waterbury.

Mr. John Hamilton is a man of action. Within three minutes after the explanation of my loss, he had telegraphed a description of the suit-case to New Haven, with the assurance that if it were on that train, it would be corralled there and sent back on the return trip. It was fortunate that I already had my evening dress on.

"I would advise you not to say anything about your suit-case at the house," counseled Uncle Jack. "They are excited enough already, and my sister would insist on having a finger in this pie, too."

I was not surprised to find the Hamilton house in confusion. They had lost the place-cards for the dinner party. Ruby, her skirt looped up to her knees, greeted me at the foot of the stairs. "The first room on the left is yours with Alice Wentworth. She's a friend of sister's. Go right up and introduce yourself. And, on your way, would you mind looking in the top drawer of the cabinet in the upper hall and yell down if you find the place-cards?"

I didn't find the place-cards in the drawer; but I did find Alice Wentworth all dressed, and she inspired me with confidence at first sight. I told her of the loss of my suit-case and the need of secrecy.

"I've an extra pair of long gloves you may have," proffered Alice. "They've been cleaned and smell to heaven, but we can hang them out the window till the last moment."

We unblushingly stole a pair of silk stockings and an embroidered handkerchief from Ruby's bureau. The question of slippers, however, was not so easily solved. "I've only my pink satin ones," Alice sighed. "If only Ruby weren't so easily excited—stop! I have it!"

She dived headlong into the closet, and a muffled voice trailed back: "They're only boudoir slippers, but they're new, and they have high heels," and she produced a pair of black suède slippers with French pompons. "Your dress half hides them anyway, and they ought to do at a pinch."

"Do 'at a pinch' is good!" I laughed. "I note that these shoes are 3½ A. My number is 4 C. Nevertheless, I am heartily obliged."

"Your suit-case may reach here before we start for the dance," consoled Alice. "Come on; let's go down."

The other girls were clustered on the stairs, laughing and chatting. Presently Mrs. Hamilton, massive in pearl-grey satin and fur, bore down upon us. She kissed me on both cheeks. "So glad you could be with us, my dear. Now come and meet these nice boys, and we'll go in to dinner."

At this juncture, it transpired that we were two "nice boys" short. Some confusion resulted in trying to find out which ones were missing.

"Dan's not here," I ventured.

"That's it!" cried Mrs. Hamilton. "He went to Milford to meet Charles Davison and I suppose they didn't make the six o'clock trolley. Well, we won't wait—"

A rattle at the front door, and Dan came breezing in, followed by a tall, handsome youth, evidently embarrassed at his late arrival.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Hamilton," he apologized. "My train was late at Milford, and though we rushed, we missed—"

"Stop gassing!" interrupted Dan. "Beat it up and wash your hands. Second room on the left."

Mr. Davison "beat it," and, upon his return, we all went in to the table. A little shudder passed over Mrs. Hamilton's form at the sight of one guest in a business suit, for she is rather punctilious, and this dinner and dance were to be *the* events of the Noroton social season. I think Mr. Davison noticed the glance, for he blushed and looked properly confused, and I felt rather sorry for him, and glad for myself that I had managed to get together so successful a toilette.

After dinner, the guests started for the dance in the limousine. Mrs. Hamilton, Ruby, and several girls left in the first party. "I'll go in the second," Alice whispered to me, "so that you can be in the third. Your suit-case may come at any minute now, and you can get your own slippers then." I went upstairs to await the hoped-for arrival.

As I buttoned on my—or rather Alice's—gloves, I tried not to notice the racket in the next room, where Mr. Davison was evidently changing his clothes. The register between the rooms was open, and I heard one boot go "bang" against the floor, then the other, and—well, I hardly like to say it, (it may have been some one else, you know, and he had seemed to be such a gentleman) but I was almost sure that it was Mr. Davison's lusty voice that I heard say "Damn!"

I thought it time to shut the register.

PART II.

(As told by Charley Davison to his room-mate, William Hills)

Great Heavens, Billy! you could have knocked me over with a feather when I opened that suit-case, and saw what was inside. On top was a girl's dress of dark blue slinky stuff, and a pair of satin slippers with diamond buckles, and a puffy white feather fan. Underneath was a fussy white negligée thing all lace and pink ribbons. Then I got scared and yelled for Harry Watson, in the room across the hall. He nearly doubled up with mirth.

"Funny, is it?" said I, with sarcasm. "Funny as the deuce to be in the suburbs of Noroton, Conn., fifteen minutes before a dance, minus a dress suit, with the contents of a girl's suit case on one's hands. I'd look pretty, wouldn't I, in that chiffon, crêpe de chine, silk, voile, hobble skirt with fruchings of pan velvet? Those slippers are the size I always wear, and my beauty is especially enhanced by a white feather perked over one ear! Devil take the porter on that parlor car!"

Harry was showing symptoms of acute indigestion.

"What do you advise?" I shouted, mad clear through.

Harry recovered long enough to gasp: "Well, I'd either go in your street clothes or not at all. One doesn't usually attend a dance in your present attire." Then he went off into another spasm.

"You are a darn fool," I complimented him. "Your remarks indicate the intelligence of a precocious child of six."

My bouquet had the effect of bringing him to his senses.

"On the contrary, my proposals are excellent," he replied with an air of wounded dignity. "A good story about getting the wrong suit-case would make quite a hit, girls always like misadventures of that sort. They call it 'college life.' And for my other suggestion, you might be suddenly stricken with appendicitis."

"Do you think I'd be the only man at a dance without evening dress? No, thank you, not when Mrs. Hamilton is the chaperone. It was conspicuous enough at dinner."

"Stay at home then," said Harry without feeling. "I'll tell 'em that the oysters made you sick."

"I have a particular reason for wishing to be present at that dance," I replied firmly.

Whereupon Harry let out an entirely unnecessary remark that I might especially desire to keep my engagement with the charming Miss Constance O'Donnell, who, although I had met her only that evening, had consented to give me the first two dances. I didn't deny it, but intimated to Master Harry that the sooner he eliminated the young lady's name from the conversation, the better it would be for him.

"Jove, Charley!" he exclaimed, and I saw the ghost of an idea flicker on his countenance, "Why not borrow the dress suit from one of the waiters? There are strings of 'em downstairs, waiting to go to the hall."

Then I proceed to lead the cheering and Harry makes tracks for the lower regions, and returned with a decent enough fellow about my size. Harry's glib tongue was working over time, and with the added persuasion of a five-dollar bill (believe me, Billy, money talks) he soon convinced that waiter that he was deathly sick and needed to go home at once, but that if he would leave his dress-suit behind, and call for it in the morning, et cetera, et cetera, and so forth. Then I did the quick change act.

Thank the Lord, the trousers were long enough and didn't wrinkle when I sat down. The vest was tightish over the chest, but Harry said that wouldn't show while dancing.

"Carry your head high," he said. "Put that feather arrangement in your pocket and fan the girlies between the acts. That'll cool you off, too, and above all, keep up the bluff!"

With these last instructions we went down and got into the limousine. Miss O'Donnell was already there. She was darn cool to me at first, and it puzzled me a lot, but she soon warmed up enough to promise me the third and fifth dances, as we'd probably miss the first and second. She's a bully good dancer, too; she does the Spanish and the æroplane and I taught her some others she didn't know. The floor was like glass, and the music soft and swinging, and—oh hang it all, Billy, your roommate was fool enough to think he'd fallen in love, and he hasn't gotten over thinking so yet!

Well, after our third dance we were pretty hot, and my waistcoat was giving me a cramped, consumptive feeling. Also I was unbecomingly red in the face, which didn't add to my peace of mind. I was mighty glad when Constance (oh yes, I call her by her first name now) suggested our going into a cool alcove, and once lying back among the pillows of the divan, I bethought me of the fan.

"That breeze is delightful," said Constance, turning to me with a smile that made my head swim. "You are the most thoughtful man I've ever met, Mr. Davison. Most fellows expect the girls to furnish fans, and they are so awfully in the way."

"Oh, I always carry a fan to dances," I lied. "Girls haven't pockets to keep them in." Gee! I was glad Harry made me take that feather thing.

Then she dropped the little fancy bag on her wrist. I stooped

for it, and she stooped for it, and we sort of met in the middle. My hand hit something on the floor and I brought it up. It wasn't the pink bag. It was her slipper. She made little ineffective grabs for it, and looked so pretty and fussed, I picked up the other one, too.

"Give them to me! Please give them to me! They aren't mine, anyway. You see—" she stammered apologetically, "an—an accident happened to my slippers, and I borrowed a pair, and—and—well—they hurt, and so I just slipped them off."

"I comprehend your sentiments exactly," I acquiesced gravely. "I only wish that I could remove certain portions of my attire as easily and inconspicuously as you did your slippers."

"Why, do your clothes hurt, too?" she asked naïvely. "You look all right on the outside."

"I might say the same of you," I replied. "But when the man whose dress suit you've borrowed wears a vest two sizes too small, when one's coat keeps hitching up in the back, and one's trou—"

Here I began to fan violently, realizing that a man doesn't usually speak of his nether garments to a young lady upon their first acquaintance.

"I'm quite cool now," Constance remarked unkindly. "Perhaps I should fan you instead." Then, in a tone that chilled me far more than any amount of fanning could have done, "Mr. Davison, where did you get this fan?"

"Why, er—it's just a fan—a very pretty fan, don't you think? It was—it was my sister's."

"I agree with you that it is a very pretty fan. In fact, I once owned one like it myself. Mr. Davison, did you happen to come from Hartford on the five-nineteen train?"

"I did—" I began. Then it penetrated.

"Your suit case—your slippers!"

"Your dress suit—"

"C. O'D. Constance O'Donnell!"

"C. O. D. Charles O. Davison!"

Then we both burst out laughing, and I discovered that Connie had a sense of humor. Indeed she laughed so hard that Mr. Hamilton, Dan's uncle, heard us and came into the alcove.

"I was looking for you, Miss Constance," he said. "My chauffeur has just come to tell me that he left your suit case at the house not ten minutes ago."

"I am so very much obliged," said Connie. "Oh, Mr. Hamilton, would it be too much for Jerry to take me up there in the car? I would like to get my own slippers!"

"Certainly, my dear," joins in Mr. Hamilton. "I'll take you up myself—or, better still, perhaps Mr. Davison will see that you come and go safely."

Gee! Mr. Hamilton is a trump!

We matched up stories going back in the limousine, and Jerry waited while we got into our own clothes. At last I could draw a deep breath without fear of bursting the buttons off that vest, and Connie looked fresh as a daisy. We reached the hall in time for the supper dance, which we had in the alcove, and her eyes—

But say, Billy, what's the use? You'll see her when she comes up for prom—and by the way, don't be a bromide and quote that old "Change the name and not the letter," because her last name begins with an O!

DAWN'S BRIDAL

MARION DELAMATER FREEMAN

Young Dawn crept forth from night's dark-shadow'd halls,
Out of the dimness and the clinging mists.
Swift-footed as the evening breeze she glided down
The pearly whiteness of high heaven's stair.
Bright gleam'd her red-gold hair, where here and there,
Caught in the shining strands, flash'd a pale star.
Flushed were her radiant cheeks, glow'd her blue eyes,
And all about her seemed to drift a mist
Of changing gold and rose. And as she ran
The glad earth blossom'd at her little feet
And myriads of roses broke their calix'd bonds
To deck her way. Still went she on until,
Cleaving the mists before him as he sped,
Day came with sunlit eyes to claim his bride.

THE PASSING OF THE MANCHU DYNASTY

MARY LOUISE RAMSDELL

Her hoary head, bowed low with years of toil,
Once reared itself in regal majesty,
Disdainful of the things that were to be,
Scorning the living present's feverish moil.
With eyes turned proudly toward her storied past,
With face averted from the western sun,
She mused upon the deeds that had been done,
Too proud to fear her glory would not last.
Now she, who, calm-eyed, from her lofty height
Saw kingdoms rise and live their little day
Of Time's long years, and crumble to decay,
Herself lies in the dust, stripped of her might,
'Tis better thus. Her day was passed ; but we
Sigh to behold her fallen majesty.

"MANY A TIME I HAVE BEEN HALF IN LOVE WITH EASEFUL DEATH"

LEONORA BRANCH

In fancy I have touched thy hands, so small, and soft and cool—
Like water-lilies, silver sweet, from some green woodland pool
Where day is dead, and dusk and dreams and silken silence rule.

In autumn wind and summer show'r I've watched thy dancing feet,
Whirling in measures mystical, adown the rain-swept street,
Mad with the wind's wild melodies, and faery-light and fleet.

And I have seen thy dreamy eyes, like heavy poppy-flowers,
Full of the languid warmth of dark in perfume-scented bowers,
Where Love herself has ceased to count the swiftly passing hours.

In dreams I've drunk thy kisses and would feign have drunk more deep
From out thy starry-jeweled cup, the magic draught of sleep,
Forgetting how to love and hate, and how to laugh and weep.

Thy gift of sleep is precious, yea, but here is one that saith
Come breathe upon my tired eyes thy warm, wine-fragrant breath,
And let my heart-throbs cease on thine, O dim, delicious Death !

SKETCHES

THE PHILOSOPHY OF GABRIELLE

ALICE CHAMBERLAIN DARROW

It had been raining and the fields back of Rivière du Long were glistening in the clear early light of an August sunrise. The butterflies, who had doubtless hidden themselves over night in some fairy bower beneath the wild rose petals, arose gay and golden, their black veils drooped gracefully over their skirts. They had been well groomed evidently by the fairies and their gowns were all buttoned straight up the back, as anyone could see.

Gabrielle was gathering roses when she saw them and they fascinated her. Her mother had sent her to milk the cows but milk you sold only to silly English people down the road who gave you dirty grey stuff from their pockets that was often warm and sticky and smelt horrid—and roses—why, the fairies lived underneath them sometimes and to see a fairy, any kind, so long as it was a fairy—Gabrielle tingled all over at the thought. They were prettiest when you saw them without their knowing it, so Gabrielle was very quiet but then it struck her that the butterflies might be fairies and she left her roses and ran after them. They fluttered about here and there, she following, up and up the hillside, through the glistening grass, weaving swiftly back and forth, up and down in mazes of thread-like paths that seemed golden colored as they left them. There was a wild, sweet rhythm in their graceful flight, as if they danced to fairy music, and Gabrielle caught it as she tripped along after them.

Gradually all but one had flown too high but that one was the one she liked the best anyway, so she followed him, with her quick lithe movements, over and up the meadows to where the

brook ran down. The brook tinkled and twinkled along and Gabrielle ran in with her bare white feet, still grasping with her tiny hands at the royal ambassador from fairyland, who continued his lofty but friendly flight over it. But the brook was deeper than she thought just there and down she went, slipping on a pebble and sitting up to her arm pits in the cold mountain-spring water. But undaunted she got up and ran on and pretty soon his excellency was caught in her firm tender little hand, willy-nilly. She ran down the hill and caught up her pail of milk (which really had been quite full when she started picking the roses) and, leaving the sleepy, happy cows rather startled, she skipped past Pierre's, and all dripping and thoughtless and joyous, in to find her mother.

Her mother made dresses for the English people up the road and as Gabrielle ran in she brushed against one, all finished and ready to go. Oh, the sorrow! Oh, the alarm! But no, there was no harm done to the dress. Her mother breathed a sigh of relief; nevertheless she was frightened and her happy spirit could not appreciate the butterfly fairy ambassador very well. It was nothing to her of course that Gabrielle should tumble in the brook, that she might do every day if she liked, but "ma mère" was disturbed, flustered. "Oui—the butterfly is lovely—they all are lovely—they all are alike—what did you chase that one for, though?"

Gabrielle did not follow the reasoning, the mood, the logic, the whatever-you-choose-to-call-it of her mother. She philosophized instead. "All alike? All butterflies alike? "Bien, ils sont tous—" They were all alike when viewed from her most calm and unaffected point of view, having previously released the butterfly, yet, "But I did love him the best," and there she had to stop. She could not tell why, any more than any of us can.

She went into the barn and yoked the quiet oxen to the little creaky wooden-wheeled cart, then took them down to the white beach of the wide, soft, sleepy St. Lawrence. Up and down the beach she went, the oxen following her, rhythmically bending and swinging with her right arm into her left, long, slinky, trailing masses of glossy seaweed to burn or for fodder for the pigs or to stuff up the crannies in the house when the long sweeping winter wind came and blew it half to pieces. Careful she was, to make no distinctions in the light of her new knowl-

edge, one piece of sea-weed was exactly as good as another. Was a chance remark of her mother's going to become a guiding principle in her philosophy of life?

Pierre, seeing her, came down to help and together they worked quietly through the morning, sometimes talking, oftener not. Habitant children are very often subdued in their ways.

As the years went on Gabrielle became known in the little settlement in the bend of the road by the river as one of the fair, just, impersonal kind of girl, one who could decide a dispute, one who said "Take what comes along, one thing's as good as another." She never knew how it was but she always seemed to be with Pierre in a crowd or at mass and at weddings and funerals. It was not inconsistent, she really did not connect the event of her babyhood and her present mode of life at all, did not know even that she had a philosophy of life, scarcely that she had a point of view, but yet it disturbed her a little sometimes, for she would have kept the letter of the law, had she known there was one. The others really were as nice, exactly, she liked them just as well, they were very much the same, Pierre and they, and she let it go at that.

Until one night, in summer, when Pierre came and asked her to walk up the road with him and she left the group on the little front porch and went.

"To-night is a wonderful night," he said.

"Oui—but they are all lovely—all."

"But to-night above all others—you know why. N'est-ce pas?" And he put his arm around her.

Then he asked her something else and after a while, as though rather surprised at herself, she nodded.

It was not late when she came back but it is cheaper to sleep than to use candle light and every one on the banks of the Saint Lawrence goes to bed when it gets dark. Gabrielle slipped quietly under the covers beside her sister. Next morning she woke early and went out but her mother was there before her.

"Ma mère," she said softly. "Ma mère."

Her mother looked up, divining what she was going to say.

"Ma mère, they are all alike, the men." She hesitated. "They all wish to marry." Now she was floundering; she was on the wrong road. "I—I will marry Pierre, s'il vous plait." She was confused. "I like them all. I like Pierre—"

A heavy step sounded on the soft grass and she slipped out-

side, to return arm in arm with her lover. Her mother came toward them.

"They are all the same, ma mère." This time she said it joyously. She was brave because he was there. She smiled broadly, confidently, bravely.

"Et puis?" said her mother.

"I like this man best, I know not why," and she put her arms around them both.

"And I like this one," said Pierre proudly, kissing Gabrielle.

THE MONK

ANNA ELIZABETH SPICER

Brother, where is thy flesh and blood?

"By fasting the soul fares on to God."

Brother, why dost thou grin with pain?

"The scourge and the whip bring the soul great gain."

Why the beads and the ceaseless prayer?

"Though earth be dark, the heavens are fair."

Wherefore the watch through the endless night?

"If one watch and pray, he will find the light."

Why the chastity, self-imposed?

"Through lusts of the flesh heaven's door is closed."

Brother, the spiders share thy cell.

"Better are they than flames of hell."

Brother, the poor at the minster-gate

That huddle and freeze? "They are come too late."

AUTUMN AFTERNOON

DOROTHY OCHTMAN

Ruddy and gold and veiled in amethyst

Glow far-off trees before the setting sun.

From gray-green meadows stretching wide and far,

A thin gray mist is rising; in the trees

Near by the squirrel chatters and in the grass

Below, the cricket sings his cheery song.

THRILLS

DOROTHY HOMANS

If it were not for thrills life would be "all forlorn" like the maid with the cow of the crumpled horns. As it is life is a patch-work quilt of many colors. Each color in the quilt stands for a thrill.

Some thrills are of soft pastel shades; others are startling and bright like the skies in the pictures of Maxfield Parrish. There are of course people who will deny that thrills have color, just as they deny that the blare of a trumpet is scarlet, a waltz played on a violin silver and wine-color. If they thought a moment they would recollect that there are certain papers of large type and larger thrills, called "yellow journals." If they were called "peach-blow sheets" do you think the gentle reader would buy?

There are many kinds of thrills. "When they are good, they are very, very good, but when they are bad, they are horrid."

The novelists, playwrights and artists of to-day have discovered that a thrill is bad form and good art. They prefer manners to their art. The picture of a "Nude Descending a Staircase" is a striking example of polite art. Staircases are thrilling subjects if handled properly. So many tragedies and comedies occur on them. You may slide down the banisters, fall down the stairs and even fall up them with the result that you will not be married that year. A great tragedy! Do you see any of those thrills in the picture I have just mentioned? It is appalling to look at a cubist picture and think of the "might have beens." An Iliad could be made out of a staircase. The cubist paints something that looks like a kaleidoscope, the insides of which Tommy has been playfully exploring with a hammer.

The drama is travelling the same tepid road to good manners. A critic sees "Admiral Guinea." He is mildly interested but when Pew, the blind beggar, puts his finger through the candle flame he forgets to drowse and says, "Good dramatic action," in the words of the "madding crowd" a thriller, though this breach of manners does not occur to him till later. The following evening the same critic strolls into a theatre on the

Bowery. The play is "Through Flood and Fire, or The Lovers of Leonora." The critic sits next to Gertie O'Connor, who chews gum and eats peanuts with fine impartiality. The opening act is laid in London; time, midnight, on the Thames embankment; it is snowing; the chimes of "Big Ben" are heard; Leonora appears in a pink opera cloak lined with swans-down, for her evening constitutional; Mandeville St. Leger rushes forward; the hero leans from a passing air-ship, seizes Leonora in his arms, jumps off the bridge and lands neatly upon the deck of a passing barge.

"Foiled!" cries the villain. "Ten thousand curses upon thee, Harold St. Clair!" Just then the hand of the law falls heavily upon his shoulder.

"I harrest you for the murder of your great-aunt," says the bobbie.

"Gee! some thriller," murmurs Gertie O'Conner and she loses a peanut in her enthusiasm.

A sudden fierce light beats upon the critic's brain. He goes home. He thinks. The next morning's paper has an article in it which makes the world blush to think of the bad taste it has been showing in its fondness for thrills. It makes little difference whether the thrill is in "Admiral Guinea," "Hamlet" or the "Fatal Wedding," a thrill's a thrill "for a' that."

So they play Ibsen, Brieux and others with the good old-fashioned thrills left out and the new decadent nervousness put in. They take off "Sweet Lavender" and play "Ghosts." They have to have something interesting enough to hold the audience so they place the chairs with their backs to the footlights. Noble thought! it gives almost the look of the wall that should be there. I here offer with an air "gentle, meek and mild" a little suggestion that would mean much saving of expense to stage-managers. Why not put up a real wall and let the people sit in front of it and read Henry James? The general effect would be as good as if they watched a performance of "Hedda Gabler."

Poor modern playwright, to him

"The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose,

* * * *

But there hath passed away
A something from this earth."

I do not mean by all this that one must set out to find thrills. It is no use to do that. Authors think how thrilling it will be to see their work in print. But when the children of their brains appear for the first carriage ride the thrill turns tail and runs.

Thrills are like will-o'-the-wisps. Did you ever long to take a will-o'-the-wisp and stroke its golden fur? You see one flitting through the dusk. You run down to the marsh's edge. You know you can catch that bit of live fire. You lean over the wet grasses, cupping your hand. The will-o'-the-wisp is gone. You do not know where, perhaps to "Old Japan."

OVER THE HILLS

MARION DELAMATER FREEMAN

Over the hills, just you and I,
When the breeze blows fresh from the sea,
And the sky is flawless blue above,
Oh come, dear, come with me!

I want you to love the things I love,
The sigh of the wind-swept pines,
The swish of the crested meadow grass,
And the cave where the sea-wind whines.

I want you to love the sun-kissed heights
Where you catch a glimpse of the sea,
I want, dear, to share them all with you!
Come over the hills with me!

DVORAK'S HUMORESKE

JEANNE WOODS

'Twas thy intent to make thy hearers laugh
At clownish tricks done in light-hearted glee,
But 'tis the sadness of thy wistful eyes,
The pathos of thy aching, clownish heart,
That pleads with us behind the grinning mask,
And stills our laughter.

THE COURTSHIP OF BILLY

ADELAIDE HERIOT ARMS

"Wish't I was a big man an' I'd fix her. She's a reg'lar old hen an' I sha'n't go home ever!" Billy's stubby foot kicked the innocent tree unmercifully. "An' all on account of that ole pie face," he concluded with an angry scowl.

"Oh Billy," said a soft little scared voice close beside him, "did Tommy hurt you? I—I'm sorry—" and Geraldine of the first grade looked anxiously at Billy, her blue eyes very serious.

"Nope, course he didn't hurt me but I bet he's good an'—an' knocked out. Hope his nose 'll bleed all day an' all night." Billy's chubby face was very fierce when he concluded and Geraldine drew back.

"Why, Billy," she cried, "you don't neither—'cause—why, he might die an' then you'd be awful sorry and—" Geraldine's eyes grew big with sudden consternation, "they might put you in prison. Oh, Billy, do you think he will die?"

Billy snorted. "Course not," he said scornfully. "An' I wouldn't care if he did, 'cause I'm goin' to run away and never come back ever. An' I ain't never goin' to have any more girls neither, 'slong's I live."

Geraldine's eyes opened wide first with surprise and then dilated with sudden anger. "Billy Reynolds, you're the badest boy I ever saw an'—an' I do like Tommy better, anyway. I don't care if you never come back an'," Geraldine's curls stood straight out as she hurled her parting words at the astonished Billy, "I sha'n't never marry you now, anyway," and Geraldine fled into the schoolroom.

"Geraldine Simpson, why didn't you come in when the bell rang?" asked Teacher as a tearful little culprit opened the door.

The culprit walked straight to her seat and, putting her head in her hands, sobbed audibly.

But Teacher was cross to-day and sobs annoyed her rather than brought forth pity. "You may stay in at recess, Geraldine, and make up the time." But Geraldine took the penalty calmly. For what did she want of recess and what did anything matter now, since her lover had deserted her. Billy

would probably run away and perhaps die. Life was too hard. And that same day Geraldine misspelled two words and lost "a star" for the first time for a whole month.

Billy stared after Geraldine's retreating ruffles. What had he done to make her "mad"? There was no question that she was very "mad." If Billy had been older he might have said, "That's just like a girl," but Billy was young and besides Geraldine was his first girl and she hadn't been his girl for more than a week, so he didn't say anything at all but just stared. He had liked Geraldine first, because she lived next door to him and her mother believed in eating ginger-cookies between meals and secondly, Geraldine was pretty and not a bit horrid—and—she liked him.

But now Billy's heart was hardened against all women and like all men creatures he felt justified. Tommy Hopkins had teased Geraldine when in a sudden burst of uncontrollable affection she had confided to Tommy that the nicest boy in all the school was Billy and Tommy's tactless taunts had made Geraldine cry. A woman in tears was too much for Billy's manly soul and he had straightway challenged Tommy and fallen upon him most unmercifully. Teacher, a self-appointed second, had come to poor Tommy's rescue and had sent the angry lover home with a note of explanation and complaint. "An' all for an ole girl," he mused and stamped his short foot. He longed in his inmost heart to go and tell his mother all about it. She'd understand—but the others. Perhaps his big brother Roger would be there and he'd laugh and—no, Billy turned resolutely in the direction opposite from home and trudged up a hill past the tiny railway station towards the mountain road. Maybe he would come back sometime when he was a man but not for years and years!

At noon Billy was conscious of a strange gnawing inside and decided he must have walked many miles. It was then that the seriousness of his undertaking swept fully upon his mind,—miles from home and nothing to eat. If Billy had not been a very brave boy he might have cried at this sudden and awful realization. But Billy was braver than most boys so he only sniffled. Suddenly he caught sight of an apple tree near by loaded with fall fruit. Nothing daunted, he set out to procure his dinner from this tree of salvation.

"I'm all losted an' I can't find nobodies," sobbed a childish

voice and, turning a bend in his path, Billy came face to face with—a woman, a woman in tears.

For a moment he stood stock-still regarding her. He had fled from the world of sorrow and in that world he had left woman and all her faults; but here, straight in his path to freedom, was another woman in distress. Billy's childish mind did not think all this but the man in him thought it and if Billy had not been a brave boy he would have fled even as Æneas fled from his weeping Dido.

But Billy lived in the age of courage and kindness. He made a move one step nearer to the weeping woman. "Where's your house?" he demanded solemnly.

"I—I's losted my house an' my muggy an' my foggy an' I's all hungly. We had a plicnic an' I losted ums too." The woman sniffled pathetically.

Billy looked at her, half puzzled and half in pity. "Want a apple?" he asked abruptly. "There's a tree over there. I'm goin' to get one."

The woman nodded. "Plicnic's all gone now," she sighed.

So the two wanderers trudged slowly up the road. The woman clung tightly to Billy's hand and Billy pulled her along, not ungently but with the air of a man of unfair responsibility.

The tree was in a small field shut in by a stone wall. Behind the wall there was a noise, as of grunting and squealing. With some difficulty Billy climbed to the top and the woman followed.

"It's pigs," announced Billy. "Are you scared?"

She shook her head. "Pigs don't bite," she said reassuringly.

"I guess maybe they're wild pigs," said Billy reflecting, "'cause there ain't any houses here."

"Do ums bite?" asked the woman, startled by this sudden information.

Billy shook his head. "Course not," but as one pig snorted close under his heels, his voice quavered; still he was hungry and so was the woman. "I tell you," he cried, "I'll shoo off the pigs an' you run quick and pick up those apples," and Billy jumped down off the wall. "Shoo there, you ole pigs," he shouted, brandishing a stick, "or I'll kill you all!" And the woman, who had hesitated just a little, watched admiringly, as the pigs ran in many directions, grunting and squealing.

"Hurry up an' get the apples," cried Billy impatiently. "They'll all be comin' back in a minute."

The woman scrambled down fearfully and ran to the tree. Cautiously she picked up two round apples in her chubby hands and ran headlong back to the wall. Looking back from her vantage of safety at Billy, she gave a shrill little scream. "Oh come quick. He's goin' to bite you."

Billy turning saw an old sow angrily coming toward him. Here was ample opportunity to prove himself a hero. "Ged out you ole' pig or I'll—" but the pig was not to be thwarted thus easily. She retreated a few steps and then came on raging. Even a very brave boy might have been frightened and Billy wisely fled. "I guess they are wild pigs," he gasped as he scrambled over the wall to safety.

"Um" said the woman. "They's fierce as elephants an' I do' want to go in there any more never," and she shook her brown curls emphatically.

The perilous struggle for food having been accomplished, they sat down and munched. "We were goin' to have dumplings for dinner to-day," said Billy, sadly reminiscent.

A puzzled expression came over the woman's face. "Are you all losted too?" she asked anxiously.

"Nope, I'm runnin' away an' goin' to work," answered Billy proudly, "'cause—'cause I want to," he concluded ruefully.

The woman understood. She looked solemnly at Billy. "Was they awf'ly cru'l to you?" she asked sympathetically.

Billy nodded. "Eaup," he said indifferently, "awf'ly."

But the woman was curious. "Did they spank you?"

"Course not," answered Billy scornfully. "Only babies get spanked."

The woman sighed. "I do lots," she said sadly, "an' I ain't a baby."

"Well, you're a girl and that's jus' as bad," he said triumphantly.

"Boys is badder, so!" and the woman's eyes became dangerously wet.

Billy stood up and started down the road. "Why, where you goin'?" she cried, suddenly fearful lest he might desert her. "I don't fink you's as bad as all boys."

Billy stopped. "I'm goin' to find your house an'," Billy's face was screwed up to the same fierce expression which had made Geraldine shudder, "if you cry I sha'n't," he concluded.

"Um I won't; but I don' know where my house is," and the woman's lip trembled dangerously.

"Well, come on," said Billy hurriedly, wondering inwardly if all women with blue eyes and brown curls cried easily.

All that afternoon Billy and the woman trudged over the dusty roads and then through the cool woods. Rabbits and squirrels ran across their path and often startled them but Billy was a brave protector and the woman feared nothing, unless by chance a wild pig might attack them. At last they came to a brook and joyously pulled off their shoes and stockings. It was so cool and such fun that the woman almost forgot her sorrows and even Billy, overwhelmed with responsibility, condescended to build a dam.

A crashing among the bushes and the sound of voices broke the stillness. "Gerry—whoo—hoo—Geraldine!"

The woman extracted a small foot from the brown mud. "It's Foggy," she cried. "I's here, in the brook."

Billy only stared; and her name was Geraldine, too!

A tall man rushed through the underbrush and caught the bare-footed wanderer up in his arms.

"I—I got all losted, Foggy, an' this boy," she pointed a muddy finger at Billy. "he was tryin' to find my house. He's runnin' away an' he didn't get a spankin' 'tall."

The tall man looked at the two children and then, much to Billy's disgust, began to laugh. "Well, my boy," he said at last, "if you'll tell me where you live, Gerry and I will take you home. You've taken fine care of Gerry!"

Billy looked reproachfully at the woman and then gazed into the woods now cool and shadowy in the twilight. And Billy was hungry.

"Oh, Billy, mother's been so worried! Where have you been?" cried Mrs. Reynolds as a dirty boy in a much bedraggled sailor-suit came slowly up the steps.

Billy shut his teeth very tight. "Jus' walkin'," he began bravely but Billy was only eight and, when Mother drew him close, dirt and all, the tears spattered down and Billy sobbed out the whole story.

Just then pussy came purring around and jumped into Billy's arms.

"Dear ole pussy," whispered Billy, "you haven't forgotten your own Bill, have you?"

THE GREAT MINIATURE PAINTER AND MISS NANNY

FRANCES MILLIKEN HOOPER

"I say, hang it all, Miss Nanny—the devil take it."

"Let me see. No, it isn't very good—is it? But perhaps it is impossible to get. Auburn hair is difficult to——"

"Titian did not find it so."

"No," laughed Miss Nanny gently, "but Allyn Williard does."

"Allyn Williard does," the artist smiled, "Hum. Well, we'll see."

"Oh don't. Don't wash it out again."

"How else?"

"Paint it black."

"Black indeed."

"Yes, I much prefer black hair anyway."

"Miss Nanny——"

"I do, Mr. Williard."

"Well, *I don't*."

"How final. Well," there was a long pause and then Miss Nanny's face lit up with a sudden inspiration, "paint it any other color but auburn."

"Any other color but the color of your own tresses!"

"Yes, Mr. Williard! That is it exactly. Oh, how readily you fall into my plans."

"I—fall into your—— Miss Nanny, I hope you do not for one moment think I would consider any such nonsense. I—paint your hair black—black—when it is auburn, that beautiful rare shade of auburn. I, Allyn Williard, President of the Royal Miniature Society of England, France, and Germany."

"How interesting."

"You did not know that before?" Mr. Willard put down his palette and looked up at Miss Nanny in absolute amazement.

"Does father know it? He told me you had won many medals and," leaning forward, in a confidential whisper, "he said you were very expensive. But a President of a Royal Society of three countries! Now why didn't you tell me before?"

Mr. Williard was aghast. "I who have been patronized and

avored in the highest circles the world over; honored by Queen Alexandra, King Edward, the Kaiser," he recited to himself, "decorated by the Academy, supposedly know everywhere, Allyn Williard, the great miniature painter—and you say you did not know?"

"No," said Miss Nanny very frankly, so frankly in fact that the man before her opened up his mouth to speak and could not say a word. "I knew you had an exceptionally good opinion of yourself—but you really have some grounds for it. Think of it," she rambled on, "this is my third sitting and," a bit sarcastically, "all this time when you have been painting me you have not mentioned these great facts before."

Mr. Williard caught the tone in Miss Nanny's voice; it made him feel very awkward, in fact, it nettled him. Miss Nanny caught the look that came over Mr. Williard's face. "Oh you funny, funny man," she laughed, "I love you! You have no mortal conception of the humor you set me."

"Miss Nanny."

"I know it Mr. Williard but you are, you are funny."

"Miss Nanny."

"And you don't know it."

"Miss Nanny!"

"I can't help it. Royal President of the whole world, including the Black Hole of Calcutta and the Cape of Good Hope and Horn! I can't stop laughing while you are so serious. I—I—."

"Miss Nanny." The man was about to say something a little biting, but he did not say it. His eyes met the full radiant gaze of Miss Nanny; she held him for a moment in odd fascination. She smiled up at him very sweetly. He smiled back at her, he smiled in spite of himself. And then, he picked up his tube box and, balancing his palette on his thumb, he fell suddenly to a mad mixing of colors.

A long silence followed. Mr. Williard did not paint, he did not know exactly what he was doing, he kept on mixing colors, he kept on mixing colors. Miss Nanny leaned back in her chair and watched him, humming a soft, indefinite tune.

"I hope it turns out black," she said at length.

"What turns out black?"

"That mixture."

"Oh-oh-a-oh—yes, yes," he answered.

"And if it does, you have to use it for my hair, a penalty I hereby enforce upon you for——"

"For?"

"Allowing me to have embarrassed you."

"Rather, Miss Nanny, to have put me in confusion."

"I like the latter term myself."

"But, Miss Nanny, should it not turn out black?"

"What then?"

"Do I pay my penalty anyway?"

"You do, sir, what ever color it turns out that color will you paint me tresses."

The artist streaked his brush mechanically from the mixture on the palette to a piece of practice vellum, looking the while not at the vellum but at Miss Nanny. "You are a bit harsh if you will pardon me, Miss Nanny. You remember it is *my* name that is hazarded."

"I do not forget you are the great miniature painter, that your name will be—a—hazarded—but no more so than my looks. The penalty is decreed."

"Here, Miss Nanny, is a sample of the color," taking up the practice vellum in his hand. "You may care to change your——. What! My word! My eye!"

"What is it, what is it?"

"It is, Miss Nanny, why, it is——"

"Not green!"

"Green, no! It is the color that I wanted. It is the shade I have been striving for. It is the auburn of your tresses. It is the color that I paint your hair."

"I can't believe it," said Miss Nanny, feigning to be greatly disappointed, and then added with a bow "Mr.-a-Titian."

The artist shook his head. He might be trying to keep back a laugh or he might be trying to keep back a sob; his expression bespoke either.

"You don't know exactly how to take me?" Miss Nanny smiled.

"No, I don't." Mr. Williard answered.

"Well, you will."

"Never."

"You see this is only our third sitting." Miss Nanny smiled again. She look up into the artist's face and never smiled more sweetly.

"Don't, Miss Nanny, don't."

"Don't what, Mr. Williard?"

"Don't look at me like that. Don't smile—your—it—I—we—oh—you—the smile—I—oh, I say, hang it all, Miss Nanny, I did not come here to America to marry; I came to paint.

"TO HIM WHO KNOCKS"

MARTHA EMMA WATTS

In the softness of the sand,
Wearied man can lie,
And watch the evening light her lamps
To fill the sun-fled sky,
Seeing the dark clouds curtain the light,
Feeling a rhythm in stillness of night,
The stirring presence of God.

In the midst of the City's gloom,
In dullness and sickness and pain,
Where vice keeps pace with wild desire
In the maddening rush for gain,
There man can feel in the heart of that war,
In the clasp of a comrade, that not very far
Is the healing presence of God.

THE MOUNTAIN TANAGER

MIRA BIGELOW WILSON

I bend my face to the mountain's rocky earth;
I spread my fingers o'er its rugged edge,
And feel assured there is no dearth
Of sun's heat stored within the stone.
The red ants pass across my fingers
As they lie. Grass seeds, wind sown,
In the crevices have dared to spring and cluster.
I catch, sunborn, the little luster
From some bit of shattered stone.
The breath of the soil is as warm as my own.
Slowly I raise my face till I
Can feel the cool drift of the farther winds.
The hills about now seem to be
The gray and shadowed phantoms of a dream;
And rivers flow in solemn silence by,
Till, in a distant mystery,
Horizon lines and rivers disappear.
As if to charm away unfathomed fear,
I realize that a scarlet bird flies by
Betwixt my mountain and the sky.

ABOUT COLLEGE

COLLEGE "EATS" AND "BATS"

KATHLEEN ISABEL BYAM

"Eats!" The word is fraught with meaning; it may connote edibles ranging from the pallid tea and lady-fingers to be had at "teas" to the grandeur of a Rose Tree supper, or anything from the smoky charms of a bacon-bat to the formality of strawberry sherbet served to the strains of an orchestra in an atmosphere of trains and frock coats—a faculty reception.

All these various occasions of "eats" have their peculiar charms. When we see a friend arrayed in suit and hat our curiosity is aroused; when she appears in white kid gloves we have proof positive that she is to decorate a "tea." In spite of her slightly superior air we know how she feels. We have been there ourselves.

We don't like to change from a mackinaw to a suit and white kid gloves. The feelings of the real and original bull in a china-shop could have been nothing to those we experience as we approach the audible atmosphere of the "tea." We smile; we shake hands; we fearfully guard our pristine fingers as we balance a tea-cup and a wafer. But as we drift into the little currents of conversation and mayhap find kindred spirits, we are suddenly glad we came. We feel a dignity not to be experienced in a mackinaw; perhaps we are even acquiring "social ease." We come away with a feeling of well-being; we stand before our fellows, suited, hatted, white-gloved with assurance. We did our duty—and enjoyed it.

What the development of these various diversions has been, and how explained, I do not know. In vain have I racked my brain, seeking the connection between a tea and a breakfast-party, a tea and a bacon-bat. There isn't any; they just are.

Breakfast-parties are interesting and wholly satisfying. Kimonos and cinnamon rolls are the ear-marks here. The luxury of a Sunday morning sleep cannot be indulged in without the loss of breakfast. There is nothing to do but turn to the chafing-dish and the bakers for consolation; and many kindred spirits combine, in the intimacy of boudoir caps and bed-room slippers, to prepare a breakfast of their own selection. Cinnamon rolls are favored because they require no butter. Pretentious parties afford grape fruit in season (and where one peculiarly blessed individual boasts a percolater all her friends imbibe, and also dispense, "perked" coffee).

But it isn't what we eat at breakfast parties that makes them dear; it is the cosy luxury of rising late and eating breakfast curled up in a kimono. Of course there are those Spartan souls who scorn such indolence and appear properly and glaringly dressed and combed; but even they fall before the other charms of the breakfast party. It is a chatty time — there are no approaching classes to cast a shadow before. We can lounge carelessly and discuss at length upon any subject from "Nursing and its causes" to the latest engagement. (If that seems a logical development, attribute it to accident, never to the training of our minds.)

Supper parties differ from breakfast parties in their attempt to do honor to a guest—that is their usual *raison d'être*. Among familiar spirits the *pièce de résistance* for such occasions differs. Some time ago we writhed in a reign of terror—the reign of cheese-dreams. Cheese-dreams are good—they have a soft and melting charm, not to be forgotten but withal a leaden quality long to be remembered. We passed from the period of cheese-dreams to a dignified epoch of creamed chicken, really chicken-wiggle.

That was a step on high; it led to French peas and frozen puddings as accessories worthy of the fowl. But I think that now even chicken-wiggle and its attendant canned luxuries have passed out. The last supper was marred by an unmistakable sweetness in the chicken.

Had we used pulverized sugar for thickening? No, decidedly no! The cooks were indignant. The fact remained, the chicken was unnaturally sweet. In our innocence, we had used sweetened condensed milk to "cream" it. However, olives helped a lot, if eaten in abundance. Such little mishaps are all part of the shifting fortunes of chafing-dish meals.

When the last bite has disappeared, everyone does her share of the cleaning up. Where? Why, in the bath-room. Some splash and scour and rub; some flirt the community tea-towels. Others rush back and forth, laying away the cosmopolitan china in the scullery. The scullery, you ask? Oh, that is the joint possession of the house. The seniors leave their discarded dishes in this long, coffin-like box that ornaments the hall and everyone that comes after them uses it freely. No two dishes match; most of the pitchers are decidedly snub-nosed and the silver might be questioned. But we are duly grateful to the classes who passed on. They are remembered; china, though fragile, is more lasting than "footprints on the sands of time."

Before we leave the house for the freer pleasures of "bats" out-of-doors, we must consider the faculty receptions. Every house gives one. The faculty and some students come. After an afternoon of upheaval, the house gradually assumes a festive air, accomplished by the aid of ferns and branches brought from abroad. The girls arrive; they are conducted to the receiving line and introduced. Very often this line is of such a length as to change the name of Simpson to Smith when it has sounded down its length. Then the received one is borne away to colorful ice-cream or sherbet and syncopated conversation. Queer things happen at faculty receptions. There is always one freshman who asks the unmarried Professor if "Mrs. Professor is here." And then, sometimes, it is hard to tell who is most uncomfortable.

But even the imagined atmosphere of receptions makes me long for the real happiness of "bats." There is a variety of "bats," big, jolly ones, little, cozy ones of just a few congenial souls.

Viewed critically, a "bacon-bat" is a messy affair of (in nine cases out of ten) a smoky fire, charred and dingy bacon on rolls, and much general discomfort; because among "bacon-batters" of the highest average, bacon will drop into the fire, grease will dribble surreptitiously and mustard will acknowledge no bounds.

But, you see, you cannot "bat" if you are in a critical mood; it is impossible, indeed. If you are naturally gifted with a "batting-sense," you feel a thrill at the mere mention of a "bacon-bat." You are uplifted at the rattle of the faithful old tin cups as they are unearthed from the depths of the scullery.

And when you have gone to the extent of bringing the bacon and rolls, the mustard and perhaps extra luxuries, you are joyous when at last the kindling crackles and sends little stealthy tongues to test the logs, you live only in the delicious moment with hopes only for the immediate future. What a joy it is to sit around that fire—to hold the sizzling slivers of meat over the flames and gradually to find yourself becoming expert in spearing it on your twig, in manoeuvring it without allowing it more than once to drop among the coals.

Our favorite “bacon-batting” is in a quiet piece of wood with meadows all around, where a shallow stream runs. It is the most humorous rivulet I have ever seen. It slips along, bent on its winding, rock-strewn cruise, and treasures a little joke that makes it laugh every ripple of the way; it smiles and chuckles in a most engaging manner. I wonder if it’s laughing at or with us.

Bacon-bats are always at six, I may have neglected to say. So, late in the year, our party takes on a romantically campy aspect. The dark, moonless evening is given enchanting mystery by the great shadows that fall and creep upon us, jealous of our cheery blaze. And on such nights, when the fire is ruddy, when there is a snap in the air and the stars look like sparks on high, singing seems good to us. (What chance listeners may think, we’ve never heard,) Then the songs of spirit and fun fill the cool air, and we thrill to the romance of a dark night, a blazing fire and song.

What matter if we must return to the calf-bound sages—or worse, to the exercise of our own constructive geniuses? We’ve laughed and sung and heroically devoured grimy bacon. We cannot forget that, no matter how deadly our pursuit; for days we carry with us, via our trusty mackinaws, the haunting, not elusive, aroma of coffee, burned bacon and smoke.

On short, golden afternoons there is another sort of “bat,” known and dear to every girl. There is a walk out Main street, past Rose Tree, with low meadows stretching off to the right and the range beyond. The fascination of those meadows, as moodily changeful as an April day, is only equalled by that of the worn old hills, now softly grey, now darkly clear against a sky of fresh-washed blue. Farther on we cross the Connecticut, blue like the sky above it, but marking its treacherous eddies with a myriad of little angry swirls. Then the road forks and

we follow a shady one, where great-trunked elms reach out in their friendly clasp of years, while decorous old-fashioned, white-faced houses retire farther into the shade. Truly this is a New England street but even its venerable dignity seldom impresses the "batty," middy-bloused groups that hurry along through the shade. Indeed, we nearly always hurry because there's something very good just beyond; and there is always the danger of being just too late for it. Once we walked out there—it was hot and dusty and the only thing that encouraged us to persist was the thought of the reward. When we got there—but that is another story as Mr. Kipling (unfortunately *not* my friend) would say.

Just when a real barn comes in sight and there is a glimpse of water under an old bridge, your sense of taste becomes acute. What is the desired thing? Oh, I forgot I hadn't told you. It is cider—clear, golden, cider fresh from the press. It is cool—and you get more than you can drink. You take a pitcher full and a package of gingersnaps, thin and crisp and gingery; you sit down overlooking the quiet water that slish-sloshes over the dam behind the mill. The smooth surface holds all the glory of autumn color that paints the trees and shrubs about the pond; against the depth of sky; sumac blazes with golden maple leaves. It is good to stop talking—just for a bit—and drink in with the cider, the quiet of this autumn loveliness. And when we start home, the sun is lowering across the fields of stacked corn and pumpkin; and perhaps, if we loiter in the dusk, we see the great disk of the harvest moon come up burning its feverish way above the trees into the cool sky.

Out the same road to the cider mill, and just a bit farther on, is another haunt famous and ever-popular. How can I describe the melting sweetness of the waffles to be had at Mrs. Stebbin's? They are made just right, cooked to a golden crispness and served fresh from the griddle. Add to their native charms those of pure syrup or creamed chicken, according to taste or pocket-book, and you have a fair idea of a Stebbin's supper. But, as usual, the sauce is found in the bracing walk out and the "batting-spirit" that goes with it, and after supper it is part of the program to wait a few minutes to play a little and dance. From here, as from the "bacon-bat" we carry an unmistakable odor, the essence of Mrs. Stebbin's waffled-aired rooms.

"Bats," with their attendant eats, are numberless, correctly

speaking. Almost anything to do out-of-doors is a "bat," and a "bat" is not complete without "eats." I've told you about the bigger, more exciting sort. Perhaps I should not have because anything after a Stebbins supper, the cider-mill and a "bacon-bat" would be anti-climax. But I haven't been in college long enough to be broken to that literary harness called an outline. I envy those who are; such a procedure seems so eminently proper. There is no possibility of their being illogical and, of course, they alone are on the road to a "literary form." But how could I make an outline on "eats" and "bats?" There are no sub-topics; they are all, each and everyone, a thing separate and apart. But as I've heard someone say, I digress.

I haven't told you about Rose Tree, Boyden's, Beckmann's and the Club House. Rose Tree, on the outside doesn't live up to it's name and there are features on the inside that seem oblivious to the responsibility of such a name. The house is a squat, stained old building; its uncertain attitude has always held me, and I wonder how it stands so firmly. You pass under a quaint sign-board, heralding "Ye Rose Tree Inne," up a path hedged by shrubs and watched by shaggy dogs.

Inside, Rose Tree is wholly satisfying. Little tables, flower-trimmed, invite a cosy half-hour over fragrant tea and toast or an ice. Then again, Rose Tree puts on an imposing air when the candles are lit and fresh white linen covers the tables and evening dress blossoms over a true course dinner. Madame of Ye Rose Tree adds a flavor to these dinners, which the uninitiated find fairly interesting.

Madame herself will bear observation. No fitter antithesis of the little Inne could be found than this presiding genius. Big, broad-shouldered, and slow-moving, she bears down upon one like an inevitable Fate. Innocent suitors suffer especially from her laconic form of address. Before dinner she looms beside the table with the startling query, "With or without?"

Can you blame anyone for a muddled reply? Also for surprise when "with" proves to be fruit cocktail innocent of anything stronger than a maraschino cherry.

Boyden's is not unique; its "eats" are not interesting because it is simply an eating-place where we entrap visiting friends or possibly resident ones. It is pleasant mainly for the freedom from a campus repast and the "gisty bits" a supper there affords. For instance, by observing, you may take stock of all

important masculinity and, what is more interesting, of whom they are "suing." And the study of "crushes" and their "crushed" is engrossing, as here exemplified. There are so many different phases of it. And Boyden's, affording a degree of extravagant living, is important as a touch-stone for devotion.

Beckmann's is the Castle Perilous of Northampton. I have tried every wile of human art to cheat it of at least one victim. Its windows, full of sweets, lie just within the pale. To explain:—Beckmann's is the Mason and Dixon line between campus precincts and downtown. One may run down to Beckmann's bare-headed, with perfect propriety; but beyond that, a hatless head enfringes upon the first regulation dinned into a Freshman's ear; "wear hats below Beckmann's." And that very rule, wholly proper in itself, is our undoing. It makes it so easy just to run down to Beckmann's. One can go in any degree of dress or undress; in anything from a gym suit, (skirt protected, of course!) and tousled hair, to the sophistication of evening attire. And after a strenuous half hour of gym or an evening of study, Beckmann's seems the only relief. I try to pass without a glance in the direction of the peril but it is useless and, accordingly, my account mounts. Ice cream, as I may not have said, is the "eat" peculiar to Beckmann's. When you inquire what kinds are offered, the waitress stoically repeats a lingo calculated to rouse wonder and dismay. And I invariably murmur "double chocolate marshmallow," because that is the only combination of which I am sure. I ask for it with the confidence bred by long practice.

The Club House is a feature of Allen Field, where all the college plays. The wants of those, blown with basket-ball or tennis, are ministered to in the Club House. It is a tiny place; ten people give it the appearance of being crowded, but it is cosy and made for friendliness and unrestraint. As at Beckmann's, ice cream and cold drinks are favored; but there are cool fall days and biting winter ones when the Club House allures with the fragrance of tea and toast or coffee and waffles. It has the same inevitable attraction that Beckmann's has, only more so. How can anyone, after playing hard for an hour or more, pass by the cool white building and see her friends within, sipping lemonade or devouring ice cream, without a yearning to join them? Indeed, I have resolved, have schemed to help my judgement overpower my desires—but to no avail.

My only consolation lies in the fact that most of my friends are equally characterless.

As you see there are "eats" and "eats;" but where there are "eats," the situation may be and nearly always is, termed a "bat." The term is likely to include anything from a walk downtown to a day spent tramping the range. But the breadth of its application doesn't lessen the suggestiveness of the word, and "bat" still connotes fun and freedom from troublesome consciences, while "eats" never fail to arouse interest. As long as we are we, both subjects will be matters for serious consideration.

PHILOSOPHY Ia

BARBARA CHENEY

All M is P ; all P is S
All S is not not P I guess
These meanings seem to be quite plain
But still my work is all in vain
I must a missionary be
And set to work to convert P.
The subject's universal tho
So shall it be E, I, or O ?
Perhaps obversion might help out,
Now then I've changed it all about ;
No S is not not—not not—P.
But what on earth can not—M be ?
If once you have the meaning fixed
They say you never can get mixed
Pray, if the meaning is so plain
Why change and change the terms again ?
Since truth is what we're looking for,
And everything was true before,
What is the use of shifting around
When no new meanings can be found ?
Let S be P and P be M
And just be satisfied with them.

HEARD ON THE TAR WALK

GRIEVANCES

Some people think their greatest sorrow
Lies in the thought, "a quiz to-morrow ;"
Or after slaving night and day
They get an E instead of A.
Still others think the rising bell
Tolls loud and clear their funeral knell
And others hate the rigid rule
"Lights out at ten" like boarding school.
Then some there are who Sunday eve
For Amherst youths and Rose Tree grieve
But Sunday noon's what brings me gloom
As I look 'round the dining-room,—
The day when joy should reign supreme,
Since campus revels in ice cream ;
For though I see six strange new faces,
There still are lots of empty places.
I could not have my longed for guest,
Now how could I "be at my best?"

ELEANOR SACKETT 1915

CONSTANCE KIEHEL 1915

BLANCHE LINDAUER 1915

The scene is laid in a college room,
A SLICE O' SMITH containing 1, FILIA SMITH, a freshman,
Drama in one act studying math. 2, her faithful ROOM-
MATE, a sophomore. 3, her red laundry
bag in the center of room.

ROOMMATE—Laundry goes to-day.

FILIA—Drop a line perpendicular,—

ROOMMATE—Laundry goes to-day. Here is your red laundry
bag, which I have brought from our small but compact clothes-
press. It is fitting that you should place garments within the
bag. The laundry will distribute them among your fellow-
students and you will receive others in return.

FILIA—If a parallelopiped,—

ROOMMATE—Laundry goes to-day. Do you not wish to be cleanly? I have read some where either in Shakespeare or the Bible that cleanliness is next to godliness. I flunked freshman math but I was at least cleanly. (Removes math book from FILIA's hand. FILIA seems to be in a trance).

FILIA — (hoarsely). Asleep and awake they haunt me— (clutching the handkerchief-tie of her P. T. and pointing at her laundry bag.) Is that a circle that I see before me?

ROOMMATE—Arouse yourself to action! Behold, the laundry wagon approaches. The champing steed champs beneath the window. The laundryman, the Hermes of the tubs, advances up the stairs. Oh, laundry shall not go to-day!

(FILIA stung to action seizes garments and plunges them into her laundry bag.)

ROOMMATE—I hear his voice in converse. Hark, I fear you are lost. He descends the stairs.

(FILIA casts her laundry bag from the window. A commotion below follows.)

ROOMMATE—You have no doubt hit someone. From the academic nature of the remarks, I should judge it were faculty. I think you had best spend a week out of town. But FILIA, whate'er befall, rejoice! Laundry, it has gone to-day!

(Triumphant tableau and curtain.)

MARGARET BLOOM 1914.

It has always seemed a curious thing to me UMBRELLAS that funny people should be so prone to jest about the umbrella. I have pondered long and seriously whether it is because of the peculiar shape of the umbrella, its diminutiveness in fair weather and bulk in stormy weather, or because of the uses to which it is put. But in every instance I have failed to solve the riddle. As far as I can see there is nothing funny in the umbrella itself, or in its relations. On the contrary, as I have become better acquainted with the article in question, I have found many things about it calculated to produce a soberness, if not a sadness. And especially has this been the case since I have been in college.

If you have ever observed the advent of an incoming class, you have probably noticed that each member comes provided with a new umbrella. The carefulness of a mother thus provides physically for her daughter. It is by this means that the supply of college umbrellas is kept up.

This may be a matter of amusement to some people, but I do not see it in that light. Consider in the first place the amount of misplaced confidence on the part of the parents, which is lost in the process. To be sure, one may say that misplaced confidence is a drug on the market and that the quantity thus destroyed is of no particular account anyway; but when we realize how often the average student has to draw on the home stock for this commodity, anything tending to diminish the article becomes alarming in its importance.

However, after all, the effect on the student herself is the main thing to be noted. The freshman comes with her new umbrella; whatever else she may lack, she is the owner of an umbrella. But she is the victim of a singular delusion. She believes that, like herself, every other girl in college is the proud possessor of an umbrella. With primeval simplicity, she believes this to be the elysium of umbrellas.

Perhaps it rains the first day of college. This is more than a possibility—it may be regarded in the light of a probability. With umbrella spread, in proud conspicuousness, she starts for chapel. With unhesitating confidence she leaves it at the door, not stopping to wonder where the precedent is for this proceeding. There it stands, an overwhelming proof of the original innocence of man.

Meanwhile the freshman goes through her devotions in proper form; no thought of her umbrella disturbs the sweet serenity of her spirit. The service over, having dutifully waited for the choir to vanish, she departs. Now just consider the situation. Her natural amiability, increased by the chastening atmosphere of chapel, leads her to put implicit faith in mankind—especially that part of mankind, or rather womankind, now included in Smith. Her heart swells as she thinks that she too now belongs to Smith. Under the influence of these emotions she looks around for her new umbrella. Of course it is gone. It has gone to swell the general stock of college umbrellas. But the freshman! Who can estimate the amount of harm it has done her? Her faith in human nature, the religious calm of her spirit, is obliterated in an instant! And yet some people are heartless enough to joke about such things. There are other phases of the umbrella question which might be examined, but it is a saddening and sobering task, and might well be left until another time. ADELE CODDING 1914.

NOT SO IN HAMP

When you hear the pit-a-pat on the old wood-shed,
 And all the sky is gray and dark overhead,
 And the wind blows the autumn leaves down to the ground,
 And you know it won't be long 'fore winter comes around,
 Then you take a book and nestle in a great arm-chair,
 And forget about the cold rain that patters out there,
 And read in a happy, dreamy sort of way,
 Why you really could love one—single—rainy day!

MARIE D. GRAFF 1915.

Is it true that once I could write?
 EXPLAINING LACK Had I ever aspired to write? I truth-
 OF CONTRIBUTIONS fully had, once, but that was long ago.

It was before spelling and grammar and form were the required style. It was before logical thinking had been logically thought by me. It was the joyful time when I could write my thoughts with a pen as they happened to occur. Now, I must write my thoughts with a dictionary and a grammar as they ought to occur. In short, like Rip Van Winkle, I am out of style.

Do you question my mood? Then hear and perhaps you will understand.

This morning I awoke with a decided inclination to write. I obeyed the inclination and, since it was so promising a one, I decided not to meet my classes. I hung a busy sign on my door at nine-thirty and "fell to" with great energy. It is now five. The sign and I are still busy, but behold the outcome of it all! An empty theme tablet balanced by a full waste-basket, a blank mind and a yawning English thirteen drawer still unhonored by my contribution.

What is to be done? Sixty hours of "English thirt" yet to do! If I write as I can, all the logical methods which must be used will vanish from my mind; if I write as I ought, all sixty hours must be of the English C type. An early grave looms up before me at the thought!

Consider then my predicament. I must either drop Logic and hence become an *ungraduate*, or else drop Genius, become a Philosopher and hence part with my sanity. I think, then, perhaps you will understand my state of mind when you see that my choice lies between being a sane, ungraduated Genius, or an insane, graduated Philosopher.

ADELAIDE H. ARMS 1915.

THE ISLE OF DREAMS

Come follow me back to our island shore
Wing true as the homing dove,
And hand in hand in a magic land
We will hie to the haunts we love.

In a little ebony craft we will dip
And trim to the lazy wind ;
With a palm-leaf sail in the bow we will trail,
And a rainbow behind.

Where a thousand, tortuous, trailing coils
Of the giant wood-vine lie,
And tier above tier in triumph rear
Their jostling crowns to the sky.

We will stay to sip of the founted drop
That flows in the travellers' palm,
Peering up to the nesting ferns where they rest
In the crotch of an ancient arm.

RUTH COBB 1914

EDITORIAL

The other day we were privileged to hear a group of freshmen in a thoughtful discussion of college life. They had come to Smith expecting to find sixteen hundred girls with one common interest and pleasure—the pursuit of knowledge. After seven weeks they were impressed with the fact that study instead of being looked upon as the chief aim and privilege at college, seemed to be considered one of its necessary evils. The preparation of lessons was a task attacked grudgingly and dispatched as rapidly as possible in order to get to the more engrossing college interests.

This is a bold statement of facts but is it not a natural deduction from our manner of living? We are in a constant bedlam of enthusiasm over clubs, social service activities, trials for dramatics, athletics and bats. We are running hither and thither in our zeal over some or all of these activities. Study would seem to hold an unimportant position in our opinion and in our curriculum. And yet that upper classman is rare who will not emphatically deny that we consider study merely a necessary evil, a medicine which we gulp down with a wry face. But how is one to reconcile the thoughtful ideal for college life and our seeming failure to carry out that ideal?

There are two conditions under which these accusations might be true. For there are a few girls here with no further aim than to spend four years agreeably, and incidently to learn a little. There are also a few others who keep up their studies because it is necessary to “pass the office” to get into clubs and societies. But the girls who are working with such ignoble purpose or lack of purpose are few, and represent so distorted a view of the Smith College spirit that they are almost negligible.

The vast majority of girls here enjoy their work. They are deeply interested in their classes. They are grateful for the

privilege of coming in touch with the men and women of our Faculty. And yet these are the very girls who are being misjudged in regard to their attitude towards study. They unwittingly are giving the entering students a false and harmful idea of college standards. They recognize that college technically is and should be "a society of friends of learning incorporated for study in the higher branches of learning." But the diversions offered are many and the interests are varied. For them to keep the emphasis in the proper place is much more difficult than merely to see where it should go.

There is danger that we too freely imitate the Sophists in our own day. We try to be too versatile. We are interested in so many and such varied subjects that we forget our own limitations. We are not content with doing a few things and doing them well. We would do everything within our reach. In consequence we lose our equilibrium. We forget that the center though not the circumference of college life should be academic work.

This is not a plea for the grind. But it is a request that we give our studies their proper place of importance in student life. We should be losing some of the richest benefits of college if we were deprived of our activities in clubs and dramatics and athletics. But we are losing the deepest import of our four years if we are so engrossed in these activities that we never know the satisfying reward of consistent scholarly effort.

This freshman criticism of college life is one that can not go unchallenged. But it is also one that should rekindle in us the determination to be faithful to the best the college has to offer.

EDITOR'S TABLE

It is two minutes past ten and the clang of the bell has just died away in the corridor. A dark form passes beneath your window. A paper gleams for a minute in the light of a bobbing lantern, and the form passes on. Perhaps your door stands open and an ominous ray from the hall light has crept in. Perhaps the window next to yours is taking a light cut to-night; the two windows are quite close. You sleep in peace but next morning there is a sad discrepancy between the reports of John and the proctor. There follow interviews, questions, and bitter thoughts before the list is finally adjusted and the probable source of error located.

We cannot help feeling the ignominy of the situation. Night after night we are watched from without. An account of our actions is tabulated and handed over to the head of the house. That account is used as a check upon our own. And when there are mistakes we suffer the consequences. Why is it that we must bear the shame of this, and all that it implies? Such a custom could not grow up without a cause. It is not that we wish to eliminate the ten o'clock rule. It is not that we wish to elude it. As we go further in our college course the realization of its value grows upon us. We do not intentionally disobey the rule, but we do disobey it. Five minutes seem so trifling when there are five hundred and thirty-five more to follow. And even though our lights are out promptly at ten we are not always in our rooms. Each offence taken by itself may be a trifle, but we cannot take each offence by itself, nor can we expect them to be taken so. And as long as we prove by our carelessness that we are unable to form a strict interpretation of the ten o'clock rule and to abide by it, just so long we deserve the petty inconveniences and ignominy of a night watchman's report.

With the present system we reap the physical benefits of quiet and early rest, but we sacrifice the greater good. We miss the real pleasure of an independent compliance to rule. When we have shown that we are capable of that greater good we may reap the double benefit. Until then let us try harder to shoulder this responsibility that we already have; and after the burden is well adjusted there will be time enough to clamor for senior privileges and student government. A student body that shows its need of such supervision in the matter of lights, is hardly the one to be entrusted with its own government. We must thoroughly control the rudiments before we attempt a masterpiece. And to control the rudiments we must be able to dispense with John in his nightly rounds, and reduce the proctor to a labor saving device.

R. C.

In the college magazines of the month, it is the short story that is the dominant type of literature. There are a few good poems, though none of these are of exceptional merit, and there are a number of essays that are very well written and very interesting, but the short stories are numerous as well as good.

The *Vassar Miscellany* contains two that are indeed worthy of notice. "Lean Years" is a story that one immediately recognises as true to life; the characters are just such people as one sees in a country community, and the story is well carried out. "Some Facts in the Case of Mrs. J. Strong" is very unusual, both in the plot and in the manner in which it is written. The whole situation may be improbable—we are not well enough informed to be sure whether it is or not—but at any rate the atmosphere of horror grips the attention of the reader from the very start; the story is powerful.

In the *Nassau Literary Magazine* "Two Dreams" is an interesting story. But is not the sacrifice of the younger man unnecessary? It could easily have been averted without weakening the story to any appreciable extent. In the same magazine, "An Incident in the Life of Alexander F. Manson" deals with a novel situation.

The *Barnard Bear* contains one story of exceptional interest, "Alte Julie;" it is unusual and charmingly written. "When Betsey Taught in Fairbridge" is a serial which promises to be interesting. Serials as a rule seldom appear in the college magazines—at least, so we would gather from our short ac-

quaintance with them—and the *Barnard Bear* is to be commended for this departure.

In the *Harvard Advocate* for October 24 there are three stories of importance, "The Other Kind" "The Process" and "Two Friends," while "The Boy" in the issue of October 18 is very good.

"Paradise Regained" in the *Brunonian* is very well worked out; the type of story, however, is a little ordinary. "The Cutting of the Gordian Knot," on the other hand, is more uncommon as to situation, but the story is not well unified.

In the *University of Texas Monthly* we find "A Whited Sepulchre," which is a story longer than many of those that usually appear in the college magazines; it is well sustained and the local color is admirably suggested.

We have now made mention of the best stories in the college magazines of the month, with the exception of "The Heart of Judith" and "The Chromophone" in the *Wooster Literary Messenger*, which are very short and more in the nature of sketches. There are also good stories in the *Minnesota Magazine*, the *Wesleyan Literary Monthly*, *The Bema*, and the *University of Virginia Magazine*, but we have no space to criticise them in detail. If one may judge by the number of excellent stories that are to be found in the September and October magazines, it would appear that the college magazines are starting the year well, and we feel confident that the verse as well as other forms of literature will grow better and become more original as time goes on.

D. O.

AFTER COLLEGE

SENIOR DRAMATICS 1914

1914 presents "The Tempest."

Applications for Senior Dramatics for June 11 and 12, 1914, should be sent to the General Secretary at 184 Elm Street, Northampton. Alumnae are urged to apply for the Thursday evening performance if possible, as Saturday evening is not open to alumnae, and there will probably not be more than one hundred tickets for Friday evening. Each alumna may apply for not more than one ticket for Friday evening; extra tickets may be requested for Thursday. No deposit is required to secure the tickets, which may be claimed on arrival in Northampton from the business manager in Seelye Hall. In May all those who have applied for tickets will receive a request to confirm the applications. Tickets will then be assigned only to those who respond to this request. The prices of the seats will range on Thursday evening from \$1.50 to \$.75 and on Friday from \$2.00 to \$.75. The desired price of seats should be indicated in the application. A fee of ten cents is charged to all non-members of the Alumnae Association for the filing of the application and should be sent to the General Secretary at the time of application.

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be addressed to Eloise Schmidt, Gillett House, Northampton, Massachusetts.

- '06. Bessie Amerman is working for a Master's degree at Teachers' College, Columbia University. Her major is Public Health Nursing and Education.
- '11. Elsie Baskin is secretary to the Principal of the Finch School in New York.

Blanche Butsfield has announced her engagement to Harlan Prats of East Orange, New Jersey.

Margaret Clark has announced her engagement to Howard D. Williams of Springfield, Massachusetts. She is to be married in June.

Helen T. Lord is the Assistant Executive Secretary of the Playground and Recreation Association of America, New York City.

Marion Lucas, social editor of the *Springfield Republican* for the past year, received the degree of Master of Arts at Wellesley last June. The title of her thesis was: "Les femmes des salons dans l'histoire du dix-huitieme siecle."

- '11. Julia Miller was graduated last June from the Lowthrope School of Landscape Architecture. She is planning to take work along the same lines in Cleveland, Ohio.
- Elizabeth Moos is teaching Hygiene and Physical Education in the F. W. Parker School in Chicago. She was graduated last summer from the Howard Summer School of Physical Education.
- Adaline Moyer has announced her engagement to Arthur S. Martin of Elizabeth, New Jersey.
- Winifred Notman is studying law at the New York University Law School.
- Mary Patten is Assistant Physical Director at Winthrop College, South Carolina.
- Edna Robbins is teaching at the Capen School, Northampton.
- Anna Rochester is teaching in the primary department of St. Margaret's School in Buffalo.
- Muriel Spicer is managing the "Business Women's Luncheon Club" in Brooklyn.
- Carlotta Stone is Principal of the School at Wendell Center, Massachusetts.
- Alice Thompson is to be married in February, 1914.
- Florence Watters has announced her engagement to the Rev. Clyde Bronson Stuntz.
- ex'11. Myra B. Howell has announced her engagement to J. A. Keillor of New York City.
- '12. Mabel Beaver is teaching English in the government schools of Porto Rico.
- Dorothy Bement is teaching French at Miss Glendinning's School in New Haven and studying at the Yale University Music School.
- Florence Bond is studying for a year in Hanover, Germany.
- Amy Bridgman is laboratory assistant in the Department of Health in New York City.
- Marion Clark is studying Interior Decoration and Design with Mr. Monté at the Westfield Normal School.
- Ruth Cooper is teaching Elocution at the Burnham School, Northampton, and taking a graduate course at Smith.
- Emily Coxe is acting as Assistant Secretary of the Child Welfare Exhibit which is part of the National Conservation Exposition now taking place in Knoxville, Tennessee. In November she is to return to New York to serve as exhibiting assistant on the Child Welfare Exhibit Committee.
- Miriam Cragin is taking the course in Kindergarten Education at Teachers' College, Columbia.
- Ethel Curtis is on the staff of the Family Rehabilitation Department of the United Charities of Rochester, New York.

- '12. Henrietta Dana has announced her engagement to Thomas Denison Hewitt of Brooklyn.
- Martha Dennison is taking a three months' training course at the Y. W. C. A. in Toledo, Ohio.
- Ruth Emerson, Ada Simpson and Dorothy Whitley are taking courses at the Boston School for Social Workers.
- Adra Fay is cataloguer and assistant librarian in a branch of the Minneapolis Public Library.
- Annie Goddard and Margaret Washington leave for Europe in January.
- Theo Gould has announced her engagement to Raymond Davis Hunting of West Newton, Massachusetts.
- Grace May Hoffman is connected with the Aborn Opera Company.
- Helen Houghton has a secretarial position at the Horace Mann School in New York City.
- Ruth Lewin has announced her engagement to John Henry Blodgett of Boston.
- Margaret Plumley is spending the winter in Chicago. Address: 5314 Kimbard Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.
- Margaret Sargent has announced her engagement to Charles M. Hewett of Canton, Massachusetts.
- Carolyn Sheldon is teaching in the French and History Departments of Barnard College.
- Dorothy de Schweinitz is travelling in Europe.
- Marian Tanner has been a member of Stock Companies in Buffalo, Wilmington, Delaware, and Reading, Pennsylvania.
- Florence Weeks is taking a graduate course in English at Smith College.
- ex-'12. Mildred Armour spent the summer at the Grenfell Mission, St. Anthony, Newfoundland. She taught rug-weaving and homespun.
- Alice Moore is stenographer for the Railroad Commission of Oregon.
- Janet Rankin is studying at the Columbia School of Journalism.
- '13. Helen Barnum is taking the one-year secretarial course at Simmons. Address: Stuart Club, 102 Fenway, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Eleanor Cory is travelling secretary for the Students' Volunteer Movement. She will travel among the colleges of the South during the fall. Address: 600 Lexington Avenue, New York City.
- Edith Cushing is Supervisor of Drawing in the schools of Northboro, Southboro, Schrewsboro and Berlin, Massachusetts. Address: Box 152 Northboro, Massachusetts.
- Ruth Ensign sailed November 1, to spend the winter in Egypt, Italy and Greece.
- Eleanor Poppe is the official German tutor at the University of Minnesota.
- Susan Raymond is Demonstrator in Astronomy at Smith College.

- '13. Inez Tiedeman is at home in Savannah, Georgia.
 Gretchen Todd is studying at the Instituto Internacional, Madrid, Spain.
 Rachel Whidden is at home.
 Catherine Williams is teaching Latin in the Howard High School, Marquette, Michigan. Address: 321 East Arch Street, Marquette, Michigan.
 Helen Wilcox sails January 10, 1914, for a trip around the world. She will stay some time in Hongkong and Tokio.

MARRIAGES

- '06. Jessie Caroline Barclay to Roger H. Motten, August 14, 1913. Address: 7 Pelham Place, Colorado Springs, Colorado.
- '10. Eleanor Benson to Ralph Lawson, October 18, 1913. Address after December 1, 1913: 44 Warren Street, Salem, Massachusetts.
 Katherine Van V. Drew to Vernon A. Smith, May 10, 1913.
 Helen Gifford to Leon E. Varnum, June 28, 1913.
 Heloise Hedges to Paul R. Tappan, August 7, 1913.
 Ruth Leonard to James Garfield Moses, June 4, 1913.
 Florence Murray to Charles Hovey Gardiner, September 17, 1913.
 Anne Pigeon to John M. Van Kusen, July 31, 1913. Address: 101 Robinwood Avenue, Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts.
 Marjorie Roberts to Clifford C. Champine, May 3, 1913. Address: Pleasant Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
 Yeoli Stimson to Edward H. Acton, June 17, 1913.
 Eva Tebbetts to George E. Robinson, June 25, 1913.
 Martha Washburn to Cephas D. Allen, July 30, 1913. Address: 721 Seventh Avenue, Southeast, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
 Edith H. Willetts to Glenn H. Wayne, October 21, 1913.
 Ethel S. Wilson to Frank D. Lyman, October 4, 1913. Address: 534 Clarke Avenue, Westmount, Montreal, Canada.
- "11. Myra Breckenridge to Alfred Wallace Gordon, September 1, 1913.
 Marguerite Butterfield to Henry D. Ervin, June 26, 1913.
 Emily Hix to Fred M. Faber, October 15, 1913. Address: Corner Illinois and Indiana Avenues, Peoria, Illinois.
 Adelaide Peterson to Chase Whitney Love, August 21, 1913.
- ex-'11. Katharine Berryhill to William Pearce Gaddis. Address: Care of Navy Department, Washington, District of Columbia.
 Lillian Brigham to Howard Milton Pease.
 Flora Lewis to Arthur Williams Logan.
- '12. R. Leila Allyn to Ralph P. Schelly.
 Minnie Emerson to James Perkins Keith, October 4, 1913.
 Helen Garfield to James Frances Buckley, July 5, 1913.
 Ruth Harper to Alfred O. Anderson, June 21, 1913.

'12. Florence Hedrick to Chester F. Miller.

Mary Parmly Koues to Dr. Ernest Sachs, October 28, 1913. Address :
5557 Berlin Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

Margaret Lockey to Bertram Hatch Hayes, October 18, 1913.

Helen Peddrick to Edwin Conover Leedom, August 19, 1913.

Nellie Pennell to Eugene Philip Adams Simpson, September 18, 1913.

Jeanne Pushee to Philip Hiram Thayer, October 18, 1913.

Ruth Shepherd to Julian Stevens Hayward, June 21, 1913.

Florence Sprague to Ellsworth Farnum, June 11, 1913.

Sarah Van Benschoten to Dr. Byron Clary Darling, September 27, 1913.

BIRTHS

'12. Mrs. Royall Victor (Nan Martin), a son, Edwin Martin, born October 2, 1913.

CALENDAR

November 21. Student Volunteer Meeting.

“ 22. Division C Dramatics.

4.00 P. M. Lecture by Alfred Noyes.

“ 26-28. Thanksgiving Recess.

“ 29. Open Meeting of Philosophical Society.

Lecture by Mr. R. F. A. Hoernke.

December 3. Self-Help Fair.

Meetings of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.

“ 5. Lecture by Mrs. Blattner.

“ 6. 4.00 P. M. Lecture by Alfred Noyes.

Sophomore Reception.

“ 10. Concert by the Hoffman String Quartet.

“ 13. Division D Dramatics.

The
Smith College
Monthly

December - 1913

Owned and Published by the Senior Class

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THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

VOL. XXI

DECEMBER, 1913

No. 3

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ARTURO GIOVANNITTI—THE WALT WHITMAN OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

MARION SINCLAIR WALKER

"I greet you at the beginning of a great career," wrote Ralph Waldo Emerson to Walt Whitman, when the latter published his "Leaves of Grass." Were Emerson living now, his generous appreciation of worth and his keen critical insight might lead him to send a like greeting to the author of "The Walker" and "The Cage," the gifted young Italian, Arturo Giovannitti.

One thinks instinctively of Walt Whitman on reading Giovannitti's poems, for in the first place their form is the free versification always associated with Whitman. On a further

examination of the life and character of Giovannitti, it is noticeable that Whitman and the young Italian have more than style in common. There are similarities in their experiences, their natures and their attitude toward life.

It is always hard to estimate a present, living poet; the struggles and passions which he sings are too near, too vital to us, for an impartial judgment. Then, too, there is something awe-inspiring in the thought that genius, which has somehow been associated with a golden age of long ago, is actually living, burning, in our own time. So a comparison with Walt Whitman, who seems to have much in common with Giovannitti, and whose place in literature is established, may serve as the basis for an estimate of the significance of Giovannitti.

A strange, irrational life was that of Walt Whitman. Brought up by "a perfect mother," as he himself says, and a father who would have been termed shiftless, probably, in New England, he developed early in life that roving spirit, that impatience of all restraint, which became the keynote of his life and work. His school-days ended when he was thirteen years old, for formal study was not his way of educating himself. It was by experience, by tasting, that Whitman learned and grew. "A caresser of life," Bliss Perry calls him.

For the next dozen years he drifted in leisurely, happy fashion, from one occupation to another: now office-boy for a doctor or lawyer, now setting type in a printing office; again teaching—with most original methods—in a country school, or editing a country newspaper and driving about from farm to farm distributing its copies. Strange to say, it was in the printer's office that he first had the longing to write something great. Why there should be inspiration in this, the mechanical side of book-making, is a mystery, but Franklin and many another printer seems to have found it there.

Tasting this experience and that, the "caresser of life" was learning to know people from many a different angle. But most of all he was living his life to his own inward joy and satisfaction, taking time to make over every experience into a part of himself. It is one of Whitman's most striking characteristics that he always had time for things. Whether editing a Brooklyn paper, or in the course of his long, leisurely journey through the South, he never lacked time to read (informally of course) and to swim, and to declaim by the sea-side, in time

with the rhythmic beat of the waves ; to belong to debating societies, and to listen to open-air oratory ; to see from the top of an omnibus the passing throng, and to chat with the omnibus-driver ; to know all kinds of people, and to feel as they felt. Someone has said that every man is entitled to a good look at the universe. This is what Whitman was having in those early days, a long, slow look at the universe, and that look was making Whitman the Poet.

Having had his look, having tasted life—there are few experiences that he left untried—this strange gazer set about telling the world what he had seen, trying to let others know how life felt to him. From a period of slow, quiet brooding over experience past came his noteworthy publication, "Leaves of Grass." "Song of Myself," he frankly entitles one of its numbers, and he talks of himself, his experiences, and the philosophy which he has reached, throughout the poems. He is not egotistical ; he merely realizes the truth of Pope's little phrase, "Know then thyself." It seems to him that his own life is the material which he, and he alone, can use best. He is always emphasizing the fact that personal experience is the vital thing.

"Not I, nor anyone else, can travel that road for you,
You must travel it for yourself."

In himself, Whitman means to typify the American, and freedom is the keynote of his message. In a prose essay he says, "There can be no true artist without a glowing thought of freedom." To clothe suitably his freedom of thought, he demanded freedom of form.

"Like a font of type, poetry must be set over again, consistent with American, modern and democratic institutions." Thus Whitman broke away from the traditional poetic forms, and made a scheme of versification of his own. He says of himself :

"He constructs his verse in a loose and free metre of his own, of an irregular length of lines, apparently lawless at first perusal, although on closer examination a certain regularity appears, like the recurrence of lesser and larger waves on the sea-shore, rolling in without intermission, and fitfully rising and falling."

The rhythmic structure of the English Bible was Whitman's basis. Then into his new versification he wove all that he had

heard and felt while taking his long look at life, the motion of trains and ferry-boats ; the sound of the wind, of flying birds, of the sea ; the alternation of aria and recitative in the oratorio ; the rhythmic periods of the emotional orators of his day. As to whether or not the result he produced was poetry, critics have always disagreed. Bliss Perry says of "Leaves of Grass," "It was so full of poetry that to deny it the name of poem is pedantic ; yet rhapsody is a more closely descriptive word. But whether poetry or not, it is a form of expression strong, vivid and vital, and admirably suited to its purpose, the purpose of a pioneer and a rebel." For always, whatever Walt Whitman does or says, he is a rebel, protesting against convention. A rebel he was in taking his long look at life ; a rebel in his manners, and in the code of ethics that he formed.

In spite of Walt Whitman's lack of religious training, God was not absent from the universe as he saw it. Yet even in his conception of God, he is a rebel, for the God who is the central force of his universe is not the God whom the churches accept. Bliss Perry approximates his attitude in quoting William Blake's belief, "collective man is God." Dependent upon his conception of God is his insistence, like Kipling's, of finding "naught common on Thy earth."

"I do not call one greater or smaller ; that which fills its period and place is equal to any."

This is the objection to his thoughts that the *New York Crayon* raised :

"To Walt Whitman all things are alike good, nothing is better than another, and thence there is no ideal, no aspiration, no progress to things better."

But what has been the life and work of the younger poet, whom the world of the conventional has named a rebel, also ?

Giovannitti came of a good Italian family ; his father is a physician and chemist, and his brothers, one a lawyer and one a doctor. His schooling ended early, and was confined to the common schools of his native town in Italy. We find him journeying to America at the age of twenty, not in the usual immigrant fashion, for the rest of the family remain to the present day practicing their respective professions in Italy. It must have been the desire for new experiences that led the poetic youth across the seas.

He went to Canada first, and worked for a time in the coal

mines. His chief interests, however, were always intellectual and religious in nature. Presently he took charge of an Italian mission in Montreal, where he was studying the English language. So successful were his missionary labors that he received a call to conduct a Presbyterian mission in Brooklyn, New York. At this time he had the purpose of becoming a regular minister and while in New York studied at the Union Theological Seminary. But the severe formal study at the seminary was not suited to his poetic nature and irregular attainments. He left the seminary without being graduated, and took charge of another Presbyterian mission in Pittsburg. Here Giovannitti became deeply interested in Socialism, and came into close relationship with some Socialist leaders. His superiors of the Church objected to his Socialistic tendencies, so he gave up missionary work, and returned to New York in 1911. "This is probably the time when he began to drop God out of his program," says a contributor to *Current Opinion*.

The next period of his life represents the struggle of a not particularly skilled workman, trying his hand at various occupations; often out of employment, sleeping on park benches. Presently, however, he got work on an Italian newspaper, and later became its editor. All this time he was seeing and talking with men interested in the vital problems of the day; his convictions were forming, and his influence among his fellow Italians was increasing. So prominent had he become that when the strike broke out in Lawrence Giovannitti was sent for to direct activities among the workmen. Perhaps because of his earlier missionary experience Giovannitti was given the task of managing the relief of need by the distribution of food. Such pacific service was a poor outlet for his burning enthusiasm, and soon he was making speeches to the workmen in eloquent Italian, advocating not Socialism, but something more advanced and radical—Syndicalism, the doctrine of the Industrial Workers of the World. The influence of Giovannitti's fiery oratory with his countrymen was great, dangerously so, it seemed to the anti-strike faction. They procured his arrest on "a trumped-up charge," (thus at least it seems to disinterested observers,) and he was detained at Salem jail for nine months. That prison experience of Giovannitti's was significant, for it brought into being "The Cage" and "The Walker." The kind of "long, long thoughts" that Giovannitti was thinking as he lay awake

through the jail's interminable nights, may be seen from the opening passage of "The Walker."

"I hear footsteps over my head all night.

They come and they go. Again they come and again they go all night.

They come one eternity in four paces, and they go one eternity in four paces, and between the coming and the going there is Silence, and the Night, and the Infinite.

For infinite are the nine feet of a prison cell, and endless is the march of him who walks between the yellow brick wall and the red iron gate, thinking things that cannot be chained and cannot be locked, but that wander away in the sunlit world, in their wild pilgrimage after destined goals."

The prisoners obtained books from a library, and here Giovannitti for the first time came to know English poets. He read Taine's "English Literature," Shakespeare, Carlyle, Balzac, Shelley and Byron. So it was not from lack of familiarity with the conventional forms of English poetry that he chose the free versification for "The Walker" and "The Cage." Perhaps it is because he knows the Bible so well, as he must, because of his early religious fervor, that Giovannitti has caught the magnificent swing of rhythmic parallelism. He begins in the style of an exalted hymn, and he keeps up to the pitch throughout. Even in describing commonplace things, sordid things, he raises them to the level of his theme, as :

"Whirred the great wheels of the puissant machines, rattled and clanked the chains of the giant cranes, crashed the falling rocks: the riveters crepitated; and glad and sonorous was the rhythm of the bouncing hammers upon the loud-throated anvils."

This passage, with its specific mention of machines, in the hands of one who was less a poet, might give an effect inconsistent with the lofty tone of "The Cage." But with Giovannitti it is not incongruous even when followed at a short interval by :

"Wonderful and fierce was the mighty symphony of the world, as the terrible voices of metal and fire and water cried out into the listening ears of the gods the furious song of human toil."

Perhaps this is not poetry. Some critics insist that it is not. But at any rate it is something splendid and stirring and the spirit which brought it into being is something which must be reckoned with.

"The Cage," says a writer for the Contributor's Club in the

Atlantic Monthly, "will call out plenty of literary criticism, plenty of expressions of social sympathy or lack of it, but the simple point which needs emphasis is that whether the poem repels or attracts the reader, he will find in it, if he cares to look, more of the heart and soul of the syndicalist movement than all the papers of all the economists can teach him."

As representative of the syndicalist movement, "The Walker" and "The Cage" are the poetry of war. For the syndicalists, organized as the Industrial Workers of the World, declare that a state of industrial war exists, as long as the present system of labor and capital endures. Syndicalism goes beyond Socialism in its demands, for it insists that the laborers themselves must own the means of production, where Socialism plans to have them in the possession of the state. Socialism proposes to right wrong partly by legislation; Syndicalism considers appeal to the law worse than useless.

So it is war that throbs and pulses through Giovannitti's rhapsodies, war with its methods of dealing out justice, with the whole system represented by the "green iron cage."

Up to a certain point it would be fitting to call Giovannitti "the Walt Whitman of the twentieth century." There are similarities in their lives and achievements. Each had the roving spirit, each gratified his craving for experience by tasting life in varied scenes and occupations. Each was a rebel, as the thought and spirit of his work reveals, and each clothed the rebellion of his thought in form that was in itself a protest against conventional usage.

Here the similarity ends. It is a noteworthy fact that when Whitman has reached a certain position on some point, Giovannitti goes a step further. It is in this step in advance that the significance of Giovannitti lies.

In their early years, when each was having his look at the universe, Whitman's was the leisurely interest of a spectator while Giovannitti's was a working interest. Whitman from the top of the omnibus watched the throng below; Giovannitti was one of the throng. In short, where Whitman played with life, Giovannitti has worked, and worked hard.

There is something significant, too, in the prison experience which Giovannitti had and Whitman had not. The bitter contempt for the law and its institutions which characterizes "The Cage" and "The Walker" probably rooted itself in his mind

during the "infinite" nights at the jail, where "all keep awake and think the same maddening thought."

"All my ideas, my thoughts, my dreams are congealed in a little key of shiny brass.

All my brains, all my soul, all the suddenly surging latent powers of my life are in the pocket of a white-haired man dressed in blue."

In the work of the two poets, there is the difference that while Whitman spreads out his interest to include life in general, Giovannitti has one specific purpose to which he subordinates everything else.

"Charter of Personality, outlining what is yet to be,
I project the history of the future,"

says Whitman. Giovannitti's theme is "industrial reform," and he concentrates all his fiery energy upon it, bringing the varied experiences of his life to bear upon his subject.

Though Giovannitti and Whitman alike use the free versification, Giovannitti seems to have held it up more continuously to the exaltation of his thought. Whitman does not hesitate to use colloquial expressions, such as the Yankee "I guess," and the reader cannot but feel that this has no place in true poetry. Giovannitti has nothing of this kind. When he brings in every-day things, like bread, and bed, there is not the least sense of the commonplace, whereas with Whitman there comes from time to time a "slump."

It is not strange that Whitman, though he had no religious training, in the end found God—not the conventional God of the churches, but nevertheless a real, vital God, whose influence is felt in every page that he has ever written—for the way of a poet and lover of life leads straight to God. It is remarkable, however, that Giovannitti with his natural religious fervor and after his extended connection with church work should have become an atheist. The case is perhaps as significant a criticism of the inadequacy of the present-day church as could be found. It is not God who has failed Giovannitti and his countless comrades of the Industrial Workers of the World who bear the banner, "No God, no Master"; rather it is the church which has failed to interpret God to them.

The marvelous thing about Giovannitti is that his acquaintance with English literature has just begun, and he stands at the beginning of his life as a poet. When at the opening of his

career he has outstripped the "Good Gray Poet" both in intensity of thought and in consistency of form, what may not the future expect from him? It certainly may look with confidence for hard work, vigor and quick enthusiasm, all of which were absent from Whitman's "tasting of life." It is of great significance, too, that Giovannitti has found thus early in life his all-absorbing theme.

It is not likely, either, that Giovannitti can permanently "drop God out of his program." "I," he says of himself, "used to think of love and life and the flowers and song, and beauty and the ideal." Of these he thought, and of these he cannot but think again now that the prison experience with its "one maddening thought" is ended. And all who think of "love and life and the flowers and song and beauty and the ideal" come in the end to God. There are indications in "The Cage" that Giovannitti is already finding his God, when he leaves us with

"The mighty life of the world outside, that throbbed and thundered and clamored and roared the wonderful anthem of labor to *the fatherly justice of the sun.*"

It is not God as he is preached in the churches that Giovannitti suggests here, but a God who has far more bearing upon "the mighty life of the world."

Perhaps this is the true significance of Giovannitti, that to the thousands of workmen who in rejecting the church think that they have given up God, he will bring a God whom they can understand, and who will be the vital force of their lives. Then when the poet and his people have found their God, in his "fatherly justice" the problems that harrass them now will fall into place, they will see in a new light the significance of the institutions represented by "the green iron cage." This is the task of Giovannitti—to lead to a better understanding of life, its meaning, and its relationship with the ruling spirit of the universe, his great army, "the Industrial Workers of the World."

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS

MIRA BIGELOW WILSON

From the world where my glad heart has tarried too long,
From a world that is shifting, colourful, gay,
Warm with deeds brewing, brave from its books,
O Mother, I'm turning the homeward way.
Tell me, what golden gift shall I bring
Welcome enough to make you sing?

Mayhap new tales of folk and fairies,
Wrought in the skill of the world's old age,
Or verse just created. Mother o' my heart,
Shall it be laughing, wistful or sage?
Ope these gray covers and there will be
Music in words, taste of wild Bacchic glee;

Or, haunted with sorrow, lengthier lines
Saddened as wind through the sand-drifted pines.
Mother o' my heart, over their pages
I see your blue eyes burn with glad fires,
And in my heart I know it presages
Treasured fulfilment of your desires.

I need not ask, so well I know,
What the fair gift you have waiting for me;
Over the winter miles I have been longing,
Listening for music and melody,
Listening to hear on some glad spring morning
Your touch on the keys as you rouse to glad life
A misty world that has lain night-long
Drowsy yet restless with winter's strife.

I have left in your hands the gray book of poetry;
You know to love it better than I.
But the songs you played me they must die,
Fair phantomed echoes to pursue
(Ah, Mother, if you but knew, but knew!)
In the rooms once filled with their singing.

The last note stirs the vines by the door,
Stirs the frail heart of an August rose,
Fades like the wavelet tumbling to
Oblivion on a lonely shore.
Ah, the rose heart throbs but little knows,
When drooping to earth it bids me depart
A winter's space, 'tis I, not you,
That must be lonely, Mother, at heart.

IN THE ABSENCE OF ROMANCE

KATHERINE B. NYE

It was the kind of department store whose front windows are very bright and whose back windows are very dull. Mr. Fuller, the sleek, lean floor-walker, always dressed in chocolate brown from top to toe, was fully three inches taller, and his chest was expanded to a degree which endangered the brown buttons on his brown coat, whenever he approached the ribbon counter. By the time he reached the toilet articles he was dangerously inflated, and only the return trip past notions, hosiery and gingham saved him from self-destruction. Bed linen finished his collapse, taking every line of conceit from his figure and adding a droop to his shoulders, which made him harmonize completely with the dusky corners and marred counters of the "Rear of the Store."

* There was one corner of the first floor, however, to which Mr. Fuller had penetrated but once. Now, he led his customers to the hosiery counter, bowed stiffly with a sweep of his large brown hand, and with the air of a person inviting you to enter a snake-hole, he scoffed :

"Thoid to the right."

And if you followed the direction, you found yourself, not in a den of thieves, nor a dentist's office, as you might have expected from Mr. Fuller's attitude, but before a music counter. It was like every other music counter, racks and racks of sheets, whose covers were vividly decorated with impossible people, in impossible positions, singing the impossible words of impossible tunes.

At your arrival, a plain, grey-eyed person in black accosted you, and when you remembered the name of the desired song, you remembered that it was very silly. And as you took yourself very seriously and thought everyone else did the same, you disliked to give a perfect stranger a direct invitation to "Come along and marry me." So you murmured blushing that you wanted the song that "Rosie McLacey" sang.

The Plain Person gazed at you as though you were not twenty-two, six feet tall, and, you flattered yourself, rather good-looking, and then she smiled and said, as though repeating A-B-C to a child of six :

"Oh! you mean 'Come along and marry me.'"

Then of course you felt more foolish as you watched her fingers flying over loose sheets, selecting one like lightning, and wrapping it in a sheet of yellow paper. In a flash there it lay before you and a white hand was extended for your "Fifteen cents." Luckily, you had the change, for you couldn't have endured those clear gray eyes a second longer. You unconsciously wished you hadn't promised to take that music to a certain young lady that evening. Then you went out mentally kicking yourself.

And the strange part of it was that all this did happen, and I from the elevator saw it all. And I saw you disappearing around the hosiery counter the next day, as I brought my iron cage to a stop and shouted:

"Main floor—this car to the basement."

After many such appearances and disappearances, I determined to watch one entire visit, for I was interested in the Plain Person myself. So, as I said, I decided to watch one visit from beginning to end, regardless of bells and calls.

However, just as you appeared, a very stout lady entered what in my dreams I imagined to be my private office, and shouted "Silk Petticoats" in my ear. I was so startled that I slammed the door and shot up, up, up, past "Misses' and Ladies' Suits, Coats, Dresses and Hats," past "Underwear, Shoes and Art Goods," and deposited my passenger at "Boys' Clothing and House Furnishings." By the time I had corrected my mistake and returned to the first floor, you were leaning confidentially on the counter and the Plain Person was busily searching through stacks of music for a song, whose title you had that moment invented. And though the Plain Person's back was turned to you, I could see from where I sat that she was listening to you and when she turned she said:

"Thank you—I guess I can. Thursday here at six. Shall I order that music from the publisher?"

You stammered "Fine! No, don't bother. That is,—well, you see, I don't believe I care very much about that song. Thursday," and disappeared around the hosiery counter. The Plain Person turned sharply and caught my eye, and the next thing I knew I was staring at her back, and I thought I understood why Mr. Fuller avoided the music department.

That night the Plain Person in black rode up to the "Em-

ployees' Floor" in my elevator. I was determined to begin an acquaintance with her.

"I wish to beg your pardon," said I, "but I couldn't help seeing and hearing—this morning—Miss—a—"

"Avison," she supplied.

And she must have told herself afterward that she would never have answered me, had I not been old and lame. That was the beginning of our friendship, which, once begun, progressed rapidly. She rode up or down with me once or twice a day, and when rush hours were over she played for me. You used to hear of me as "The Elevator Man" and I never spoke of you. Once or twice she mentioned "dinner with a friend," and I knew whom she meant.

Miss Avison wasn't an heiress in disguise or anything of that sort, by which I mean that she was herself, a little more refined in manner and dress than the average girl in the store. I liked her because she did not wear dirty white shoes with a dirty dark dress, and because she knew when, where and how to laugh. We laughed at everyone,—the customers, Mr. Fuller and ourselves.

I wish you could have seen us the first time we had luncheon together. My fat, German landlady supplied me with certain provisions securely packed in a tin box, and by her own suggestion Miss Avison brought sandwiches and cake. We sat in a bare, unused, little store-room on the top floor, I on an old chair and Ruth (as I had now begun to call her) on a box by the window.

"It's funny, you and I being here," she said.

"Yes," said I, "it is."

"You seem so lonely, are you?"

And before I knew it I had told her things of which I had scarcely allowed myself to think for years. She listened quietly, looking out over the roofs where the snow swirled thickly and little puffs of white steam and black smoke pricked through intermittently.

"You'll think me very unsympathetic," she said, "but really isn't it romantic, so much of love and life, and then when you are old, none! And all through one brave deed!"

I looked down at my worse than useless foot and was glad that she answered as she did.

"You love romantic things?" I asked.

"I know so little about them, and I never had a real romance—" she, knowing that I knew to the contrary, crimsoned, which made her really pretty—"until—"

"Until," I went on, "one Thursday night at six."

"Eavesdropping?" she chided.

"I wish I had been—"

"It wasn't so very romantic," she continued.

"Not romantic!" I exclaimed. "I should have thought better of the boy, from his appearance. Mind, I wanted to do you a good turn."

"Well, perhaps it was, mostly because we had known each other such a short time, and had never been introduced, but did that make any difference, really?"

"None," said I, and I believe she was glad I approved, for she had given the matter some thought.

"We had dinner in a little restaurant, dark with green and red lights. Ours was red and the fringe on the shade made shadowy ridges on the table-cloth. After dinner we—he—talked—and—well I guess I was the only unromantic thing about it. I felt it, but I couldn't say anything."

I was silent, wondering, and then asked, "Well, what are you going to do?"

For an answer the whistles blew, and when comparative quiet came she said, "I'm going back to work."

So we rode down in silence.

All the afternoon the piano jangled merrily, and once or twice as Mr. Fuller approached, shrinking with every step, a taunting, saucy, popular song or a clear laugh greeted his ears. I judged that he had heard both before, under different circumstances. For he was openly trying to ignore the sounds and gather pompousness for the next trip. That night you came again and went out alone. Mr. Fuller gave you a peculiar look, more like a facial exercise than a smile. Then he turned to the girl with the fluffy blonde hair whose unwinking blue eyes peered out at him from piles of scented soap and bottles of green toilet water. Had you not been so preoccupied you would have heard something that you wouldn't have liked. That was the last time you came.

Gradually Mr. Fuller's attitude toward the music department changed. He came nearer and nearer to it with customers and one afternoon, after an especially busy day, he went to the

counter with more sternness than he had ever before carried past the gingham. He scolded Ruth sharply, and said in a loud tone that several complaints had been made at the office, which she knew was untrue. The tone of the reprimand was in itself an insult. I would have given anything I possessed to have seen you enter at that moment, rout the villain and depart with the heroine on your arm and a copy of the Wedding March in your hand. But Romance, once shunned by Ruth, did not pursue her now. The matter was dropped, though I knew Ruth felt herself disgraced, and as she told me a week later she must keep her position.

"You see," she said, "if I don't take care of myself no one else will, and it's rather nice to be spoiled, even when you have to do all the spoiling yourself."

"Your maid, Mignon," said I, "what will she say when she sees you so tired?"

And she laughed back, "Oh, she won't be nearly so cross as your valet would be if he could see that hole in your coat-sleeve. So I'll mend it before you go home!" which she proceeded to do.

And hardly had she begun when Mr. Fuller came puffing down the aisle toward her. It seemed that an irate customer had spoken about "incivility on the part of the Person at the perfume counter." And when Mr. Fuller spoke to that Person concerning the matter, using his softest tones and most complicated and tiring facial exercises, she had loudly denounced him as "rude an' no real gentleman," and turning her lacy back on him had cast over her shoulder, "I've another engagement for this evening."

Plainly Mr. Fuller had to retreat and as he approached Ruth, he could not keep from venting some of his wrath upon her. The fact that he began by saying that she was "rude an' no real lady" showed where his thoughts were. Next he listed her as incompetent, impertinent and lazy—and finally spying the coat he added a few remarks, which I can leave out, sang a finale of "rude an' no *real* lady," and stopped for lack of breath.

The Rear of the Store had never seen Mr. Fuller so tall. They had never seen that brown coat stretched to the twisting point. In fact to those behind the bed linens he was regal—if anything regal was ever of chocolate hue.

While he was still in the tallest stage, I limped up to him and spoke in a few well-chosen words of one syllable. I've

never seen chocolate melt so fast. He had to retreat again and I've heard that the girl behind the bars of soap was moved to call him "Shorty" ever after.

I didn't see Ruth again until the morning after when I took you both up to the "House Furnishings," and I'll wager I could guess what music you bought as you went out.

TO-NIGHT

ANNA ELIZABETH SPICER

I cannot sleep to-night
For the crescent bow of the moon,
And the fingers of the wind
That pluck me a bitter tune.

Time was, the wind and I
Went racing a-down the lane,
Tapping with all my might
At some yellow window-pane.

Time was, the moon from me
Was very far off,—and far!
But now she shines in my little room
And shoots my brains with a star.

Better friends with me now
They should be. I would court the moon
If I were alive again,
And I'd not pass the wind too soon.

O, I cannot sleep to-night
For the crescent bow of the moon,
And the fingers of the wind,
They pluck me a bitter tune.

A RING FOR ANGELINE

ELLEN V. MCLOUGHLIN

A dark-haired young man knocked timidly at the door of Rocco Spinoso's living-room. When Mrs. Spinoso came to the door, he bowed very low.

"Hallo, hallo," he said nervously.

"Hallo, Tony," answered Mrs. Rocco, frigidity mingled with surprise, "you want see Rocco?"

Tony bowed again, followed Mrs. Spinoso into the living-room, and stood with his hat in his hand, until the man of the house appeared. Rocco had all the geniality of a prosperous olive oil vender, living in the best tenement of Catharine street. And he was respected by all salad-eating Uticans, because his olive oil was pure though his price was high.

"Tak' a chair, tak' a chair, Tony," he began. "Nice day. You goin' tak' Sat'day aft'noon off too?"

Tony struggled for speech; he bowed again, sat down, and clutched his hat frantically.

"I want-a see you," he said. "I-I-I—" he paused and began again. "You gat-a more black-a hand-a letter?"

"Naw," laughed Rocco, "I gass-a da perleece got da right fallers. Wanted t'ree hunder-a doll off'n me," he added with a grieved air.

Tony nodded sympathetically. There was a silence in the room for a moment, and then Rocco's visitor, with a desperate plunge, came to his errand.

"I come-a ta see you," he said, "I-I-I-like-a Angeline. I like-a Angeline-a ta marry." It was out at last. Tony breathed a deep sigh of relief.

"I no tall my sister who she marry," objected Rocco. "Go ast Angeline. I no theenk she tak you; she got many young fallers."

Tony sighed and nodded.

"I go gat her," continued Rocco, "you gotta ast Angeline; maybe she tak' you," and he disappeared into the kitchen, closing the door after him. He was back in a minute, with the sauciest, prettiest, and most gaily-dressed young woman in "Little Italy" following him.

"Here-a Angeline now, ast her," said Rocco. "Tony want ta marry you," he explained, turning to his somewhat bewildered sister.

Tony was startled by the swiftness of the announcement. He jumped to his feet, clutched his hat with both hands, and started to bow. But something in Angeline's eyes arrested the motion, as she stood before him coolly looking him over. Rocco withdrew.

"You want-a be marryin' me?" she questioned.

Tony nodded, looking away. "I gott-a two hunder-a doll'," he vouchsafed.

"Two hunder-a doll'?" Angeline mocked him scornfully. "I mak-a eight a week. I no-a theenk I'm marryin' a man till he gotta five hunder-a doll'."

"You marry-a me when I gotto five hunder-a doll'?" Tony asked eagerly.

"I no-a theenk you ever be gattin' so mooch," was the discouraging response. "You ver simple man, Tony. Black-Hand be gattin' all your-a mon easy. You no so smart-a man like my brother Rocco. He gattin' 'em all put in jail."

"I loove-a you much," Tony's voice bore no reproach, only timid entreaty.

"Wal," deliberated Angeline, "I geeve-a you a year. You mak-a five hunder-a doll' in wan year, I marry-a you. See?"

He nodded eagerly.

"Now," she continued, "you batter-a be gattin' back ta work. I gotta some shoes-a be fix. I'm bringin' em down pretta soon."

Tony backed to the door, repeating, "Five hunder-a doll. Wan year. You marry-a me." And then with a last adoring sigh, he turned, opened the door, and came face to face with a handsome, flashing-eyed, curly-haired young Italian who was coming in. The two men nodded as they passed and Tony slackened his steps enough to hear the pleased tone of Angeline's greeting.

"Hallo, Domineek."

"Hallo." Dominick closed the door and sat down before he proceeded.

"Say, what-a for Tony Dago ben here?" It was more than a question, it was a command, and Angeline resented it.

"He wantin' ta marry me," she said defiantly, "I tal-a heem he gotta be makin' five hunder-a doll' in wan year."

"You naver tal me dat. You tal me, 'Don't ast me today,' an' 'Don't ast me today,' an' now you goin' let dat Dago cut me out? Don't I know mor'n Tony? Ain't I ben in Amer'ca ten year? Ain't I ben ta night school all winter? Ain't I takin' you around lots mor'n dat—dat" Dominick paused for an epithet.

"Sure!" Angeline put in hastily. "But I no-a theenk I marry-a you. You no gotta da mon, Domineek. You makin' da mon wan day an' spendin' heem da next. Tony gotta two hunder-a doll'. I no-a theenk I'm marryin' any man till he gotta five hunder-a doll'. I no-a geeve up my eight a week for-a nothin'."

"Nothin'! Look here," invited Dominick, and from the pocket of his fancy white vest, he produced a tiny blue velvet case, and before her eager eyes, balanced the little box in his hand for a deliberate moment, and then suddenly snapped it open. Angeline caught her breath as she gazed in rapture at the big stone that flashed and sparkled and threw beams of colored lights from its velvet cushion.

"Ah!" Dominick's voice was proud. "Dago Tony ain't buyin' you no diamon' like dis I gass."

Angeline's mind worked quickly. "He gotta two hunder-a doll'," she said. "You no-a payin' so mooch for a ring." But her eyes were on the glittering gem still, and Dominick was not discouraged.

"Maybe I kin save five hundert in a year. Five hundert and da ring. You marry me if I do?" Dominick's voice was very soft and his eyes were tender. Angeline hesitated a second, but when a ray of afternoon sun glanced from the brilliant in a thousand different colors, she yielded.

"Domineek," she asked shyly a moment later, "ees eet real?"

He rose a bit indignant. "Real? Sure its real! Gar'nteed for twenty year! Tan-fifty cash!" and with a sharp click he shut the box and replaced it in his vest-pocket.

"I keep it till I gat dat five hundert," he remarked, "Tony got two hundert. Tony ver simple man, I gass," and he laughed as he blew a kiss to Angeline and departed.

Still smiling, and gayly humming a tune, Dominick hurried up the street to his rival's shop on the corner.

"SHOES REPAIRED WHILE YOU WATE" read the sign over the door of the little shack which was at once Tony's

home and the workroom where he mended the shoes of all "Little Italy." He was alone and hard at work when Dominick entered, but he looked up with a word of greeting and pointed to a chair.

"How do, Tony," began Dominick.

"Hallo, hallo," replied Tony, "You want-a some shoes-a be fix?"

His visitor took the appointed chair, leisurely.

"You work-a too hard, Tony," he said, "You ought ta tak' Sat'day aft'noon off," he paused, and looked around. "Nice little shop," he observed condescendingly, "you mak' much mon'?"

Tony shrugged his shoulders and kept on nailing a shiny new sole to a dirty yellow shoe.

"Angeline say she gon marry you." Dominick's tone was the mournful sigh of a rejected lover. "She sting me. You lucky man, Tony."

Tony looked up in surprise and wonder, but before he could speak, Dominick went on.

"Look here—I bought dis ta give ta Angeline," and he brought forth the diamond in its blue velvet box.

"She no tak-a you?" asked Tony eagerly, "She no tak-a you? She say she-a marry-a me?"

"Yes," sighed Dominick, "and I gotta get rid-a dis ring. You bought her a ring yet?"

Tony shook his head. He had not counted on buying a ring.

"I give you dis here diamon' ring cheap. I gotta get rid-a it."

"How-a mooch?"

"Wal, I pay two hundert an' fifty, make it 'bout two hundert doll'!"

"Two hunder-a doll'!" Tony paled at the thought. Then he shook his head vigorously. "No can-a pay. Angeline-a say mak-a five hunder-a doll' in-a wan year. No can-a gat ring." He dismissed the subject, and returned to his work.

"You gat a good bargain," purred Dominick. "Dis here ring worth maybe four, five hundert doll'. Ver' big stone," and he flashed it in the sunlight until Tony was blinded by its brilliance. "I bought it fer Angeline. She like it ver' much, but she no like me. She most tak' me when she see da ring."

"I can-a sall heem?" questioned Tony, "I can-a gat four-a five hunder-a doll' fer-a heem?"

"Sure! I gotta sall it now er I'd gat more out of it. I bought it fer Angeline. Day give me da laugh if I go around an' try ta sall it. Angeline say she goin' marry you." Dominick sighed again.

For a brief space Tony considered, the dirty yellow shoe held tightly between his knees, his hammer poised for a blow. It was a crucial moment; Dominick held his breath. Then suddenly the hammer came down, sharply, decisively.

"I tak-a heem," said Tony, "maybe I can-a sall heem fer-a four-a five hunder-a—"

"Hallo," interrupted a voice in the doorway. The two men looked up with a start. Dominick with a quick gesture replaced the ring in his pocket—and there stood Angeline, looking from one to the other a trifle suspiciously.

"What you two-a doin'?" she demanded, and before Dominick could prevent it Tony was eagerly telling her of his purchase;

"I can-a sall-a heem fer-a four, five hunder-a doll'," he finished jubilantly, "no-a must wait-a wan year. Domineek sall-a heem ver cheap—two hunder-a doll'."

"Cheap!" echoed Angeline, and there was a wealth of scorn in her voice, "Domineek-a gattin' your-a mon' easy. Dat-a ring cost-a tan-a fifty," and she turned to Dominick, "I no-a marry a t'ief."

But at that moment, the door slammed. Dominick and his ring were gone. When they were alone, all Angeline's scorn and anger melted very suddenly.

"You ver seemple man, Tony," she said softly, "You needin' some-abody ta be takin' care a you."

"I loove-a you mooch," Tony replied.

A GREY DAY

DOROTHY OCHTMAN

Dull grey trees and a dull grey sky,
Grey snow beneath, where rain is falling.
Slow drips the water from eaves near by;
Within, the darkness is still and appalling.
Cheerless and dead the wet leaves lie.
Dull grey trees and a dull grey sky,
And in the dim west no sign of clearing.

JIM'S MOTHER

MARY LOUISE RAMSDELL

She looked up good-naturedly, her broad face beaded with perspiration, her plump arms flecked with foam from the tub in which they were plunged. I had been bewailing the dullness of a village summer and commiserating her on being obliged to spend a hot summer morning in a hotter kitchen, deluged with the hottest of soap-suds. But she had seemed to feel the need of my sympathy so little that I was about to attempt a more successful topic of conversation, when she picked up the thread I was about to drop.

"Waal, o' course I'm pretty hefty, 'n' sometimes my feet git to dartin' like toothache, before nightfall, 'n' these last years I been havin' a stitch in my side so bad that last month I jest hat to tell your ma I couldn't do her wash that week. Es you say, one day is about like the next in Riverdale, an' I been livin' here forty years come next June. But land! I ain't got no call to complain, with Pa 'n' Jim. Of course," she added apologetically, "Pa ain't been doin' much work for some time. His health was so poorly this spring, I thought he'd orter not. You know he's started on another invention, too," with a tinge of defiance. She drew a wet hand across her forehead, pushing back the hair. "It's dretful hot," she said, and her face looked tired. "But fine hayin' weather," she added with a cheerful smile. "Pa's inventin' a patent hayrake."

Before my mind's eye rose a picture of "Pa" as I had seen him from my earliest girlhood, and might still see him any day; a slouchy, loose-jointed figure braced against the post-office door, or the little wooden station, elucidating theories on perpetual motion, or the management of the commonwealth. "Pa" had been "restin'" since my earliest recollection of him, and was never known to bestir himself except about his meals. Those he allowed no matter, however urgent or vital, to prevent being served to him, hot and punctual at their appointed hours.

"I suppose you hear from Jim often," I said.

Her face beamed with love and pride as she opened a window of the steaming little kitchen. "Mercy, yes! He writes regular, every Wednesday. His letter's due to-day."

"Let's see, Jim is—ah—railroading now, isn't he?" I ventured, making a wild guess. I had rather lost track of the restless Jim since he left, six years back, to seek his fortune.

"Land no, that was two years ago. He's worked in a mill in Trenton 'n' run a street car in Philadelphia since then. No, it's minin' this time." She straightened her back, with a troubled furrow between her eyes, and then bent over the tub again. "It worrits me to think of it. Jim says them coal mines is safe as settin' in church, but I dunno. I wish't he'd a went clerkin' fer Hen Skinner down to Shelby, after he finished high school. Then I'd a had him with me, nights, and like's not he'd a been head o' the firm by now. He's dretful smart, Jim is, if he is my boy. He had a good chanst over to Otis, but he says to me, 'Ma,' he says, 'I wanta see the world, 'n' I'm goin' to work my way around it. I can't stay mewed up here in Riverdale for nobody, not even you, Ma,' he says. 'And besides,' he says, 'some day I'll come back a rich man, and then I'll buy you a black satin gownd, and a velvet hat with a big purple feather on it'—he's allus so jokey, Jim is—'and take you an' Pa around and show you some places a little bigger than Riverdale, or even Shelby!'"

"Let's see, just how far West is he now?" I asked.

"Pennsylvania. That ain't very far around the world, is it! But then *I* ain't never been as far West as York State, so it seems a long ways off to me. He says he likes the work fine, for a change, it's so different, and he's gettin' awful handy at it. He can turn his hand to anything, though. He's smart, Jim is, if he is my boy."

My murmur of assent was lost in the rattle of wheels, and Ed Haskins, the rural free delivery man, drew up at the door, waving an envelope. "Letter from Jim," he cried genially. I ran to take it, while she wiped her red hands on the roller towel, her face alight with happy anticipation. She read it slowly and laboriously at first, and then with surprise and excitement.

"Jim's comin' home," she cried, her eyes shining with joy. "He thinks he'll get home next week. He's allus been promisin' to come ever since he went away, but he ain't never been able to work it before. But this time he says he's almost sure, he thinks mebbe he'll stay a week or two. My, won't I be glad to see my boy!" and a little sob caught her throat. "I ain't goin' to fret about him no more, he'll be home pretty soon, mebbe I

kin persuade him to leave this job, when he comes back. And besides," and the patient smile came back, "frettin' don't do much good 'cept to make you down sick. And I want to be well when Jim comes. Sakes alive, I guess I'll bust right out cryin' when he does, I'll be that glad to see him! Four years! I got his room all ready the day after he went away, so when he came back he'd find me expectin' him. . . . Jim comin' home! . . . I'll fix up my black alpaca real nice to wear to church Sundays. He allus liked that black alpaca. . . . Land o' mercy, don't tell me it's quarter past eleven! I'd orter be gettin' dinner started for Pa. He gets so riled if his meals ain't ready." She wrung the suds from her hands. "It's a dretful hot day," she said, her flushed face paled slightly, "but fine fer dryin'," she smiled cheerfully.

I rose to go, amid her hospitable protestations, and she followed me to the door, wiping her hands on her apron and apologizing for the room in which she had received me. "Next time you come in the afternoon," she said heartily, "and we won't sit in the kitchen."

As I closed the front gate and turned down the street, Miss Maxim, the village bird of evil omen and smug bearer of bad tidings, hurried in, but paused and turned toward me, her solemn face set in an appropriate expression, and a bit of yellow paper peeping from her hand. "Have you heard the news?" she said in a sepulchral voice. "I was down to the station just now, seein' Cousin Lib off—Frank's wife, you know, she's been visitin' me—and Mr. Torrey sez to me 'Bad news here, Miss Maxim,' he sez. 'If you're goin' up High Street you might drop in 'n' deliver this here. There's been an accident, 'n' Jim—'" she stopped in the middle of a breath, her eyes turned toward the little house in embarrassed surprise. I turned also, and saw Jim's mother coming down the gravel walk. From the door she had seen Miss Maxim's lank, black-swathed figure, the yellow slip in her hand; and in Riverdale, a telegram means only one thing.

She held out her hand, still hot and red from the suds, and read the dispatch in silence, once, twice, three times. Then she looked up. "Jim's dead," she said, dully. "They'll bring him home to-morrow. . . . His room's all ready. . . ." The clock in the village church struck the half-hour, and the sound brought present duties back to her. "Land, I ain't got my

dinner. Pa'll be riled, he sets such store by his victuals." She moved a few steps toward the house, then turned to us. "Jim's dead," she repeated, as if expecting contradiction. Then, as we stood silent, she raised her hand mechanically and pushed back her hair. "It's dretful hot," she said.

THE FOREST POOL

ELOISE SCHMIDT

The quiet of midsummer's afternoon
Has settled over the forest pool,
And in it are seen reflected
The shadows, grown dark and cool.

The grasses are still at the pool-side,
And deep where the water seems
Darkest is shadowed a moment
A blue-bird—the bird of dreams.

FOG

MARION DELAMATER FREEMAN

There's a soft gray fog low-hanging over the sea,
And it muffles the cry of the sea-gull as it flies.
There's a long uneasy swell in the gray-green waves
That shift and rise, to fall with a stifled moan.
The long waves run high up on the wet, black rocks,
And with their rise and fall the seaweed sways
Like the arms of a drowning man, clutching in vain
At the slipp'ry stones, to fail, to strive—to fail
Again, and yet again to try, and then
Each time to be sucked back relentlessly
By the remorseless sea.
There's a terror that grips at the very heart of you
And a fear that will not be dispelled—
Hark! Hear the toll of the bell-buoy on the bar,
Like the knell of souls that are lost fore'er!
And the gray-green waves slowly rise and fall,
And the gray fog drifts in cold from the sea!

SKETCHES

MARY SARAH MAKES THE TEAM

ELLEN ELIZABETH WILLIAMS

They were half a dozen Sophomores, who had found one another during the first week of college, had "hung together" through Freshman year, during the summer had gone on the same week-end parties and were now all in the same house on campus. They had worked and played together, had shared one another's triumphs and disappointments and were all equally elated when Mary Sarah made the team.

"I was sure she'd make sub," exclaimed Frances as the senior team trailed away across campus, Mary Sarah borne proudly in the front row. "But I didn't dare dream of the *real*!"

"Isn't it swell?" babbled Catherine. "I'm going to telegraph to Connie right away; she'll be so thrilled." (Constance was one of the six who was away over Sunday at a house party.)

Betty, a dear little thing, said nothing but dimpled with pleasure and telephoned to Meadow's for "a dozen Mrs. Aaron Ward roses, to be sent to Miss Mary Sarah Frothingham, Craven House, just as soon as you possibly can, and thank you so much."

"Mary Sal is a sure 'nough celeb. now," ejaculated Nell. "Come on, let's beat it to chapel and get good seats. I want to see her march out with Dot, Helen and the rest."

So the four friends ran through the snow to the Auditorium and Rubber Row, to crane their necks in an effort to catch a glimpse of their companion, in senior seats.

"I wonder if Catherine will think to telegraph Bob when she does to Connie," whispered Nell to Frances at the close of the prayer. Bob was Mary Sal's brother at Princeton, who had been a member of the camping trip the six had taken the past summer and who had even braved the terrors of Northampton with

five of his kind on their way to the Harvard Game in the fall. "Bob's been all agog to know if Mary Sal was improving and whether she had any chance for the team."

"I'd be glad to do it if I didn't have classes all the morning," replied Frances, "but I have German and Physics and then a tutor lesson 'way down at the Students' Building—"

"If I had a nickel to put in the slot, I could telephone to the office from the house," returned Nell, "but I'm broke."

"Here they come!" interrupted Catherine and the four leaned forward in their seats to see their friend pacing up the aisle arm in arm with the captain of the senior team. Then, with mutual felicitations, they separated to the various duties of the day.

Catherine had the first period free and went at once to the telegraph office in College Hall, to boil down the exciting events of the morning into a ten word message to Constance.

"Yes, I'll pay for it," she told the operator and unknotted a fifty-cent piece from the corner of her handkerchief.

"A quarter, please," replied the operator. "I'm sorry, but so early in the morning I have no change. Will you have it charged?"

Catherine started to assent, then on second thoughts she replied, "No, I'll send another one besides." And she wrote the following message:

"Mr. Robert Frothingham,

145 Benton Hall, Princeton, N. J.

Mary Sarah made the team to-day.

CATHERINE CHASE."

So, feeling virtuous at not having begun the bad policy of charging things, she left the office. On the way to the Library, she met Betty.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

cried Catherine.

"I'm going to College Hall," she said,

returned Betty.

"And what will you do there, my pretty maid?"

"I'm not going to tell you, sir!" she said.

and Betty tossed her pretty head, laughed and entered the telegraph office. It had occurred to her that Mary Sarah's family would be as delighted at the good news as the Six. But Betty

knew that Mrs. Frothingham was an invalid and that a telegram would excite her needlessly. "So I'll just let Bob know at Princeton and he can send word as he thinks best." The operator was busy when she went in, so she painstakingly wrote the telegram, laid it on the desk with a quarter and left as quietly as she had come.

During her first recitation Frances' conscience was troubled. "I really would have time to wire Bob before Physics and he'll be so anxious to know. Nell's so scatter-brained she won't think of it again. I'll just write out the message now and hurry over after class." Accordingly she wrote the telegram in her note-book, signed her name and the injunction to charge it to Miss Frances Dunbar, Craven House and flew over to College Hall as soon as the gong sounded the close of the hour.

The operator looked perplexed when she read the message: "Robert Frothingham, Princeton." The name sounded familiar but girls had been pouring in all the morning sending news of elections to friends and relatives in every part of the country and she was overworked. Thus it happened that three messages within one hour went clicking over the wires to Robert Frothingham in Princeton—all from the Western Union office in College Hall.

Meanwhile, Nell was ensconced in a morris chair in her sunny bay window. She had studied her French, read over her history and was now deep in her favorite short story, Elsie Dinsmore. She was re-reading the famous episode of the piano stool, when she closed the book with a bang—"There! I knew I'd forgotten something. There's nothing like Elsie Dinsmore to make one remember that one has left undone those things one ought to have done. Who'll lend me a nickel, I wonder?"

In the hallway she forcibly extracted the required amount from a friend who was bent on a shopping expedition to Springfield. Then she entered the telephone booth. "Hello! Postal Telegraph, please—I want to send—all ready? Mr. Robert Frothingham, Benton Hall—no, I don't know the number—Princeton. Mary Sarah made the first team this morning. No signature—and charge it please to Miss Helen Foster, Craven House. There, that's over!" She heaved a sigh of relief and returned to the bay window and Elsie Dinsmore.

So a fourth telegram followed its companions to Princeton.

Mr. Robert Frothingham lay in bed, reveling in the blissful sensation that only the hour of ten a. m. can give. He yawned and stretched, resolved to get up, then crawled down again under the blankets. He had been to the city for the theatre and a dance the night before and had returned to college on that train designed for the convenience of Princeton students, the "Owl," and the memories of a pleasant evening, combined with the knowledge that he had no classes until that afternoon, gave him a feeling of satisfaction with all the world. When he heard his room-mate fumbling at the door he, loth to be disturbed, closed his eyes and faked slumber. The room-mate stood a moment by his bedside, then shook him vigorously.

"Get out," murmured Bobby.

"Get up!" replied the room-mate. "Here's a telegram for you. I found it underneath the door. I hope it's not bad news."

Robert seized the yellow envelope and tore it open anxiously. Then his face lighted up with pleasure.

"I say, Mack!" he exclaimed. "The kid has made the team—basket ball, you know. Means a lot up there at Smith. She's been crazy about it ever since she went to college."

"That's great!" rejoined Mack, then, more slowly and blushing furiously, for Mack was very shy, "I'd like to send Mary some flowers if you think she'd let me. That's what people do, don't they?"

"Sure! go ahead," laughed Robert. "I guess I'll telegraph some up myself. Meadow's is the name of the florist there."

"Roses—pink," mused Mack.

Now Robert had been thinking of sending roses himself but a brother must not be outdone by a friend, so with outward calm and inward trepidation, he said: "Send an order for me, too, will you? Violets, a good-sized bunch, with a couple of orchids. And, before you go, get out the stove. I'm going to make myself some coffee."

Mack, good natured in all things, produced the percolator and lit a fire in the burner. Then, while Robert turned over for a last snooze, he tip-toed out of the study. On the landing Mack met Patrick O'Brien, blue-coated and brass-buttoned, in all the magnificence of his office as Princeton's only messenger boy.

"Another wire for Mr. Frothingham, sir," said Pat.

"Give it to me, Pat. Mr. Frothingham isn't awake yet."

Mack opened the envelope and chuckled when he read the message. "Patrick, would you like to earn a dollar?"

Pat's eyes fairly popped from his head. Then Mack, with his quiet, good-natured smile, and Pat, all Irish grin, slowly descended the stairs of Benton Hall.

Half an hour later, Robert and several of his friends were enjoying their breakfast before the fire, when their reminiscences of the night previous were interrupted by a rap at the door and the unceremonious entrance of a little red-headed messenger boy.

"Telegram for Mr. Frothingham, and the devil of a time I've had findin' out where ye roomed," this said with a twinkle in his Irish eye and a glance around to see if "Mr. Mack" were there. "It's just sent to Princeton, N. J. 'Tis lucky yer name ain't Smith, ye wouldn't have got yer wire. 'Tis from a girl, too."

"Here's a quarter for your trouble, sonny," said Bob, amid the shouts of laughter. Then he read to his friends: "Mary Sarah made the first basket ball team this morning. Elizabeth Morrison."

It was with great presence of mind, he thought, that he pretended to be as surprised as the rest.

"Let's send a telegram of congratulations!" suggested one of the group. "Come on, Bob, chip in." So the friends dived into their pockets, producing nickels and dimes, and Bob made up the sum with the others.

"Flowers and a telegram!" he muttered. "Gee! I'm getting in thick."

The fellows "guyed" him a little about Elizabeth Morrison; he was glad he hadn't mentioned the receipt of a telegram from another girl earlier in the day.

Alas! Such concealment was not for long! Telegrams began to arrive thick and fast; telegrams stating rather indefinitely that "your sister has just made the team," to the detailed accounts of the actual "taking in." Then, the messages began to repeat themselves; Catherine Chase's name was signed to three; Betty's and Frances' names to two each; some signed with the names of girls he knew; others with names he had never heard before; one telegram bore no signature at all.

The delight of Robert's friends and the dismay of Robert himself increased at each arrival. All his small change was used to tip the messenger boy. When his last quarter was gone, Robert's temper went too.

"If one more telegram comes, Patrick," he exploded, "you may telephone it up but don't you dare come near this house again!"

Then Robert's friends leaned back in their chairs and howled with joy. "Your lady friends are far too fond of you, Bobby, for the good of your temper," said one.

"His acquaintance at Smith is certainly not limited!" hinted another.

The telegrams stopped coming. Robert was called twice to the telephone but he refused to answer it. Then (to paraphrase Browning) "all calls ceased."

Toward evening Robert had almost regained his equanimity, and smiled loftily at the jeers of his friends. Alas again! that evening came the knock-out blow. They were smoking in the study when a timid tap caused Mack to yell, "Come in!" Patrick allowed his snub nose and china blue eye to be visible at the crack. He pushed one of the hated yellow envelopes at Robert and fled.

"There's a quarter due on it, sir, but you can pay it at the office," he yelled from the foot of the stairs.

Robert ripped open the paper and read these words:

"Congratulate me, Bobby, I play in the game next Saturday.

MARY SARAH."

Bobby squashed the yellow sheet and hurled it into the flames. Then, with an inspiration, he ran to the window and yelled to Patrick: "Hey you boy, come back! There's an answer to that message!"

With diabolical care to revenge himself on his sister by making the answer eleven words, he wrote: "Heartiest congrats—sure do wish you best luck in the game."

"Too late to countermand those flowers and the telegram the fellows sent must have reached her hours ago. But, by heaven, I hope this one wakes 'em all up at twelve o'clock to-night and that Mary Sarah won't have a cent to her name!"

Then he, too, sent his telegram collect.

ARAN

ANNA ELIZABETH SPICER

The Western people dwell in the mists,
In the pale of the land of dreams;
The hosts of faery well they know,
Meanful shadows that come and go,
And the vision by night that gleams.

A song I would of the Western folk,
Mystery prisoned in word.
They sang me little, daily things:
Hearth fire agleam as the mother sings,
Note of the trill of a bird.

"USELESS"

LEONORA BRANCH

"Useless" they say you are. You do not know
The way to work, the way to bear life's woe.
You are so light of heart, so fancy-free,
A butterfly, too slight a thing for me.

Yet God once made a rose, a perfect flow'r,
That lived its frail, sweet life for its brief hour,
A rose of flame, with heart of purest gold,
Deep hidden 'neath the petals' satin fold,
A rose so beautiful, so perfect, sweet,
That every common workman in the street
Who smelled its fragrance, went upon his way,
To feel a sweeter something in his day.

God made you, too, for none but He could know
The way to mingle fire, rose and snow
To make so fair a woman. On your lips
He crushed the rose's red. Your finger-tips
He fashioned slenderly and softly there
Above your brow he heaped your sunny hair.

And weary souls who pass you on their way,
Look up and smile at you and haply say
A word of thankfulness, a word of prayer,
Because the world and you are wondrous fair.

Ah, you are light of heart, how should you seem
More than fulfilment of a precious dream,
Yet they who call you "useless" cannot know
'Twas God's dear purpose just to make you so.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS HOME

MARGARET LOUISE FARRAND

I

LONDON.

This is the most deliciously amusing hotel you can imagine. Everyone is English and every other one is a clergyman. Apparently every country vicar who ever comes to London, with or without his wife, stops at this hotel. It is a very modern place. There is a bath-room on each floor and the hotel is immensely proud of the fact that baths are free. (In most places, you know, you have to pay sixpence for them.) You order your bath when you are called in the morning, the chamber-maid draws it for you and then you wrap your kimono about you and dodge after her through miles of hall to the bath-room.

The parlor and lounge are on the second floor. The parlor is rather a stiff affair. All the furniture in it was brought from Versailles, goodness knows why! But the lounge is great fun. It is a sort of large-sized sitting-room, exactly the place to have tea, with a long row of book-shelves at one end, filled with bound volumes of *Punch*, and at the other end a big bay-window looking out on the Embankment. It is great fun to watch the trams and the people going by but the best of all is the morning when the men are coming in to the city to work. There is an exit from the under-ground right below the window and long lines of men keep popping up from below, all looking very spruce and unbusinesslike with their cutaways, silk hats, umbrellas and buttonhole bouquets but all smoking pipes, which rather spoils the effect.

The most interesting and English place in the house is the dining-room. In the middle is a table with cold joints, which the head waiter carves for you if you don't like the hot dish. We have a charming waiter who treats us as if we were the royal family, at least, and says, "Peas, miss? Oh, thank you, miss!" in a most heartfelt manner if I help myself to some. The first night at dinner we, having no finger-bowls, made bold to ask for some. The request created great consternation. We saw the head waiter hastily rummaging about the room. After

a long interval he produced two glass bowls from a cupboard beneath the sideboard and bore them towards us in triumph, dusting them vigorously on the way. We accepted them with gratitude but never again ventured to violate the sacred traditions of the place.

II

SHALFORD, SURREY.

Englisher and Englisher! We are now "lodging" with the "tax gatherer's wife" in this pretty little village which is so small that our letters have to be addressed to "Shalford near Guilford." We are in the corner one of a row of cottages facing on the common, each with its neat little two-by-four garden surrounded by a stone wall which a baby could step over and each with gay window-boxes. Ours, which are the prettiest, have red geraniums and blue verbenas. We have the living room, which runs the length of the cottage, on the ground floor and three bedrooms up-stairs, one with a feather-bed and all lighted by candles—there are lamps down-stairs. The stairs, by the way, are very steep and narrow and we had a terrible time getting our American "boxes" up them. One absolutely refused to go and is now gracing our living room opposite the piano. The tax-gatherer's family occupy the rest of the house but we have seen very little of them except Mrs. Hoxton. We know that there are two boys whom their mother always addresses collectively as "Cyril an' Ernie." "Cyril an' Ernie, get up!" "Cyril an' Ernie, come to breakfast!" Housekeeping is a delight. Mrs. Hoxton cooks and serves our meals and every morning after breakfast she comes in to suggest the menu for the day. She has in her garden the most delicious peas that I have ever eaten, so we usually decide to have fresh peas for dinner and the peas of yesterday made into soup. Then we make a list of the other things needful and sally forth to do our marketing at the little row of shops across the common. The most delightful of all is the butcher's, which, with its open front, is like a little toy store. While waiting there this morning we heard the following dialogue between the butcher and his wife:

"Mrs. Shipley wants to know, have we a duck?"

"To be sure, we have a duck, but it's not dead yet!"

MOONLIGHT OVER THE SEA

MARTHA FABYAN CHADBOURNE

From the farthest point of the far away,
As I gaze o'er the surging sea,
To the nearest crystal of gleaming sand,
Comes the shaft of the moon towards me.

I see midst the ceaseless glimmer of light,
Midst the splendid peace of it all,
Myriad wavelets flicker and flame,
And myriad ripples fall.

Now a crest leaps high from the seething foam,
Dares pause at hazardous height ;
A flash, and 'tis gone, another is there,
Gay plummet of marvelous light.

On either side of the highway of light,
Vast billows all murky and deep
Waver and writhe with the wind and the tide,
Sea dragons that never may sleep.

Far off to the left, a wave-fretted pier,
Half aflash o'er columns and floor,
Reaches out like a hand from the shadow-veiled sand,
And fastens the sea to the shore.

FOG FROM THE SEA

DOROTHY OCHTMAN

The gray fog-spirits slowly rise
From dim sea-caverns no one sees ;
Slow raise their cold arms to the skies
And shroud behind them land and trees.

A host of phantoms, cruel, cold,
'Mid treacherous silence faster come,
And in their still embrace enfold
Belated sailors, going home,

Who know not whether rocks or lands
Or open sea before them lies,
For the spirits touch with chilly hands,
And breathe salt fog before their eyes.

STEVE

ANNE ELEANOR VON HARTEN

Many visitors flock to Harpswell Neck in the summer time; they appropriate the one crooked street, the post-office and the general store; the dock is theirs; the sailing craft riding so gracefully at their moorings, resplendent in their polished mahogany and glittering brass, are theirs; the hotels and the cottages of shingles left to weather a silvery gray like the rocks they are built upon, are theirs. But notwithstanding these extensive possessions, the visitors often intrude themselves inquisitively into the fishermen's huts exclaiming enthusiastically over their quaintness, and expressing a determination to "do" them in charcoal, pastel or water color, as the case may be, and then go away wondering why the humble occupants seemed to resent the honor. In fact, the summer visitors are such an overpowering element that it is only when the first chilly breath of autumn has blown them back to their cities that the perennial inhabitants of the place, birds of a more sombre hue, come into evidence. At such a time one is likely to discover that Steve Toothacre is a pillar of the town.

No man was ever more long and lean and guant than Steve. When standing still in his high rubber boots and ill-fitting clothes his awkward lankiness was almost grotesque and yet there was a free and easy grace about his lithe and powerful movements. From continual exposure his face was as tough and brown as cow's hide and the sun and salt water had so wrought upon his hair that it had no more texture left than the tuft at the end of a cow's tail. The hard lines about his mouth, stern witnesses of hardship and privation, made him seem much older than he really was. He was unusually dignified and grave for one of his years, this air probably being augmented by the habitual sadness of his face or a sort of melancholy common to all people who inhabit the barren coast and wrest a precarious living from the sea. To his regular occupation of deep sea fishing Steve added in the summer time the work of piloting pleasure craft.

Thus it was that Steve became the skipper of the *Constance II*

fifteen years ago. We children cannot remember the time when we did not know him; our earliest memories of vacation time center about him. It was he who guided our childish hands as they grasped the sheet; it was he who initiated us into the mysteries of the tiller and taught us to appreciate an expanse of wave and sky with a stiff breeze blowing. Although we grew with the years in mutual respect and understanding, we conversed very little. There was a shy and primitive reserve about him and no amount of artful suggesting or gentle coaxing would draw him out if he wished to be silent. But when he did speak his voice was very surprising. Instead of being deep and powerful, as one might expect coming from so great a frame, it was high, thin and squeaky. This quality of voice is found in many fishermen of that community and is the result of their calling to each other across long distances when at sea. Their shrill and piercing cries sometimes carry for miles.

When on our many sails Steve's favorite position was in the stern, where he would stretch his lanky self at full length, the personification of careless laziness but with his chin in his hand propped up by his elbow, his face never losing its vigilance, his keen blue eye ever searching the smiling waves for a sign. His look was of one who knew the treachery of the sea but whose daring, tempered with prudence, could conquer any situation. This look always gave us a sense of security in his safe-keeping. But strangers never saw Steve in his inspired moments. He disliked strangers with all his stubborn heart and whenever we took any of them sailing he became morose and irritable. Steve also had a deep aversion for new sails, he was offended by their flashy and impudent whiteness, and so we never had a new sail. Our old one grew dingier and more weather-beaten and finally a gale blew a big hole in it. A white patch appeared, which made the old sail seem blacker and dingier than ever by contrast. Two years later a gale blew a hole in the patch but Steve's ingenuity was a match for the occasion. A small white patch appeared upon the large one, which then seemed a dirty gray. Our neighbors laughingly remarked that soon we would have an artistic scale of color values.

Our peaceful tenor of existence was disturbed one day by two remarkable events. One was that Commander Peary was reported to have discovered the North Pole. The news was telegraphed to our little post-office and three rough fishermen

started out in a pound boat to bear the message to Mrs. Peary, who lives about four miles distant on Eagle Island. The other remarkable event was the disappearance of Steve. We were all the more surprised as our descriptions of the world beyond Harpswell Neck had always failed to move him and he clung to his native rocks as if with a secret insight into Longfellow's sentiment that

“Home-keeping hearts are happiest.”

At the end of a week, however, he returned, with the explanation that he had been to Portland to get his teeth “corked, plugged and varnished.” By degrees it also leaked out that Steve had got himself a wife, no other than Maria, the Pearys' cook! Perhaps the glory that now surrounded the residents of Eagle Island suffused its golden rays even around the cook, making her an extraordinary being in the eyes of Stephen Toothacre. At any rate we all approved highly of Maria and were glad that Steve had someone to keep his little hut neat and homelike for him and sit beside him on the beach among the lobster-traps, where he mended chinks in his fish-nets with a mammoth needle and thread dipped in tar.

The last we saw of Steve was from the deck of the steamer. We were leaving Harpswell and on the dock below us were the upturned faces and floating handkerchiefs of many friends. On the outskirts of the crowd, standing quietly, with Maria beside him and a background of mist, was Steve. No doubt he had come to see us off but he seemed much more interested in the cargo of salted fish. Presently the gang plank was drawn in, the ropes were thrown off, we moved and a sheet of fog closed them all from our view.

Now we sail in different waters and with a new skipper but we have the same boat and the same old sail. Yesterday, when we were returning at sunset from a run to Portsmouth, the new skipper intimated that our sail was very shabby. He knew where we could get a good one. Would we have it? We all looked up at the old sail and smiled at the big gray patch with the white patch upon it, sewed with stitches that resembled nothing so much as hen-scratching. No, we do not want the new sail, at least for a while. Such a work of art is sacred to the past and our old friend Steve.

WHEN YOU PLAY

MARION DELAMATER FREEMAN

I think of cool green shadows of late afternoon
Lying upon the grass,
The sigh of the summer breeze in the swaying tree-tops,
Of wind-blown clouds that pass.

I dream of apple-blossoms 'gainst a deep blue sky,
Of the lilt of bird-song,
And the joyous, rippling laugh of a meadow brook
Winding its way along.

And as I dream, I lose the present's sadness,
Forget to-day is gray,
And deep down in my heart thrills matchless ecstasy,
For joy comes when you play!

THE FEAR OF ABELLINI

MARGARET BLOOM

Robert Moulton leaned back in his chair and leisurely lighted a cigar. We had dined together and had talked of many things. But now I felt the great moment was come, for after a quiet dinner Moulton always had a story to tell and his stories were greatly to my taste.

Moulton sat in silence a few moments watching the smoke curl from his cigar. His delicate face was alight and his well-bred person would not to the average mind suggest his calling, for he was a circus clown.

"Did you ever hear me speak of Rosa Abellini?" asked Moulton. "She was a lion tamer and had three great lions, vicious brutes they were. We called her the 'Great Abellini,' for she did not know fear. I used to watch her for she fascinated me and pretty nearly everyone else, I guess. Fear is a part of man's nature but Abellini did not have it. Her lions cowered at her feet and whined with terror when she punished them. I can see her yet as she stood, a splendid figure, her black eyes gleaming and her lions fawning at her feet.

"There was a young Swede in the circus. He was a carpenter and a good sort of fellow. He never seemed to notice Abel-

lini or to hang around her the way the others did. He went about his business, as stolid a Swede as ever you saw. Pretty soon I saw that Abellini was watching him. It was strange that she should for no human creature was anything to her. She had no friends, no family, yes, even no God.

"This went on for a long time and then I saw a change in Abellini. She trembled when a lion snarled at her and once cried out in terror when a lioness crouched to spring. The lions felt the change and waited their chance. One day all the lions turned on her at once. I was near and with the help of the others got her out unharmed. She was as white and trembling as any woman.

"She sold her lions and gave up her work, for a lion tamer cannot be afraid. I knew she loved the Swede and her love had made her a woman."

Moulton paused as if his story was ended.

"But what of the Swede?" I asked.

"Oh, he never understood," said Moulton. "He was as blind as a bat."

Moulton threw away the stump of his cigar and delicately dusted a few ashes from his sleeve.

"What became of Abellini?" I demanded. "You can't leave her this way. Tell me what became of her."

"Well," said Moulton, "we've come to the point at last." He brushed off some imaginary ashes slowly and carefully. "The truth is," he said apologetically, "Abellini, having forgotten the Swede, is going to marry me at noon to-morrow, and I need a best man."

AN ACHIEVEMENT

MARIE DORIS SCHIPPER GRAFF

Daddy's coming home to-morrow,
Gee, I'm glad, hurrah, hurroo!
Guess he'll think I'm growin' up
When he knows what I can do.
So call me early, don't forget it,
I just wonder what he'll say,
For, you know, I've learned to whistle,
Just since Dad has been away.

LULLABY

(TO F. L. B.)

JEANNE WOODS

The night wind goes flowing so soft and low,
Singing a bedtime song,
And the sharp stars glitter against the blue,
Like diamonds strewn along,
They're the candles, I think, baby angels hold,
All going to bed in a throng.

Their bed is a big, warm, fleecy cloud,
That rests on the winds that blow,
And rocks the baby angels to sleep,
With a motion even and slow.

And now the angels are all asleep,
For their candles are dark on high,
And you, little human child so tired,
Half asleep in the grass you lie,
So we'll light your bedtime candle, too,
And say good-night to the sky.

LIFE

MARTHA EMMA WATTS

Asleep shall I be
When I no more feel
A thrill at the throb in the robin's throat,
Pain at the whip-poor-will's plaintive note,
Yearning to see the dark birds float
Home
'Gainst a blue-breasted sky.

Asleep shall I be,
But now it is sweet
With the softly stirred trees to murmur a sigh,
To yearn to be with the bird in the sky,
To thrill at the call of his mate floating by
Home
'Gainst a blue-breasted sky.

ABOUT COLLEGE

SOMETHING DIFFERENT IN SUITS

ROBERTA FRANKLIN

Personally I don't believe there is such a thing as "something different in suits." It is an elusive but most mysteriously tantalizing will-o'-the-wisp. For weeks I have been going to Springfield every Saturday, my mindfully made up to catch that will-o'-the-wisp and come back with "something different in suits," but so far I am a miserable failure.

The trouble began when I opened my weekly letter from the family and read the sentence, "Now don't get a tailored suit,—get something a little different." I smiled. How nice! for I was tired of tailored suits. I would go right down to Springfield on Saturday to get it.

I did go Saturday—I did not get the suit. I walked into the first shop I saw and asked to look at suits. A most imposing lady in black bore down upon me with an armful of—tailored suits. I smiled patronizingly. "I don't care to look at tailored suits," I said, in my most grown-up tone.

"What do you want, broadcloth, velvet or corduroy?" she asked.

"E—why—ah—yes, no, that is, different, you know, something different." It was funny—I couldn't think exactly *what* was different.

She disappeared and came back in a moment with a brown velvet suit with a yellow and green plush collar. "Very different," she said as she bundled me into the suit. I thought it was.

"But don't you think that yellow plush next to red hair—"

"Beautiful, miss, just grand," she replied, trying to make a button and a button-hole six inches apart meet, "and it just fits, too."

After being forced to look at myself from all sides till my eyes ached with the yellow and red, I at last freed myself of the awful coat and picking up my own, I murmured as I bolted for the door, "An important engagement—I'll be down to-morrow. But then," I thought as I reached the street, "that's only one shop. I don't believe it's a good one, anyway. I'm going to try the one across the street with the adorable purple petticoats in the window." But forewarned is forearmed. When the saleslady came up to me asking what I wanted, I said, "Suits, but nothing tailored—something rather different."

"I have exactly what you want," she said, and left me, happy in the knowledge that I had chosen the right store.

A moment later and she was back, carrying a suit; a perfectly plain coat, not even a bright button on it, and a skirt with one tiny tuck in the front. "Ah, but I want something different—odd—peculiar—striking—you know.

"That's just what this is. Look at that jauntily draped skirt," she said, pointing to the solitary tuck.

"It will not do," I said. I would be firm.

"Well, that's the newest thing we've got—of course if you want something of last year's—" and back she went, returning with a green velvet, trimmed with innumerable glass buttons. It made me dizzy to think of fastening them. "Here is this,—very good-looking but not nearly the style of the suit I showed you," referring to the lone tuck again. I told her I didn't like the buttons. "Everything's buttons this year," she said. Once more she brought me a suit, a mahogany shade. Meekly I offered the opinion that red hair and mahogany clashed. "Everything from Paris is this shade," she replied; but when I saw her diving under the pile of suits on the table for that tucked skirt, I arose.

"I didn't intend to get one to-day, anyway. I shall be down to-morrow," and I left.

Many, many Saturdays I have repeated this performance. The results are always the same. I wrote my family, "I think a girl who spends all her money on clothes is missing a great many things. So I have decided to buy a little Victrola and not get a suit.

Miss Jordan's note: "And I must say that in a campus house even the green suit with glass buttons would be preferred."

ORIGINAL

JULIET STAUNTON

She is battling with her Webster's,
Striving desperately to win,
For the note she would make clever
Must return an Alpha pin.

There's a flower in Field's window
That would do it better far,
But Opinion says she mustn't—
That should be her guiding star.

So she struggles bravely onward,
Thinking, rhyming with great pain,
'Till she ends with an inspired
"Thanking you so much, again!"

TO H. T.

A. LILIAN PETERS

Oh thou so fresh and fair to look upon,
Perfect in form, delight of every eye,
Cheering with radiant promise those who come
And gaze on thee with longing eagerness;
Promise which thou wilt never now fulfill—
What has become of all that freshening glow
Which radiated from thee even now?
Why art thou cold beneath my eager touch,
That burst before my gaze not long ago?
It must not be! My need for thee is great!
Thou'rt manna to my weary, hungry soul—
I cannot live without thee! Come relent
And summon back the warmth that's life to me.
What! No response? No answer to my plea?
Thou wilt not glow again—nor heed my prayers?
Forever then persist in thy decree!
Forever coldly then repel the hand
That seeks Hot Toast!

MY FIRST "SHOWER"

M. McDOWELL

It was not a "handkerchief shower" nor a "dishcloth shower" nor an "egg-beater shower" nor any other kind of a shower directly or indirectly connected with a wedding, and by "directly" I mean when you are the bride, and by "indirectly" I mean when you aren't. It was merely that time-taking, shriek-producing, inevitable complement of "gym," a shower-bath.

I hope that no one will interpret the adjective "first" as meaning that I belong to "the great unwashed," for I have had a large, in fact an almost unlimited experience with baths of many kinds, beginning with that instrument of torture, the daily cold plunge, before which you stand shivering for many minutes, and then, murmuring the fatal words, "One for the money, two for the show," deliberately inflict upon yourself great discomfort, and make the bath-room unnavigable for many who are to come. I also include in my experience many battles with breakers, and peaceful swims in mountain lakes. and that religious rite—and I use the adjective "religious" advisedly, since cleanliness is next to godliness—which used to be held sacred to Saturday night. But throughout all this vast experience, I have always deliberately and carefully avoided the shower-bath. Hence my predominant sensation on learning that what was expected of us from twelve till one on Mondays and Tuesdays, and three to four on Thursdays and Fridays, was not unalloyed bliss.

I marched across the gymnasium floor after my first lesson, with chin proudly erect, shoulders back, and body rigid with a conscious effort to imitate Annette Kellermann. Then I hurried to the basement and after plunging into a number of dressing-rooms that didn't belong to me, and being summarily ejected by the irate and scantily clothed occupants, I at last found my own. My section (Section B) was to take the "shower" first. The words rang ominously in my ears, and something told me that I had better hurry. With energy I fought my way out of my gymnasium suit, struggled with the strings of my shield, and vainly strove to unfasten shoe-lacings that were usually only too apt to become untied at critical moments. In spite of

all my haste the first bell rang before I was ready. Doors opened all along the hall. The slap of unslippered feet sounded on the rubber matting, and then came another bell, a sound of rushing water, and many excited squeals. I was too late for Division B! For a moment hope awoke in me. Perhaps I wouldn't have to take a shower after all. I was, however, doomed to disappointment, for a moment later a knock sounded on my door, and the voice of an instructor, making itself heard above the noise of shrieks and running water, sharply inquired what I was doing. Sullenly I explained that I was "unavoidably detained."

"You may take the shower with A division," she announced cruelly, and with a groan I returned to the task of undressing.

All too soon sounded the second bell. A long line of dripping girls trooped down the hall, and I, tucking my hair under a tight rubber cap, and draping the combination towel and bath robe about me, joined Section A. They were a forlorn-looking collection. Their sheets had been arranged with varied skill, but all could be divided into two general classes, those who sheltered their shoulders at the expense of their legs, and those who, with true early-Victorian modesty, shielded their "limbs" at the expense of their shoulders. All looked cold and miserable. Soon another bell rang, and we fled into the "torture-chambers."

"Enter the shower-room, turn your back to the entrance, remove the sheet, and suspend it from the buttonholes in the upper corners, thus forming a door." The directions were quite clear. Cautiously I backed into the shower, and started to hang up the sheet, but just then there was a sudden rush of water. Blinded, breathless, sputtering, I hunted for those buttonholes, but not a trace of them could be found. To hold up the sheet was a little trying, as I thereby received the full force of the water just at the back of my neck, from which it trickled chillily down my spinal column. That something must be done I plainly realized. I decided to trust to the sheet's staying on the hooks if I twisted it a bit. This seemed practicable, and I stepped back under the shower. A second later the sheet dropped with a thud, and the water streamed out into the corridor. Wildly I seized the now hated thing, and hung it up again, but this time I made no attempt to make it stay of its own accord. I spread myself out crucifix-like against the

dripping expanse, and waited. After an eternity came the signal. Never has and never can Tetrizini's highest, clearest note sound more exquisite to my ears than did that clanging, penetrating, raucous-toned bell. The water diminished to a thin stream, and then finally stopped entirely, and I, with that sensation which Mrs. Ewing describes as the most blessed of all others, relief, wrapped myself up, and shivering, slunk away. It was over!

RULES FOR PACKING AND UNPACKING TRUNKS

NATALIE CARPENTER

I. Find the key. Do this at least two weeks beforehand so that you may have that delightful fore-handed feeling.

II. Drop the key into a jewelry box and pack this well in the bottom of the trunk. This will cause excitement just before you leave and thus prevent you from being homesick.

III. Pack the roll of paper for your bureau drawers in the bottom of your trunk.

IV. Pack the coat to your traveling suit and your veil in the lower tray.

V. Open a bottle of Carbona. Then pack it between that picture of the Elysée Palace Aunt Nell gave you and your new pink evening gown. This will probably serve to break the picture frame and save you the trouble of hanging the picture.

VI. Leave out of the trunk your opera boots, dictionary and all of your music. This makes a nice little package for you to carry and gives you a sort of nonchalant air as you board the train.

RULES FOR UNPACKING

I. Place your trunk in the narrowest part of the hall.

II. Take out all the trays and arrange them in a perfect hexagon around you.

III. Get the paper for your bureau drawers from the bottom of the trunk. This saves a great amount of work as it exposes almost everything in the bottom of the trunk thus allowing you to get things more easily.

IV. Dump the top tray out on your bed.

V. Go down to Beckman's for an ice.

HEARD ON THE TAR WALK

REALIZED LONGINGS

At last the first half-year is o'er,
The taxi's waiting at the door,
The girls are rushing to and fro,
It's Christmas time, I'd have you know.

To Lilly, College, Seelye, all,
They wave farewell to every hall.
To McCallum's, Kingsley's and Niquette's,
They sigh and wish they'd paid their debts.

And so they clatter down the street,
A thrill runs through from head to feet,
They know they're going home to-day,
They intimate they're home to stay.

The trains puff in, and then pull out,
Bearing the girls along their route,
They realize it is no myth,
Vacation has begun for Smith.

JULIA TANDY 1917.

ALAS!

Sunset, star, and moonlight night,
Winter's leaden skies,
Blush on maiden's cheek so bright,
Tears in maiden's eyes ;
Summer, sailing, mermaids, seas,
Woodland melody—
A wealth of poetry lies in these,
A wealth—but not for me !

My mind must dwell on sterner things,
A rocky road tread I
And dare not heed the bird that sings
The rose of sunset sky ;
The path where errant laughter plays
No longer beckons me ;
I think of nothing nowadays
Except my English C.

ADELAIDE HEILBRON 1915.

THE RECENT EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS

Written with the assistance of Professor Churchill.

During November the college was very much interested in an exhibition of paintings at the Hillyer Art Gallery loaned through the courtesy of the Worcester Art Museum. At present a fine collection of prints from the Congressional Library at Washington is on view. These two exhibitions are but the beginning of a series to be offered by the Art Department during the college year. We may expect two more exhibitions of paintings and three of color prints, etchings and other material. These exhibitions are very significant in the history of the Art Museum. It means that new life will constantly be brought in and that the educational value of the college art collection will be ever on the increase. It is hoped that these exhibitions will be of interest to people in and round about Northampton.

In the summer four pictures were sent to the Albright Museum in Buffalo. It is gratifying to know that they were given places of honor and to hear that splendid things were said of them. Since the Hillyer Art Gallery is in a position to return the compliment, it can ask the loan of pictures from other collections.

The November exhibition, though small, showed the work of six prominent American artists.

"Winter Morning," a charming study in greens and reds, was by Childe Hassam of New York, the most characteristic representative of modern Impressionism in the United States. A girl in a blue-green kimono sits peeling an orange before a large studio window. Out of the window in bewildering perspective through a thin film of muslin curtains, a typical New York horizon can be seen. The atmosphere possesses an electric vitality, a piquant spiciness, characteristic of the painter. We are led at once to a comparison with the two of his pictures in our gallery. These two pictures have the same exhilarating tang. Hassam's individuality is too strong to allow of his being thought of as a servile imitator, yet his vision and his technical methods are distinctly a part of the French Impressionist movement.

Of these pictures perhaps the least interesting to most of us was the "American Girl," a delicate harmony in grey and lavender by J. Alden Weir. Nevertheless the subject is charming and her charm seems to lie in her spirituality.

"The Girl Playing Solitaire," by Frank Benson, was disappointing. At first it attracted the eye more than any other painting in the room, but it failed to hold the interest. This may have been due to its one-sided color harmony. The yellow and grey needed something for contrast, perhaps a violet note. The yellow could, then, have been more subdued without appearing less brilliant.

"Sally," a portrait of the young daughter of the artist, Joseph DeCamp, was a general favorite. It is a fine direct piece of painting done by a good draughtsman, yet we expect something more from the truest art. This painting was a shade too photographic in quality, and possibly too obvious to retain its hold on the imagination.

Mary Cassatt, who, though an American woman, is one of the most prominent of French Impressionists, was represented in this exhibit. "Mother and Child" is light in key and the technique is of the same general type as that of "Winter Morning." It seems to have been painted in shreds and patches of pure color. Miss Cassatt shows a remarkable knowledge of child psychology in her work. Indeed in this painting, the climax of the whole is the child's head, so true and fine and yet so inscrutable in its expression. It is to be regretted that as yet Smith College owns nothing from the brush of this artist.

The gem of the exhibition was generally considered to be "The Venetian Blind," by Edmund C. Tarbell. The Venetian sumptuousness of color, the rich, full and varied technique, makes it seem as if the brush had "changed," as Fromentin says, "with the different emotions of the painter." It is this variety that makes the picture ever charming—the patina of the wood in the antique sofa, the softness of the robe, the rounded beauty of the form, the fluffiness of the hair, the whole body supple and flexible, and yet firm and solid. President Seelye characterized the picture as "romantic," a peculiarly happy adjective. No realistic study this, but a breath from an uncommonplace world. To try to visualize what DeCamp would have done with the same subject is an interesting feat of the imagination. We have in our own permanent collection the "Blue Bowl" and a portrait of President Seelye, both

by Tarbell and considered by the artist to rank among his best works.

Perhaps the most interesting and instructive feature of this exhibition was the opportunity it gave us to compare the pictures loaned to us with our own. Beautiful as some of the former are, they helped to give us an increased sense of the qualities of those in our own collection.

DOROTHY LILIAN SPENCER 1914.

ONCE UPON A TIME

The dragon is fast asleep,
Saint George nods by the fire.
The holly glows upon the wall,
It's "O my heart's desire."

Fun and frolic and singing,
Dawn, and the chimes', sweet ringing,
For it's Christmas day,
And the world is gay.
A red star in the east is swinging.

It's Topsy Parson and boar's head
Apples and cider wine.
It's mistletoe and Yule logs,
That make the night divine.

The waits stand out in the snow,
And they swing their lanterns bright.
The waits stand three in a row,
And they carol, Heart's Delight !

Fun and frolic and singing,
Dawn, and the chimes' clear ringing,
For it's Christmas day,
And the world is gay !
Down the road, we all go swinging !

DOROTHY HOMANS 1917.

WHO KNOWS ?

If I get B in English A,
And C in English B,
And D in English C—I may
Rewrite my English D.

MARIE D. GRAFF 1915.

SENIOR DRAMATICS

A Conversation with a Visiting Aunt

"My dear, I have always heard that Smith girls dress in a rather extreme and extravagant fashion but I am glad to see that the report is quite unfounded. When we were walking in the neighborhood of the excavations this afternoon I noticed at least ten girls wearing plain white shirt waists and exceedingly full dark skirts."

"Yes, Aunt, a great many of the seniors have adopted that costume lately. You see, when you are trying for dramatics you have to wear bloomers and of course that does tend to make one's skirt rather full."

"What are senior dramatics?"

"Why, every year the senior class gives a play; at least they usually do. This year it is not a play but an achievement."

"What do you mean by an achievement?"

"I don't know. But the other classes think that the seniors know, and the seniors think that the committee know, and as for the committee, no one knows what they think about anything."

"What is the committee?"

"The committee is what Dr. Gardiner calls the 'sine qua non.' You might have dramatics without the cast, you might even have them without Shakespeare, but you could not have them without the committee."

"What does the committee do?"

"Oh, in the spring they really work very hard, but in the fall they haven't much to do; they simply have trials every Wednesday and Saturday afternoons from two to six."

"Trials of what?"

"Trials of the committee's imperturbability. You see the essential quality in a committee member is the power to conceal her thoughts and feelings and of course it does require considerable training to overcome the practice in self-expression which we have had during the past three years in aesthetic dancing, class-meetings and English C. So the committee have to be trained to conceal their feelings and it takes the whole class to train them. The committee sits in a semi-circle in the big hall in the Students' Building and the members of the class come in one by one and try in a four-minute 'stunt' to make

the committee either laugh or cry. If they succeed they are asked to give the committee another trial, and if on the fourth trial the committee still laugh, then that person gets a part in the play."

"Are people anxious for parts? Are the parts good ones?"

"Oh, they are wonderful! They demand the best that there is in you, particularly what Miranda calls 'imagination, the pearl in my crown.' They give opportunity for so much originality, too. There is one line of Prospero's for instance, 'Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing-lakes and groves,'—you would scarcely believe the number of different ways in which that line can be said. And all the parts are full of action, especially Ariel: 'Where the cowslips, there slip I.'"

"What is this remarkable play that seems to have caused such a commotion in the college as a whole and in the senior class in particular?"

"It has a very appropriate name: it is called 'The Tempest.'"

MARGARET LOUISE FARRAND 1914.

IN THE ART GALLERY

There are heroes all around me,
But they're plaster casts and still,
They're not a bit congenial.
And they seem so stiff and chill.

I almost wish they'd come to life
But second thoughts reprove—
I cannot draw them as they are
And what if they should move!

HAZEL WYETH 1916.

EDITORIAL

"An editorial about Christmas!"—echoed our solicitous inquirer in a tone of blank surprise and disapproval, and then apologetically, "oh, of course that's very lovely. But isn't it a bit trite, my dear, just a bit trite. It's been done so often, you know. Now why not deal with 'the ethical standards of college life' or even—" in a glow of inspiration as she launched on her pet theme, "'is man the intellectual equal of—'" But we had retreated hurriedly and thankfully into undisturbed editorial imaginings of our own. For who can think of logical treatises when the mystical, sweet fragrance of the Christmas spirit is already casting an elusive glamour over even the most commonplace of ideas and we are already athrill to the first softly whispering breath of mysteries to be fathomed and hopes fulfilled.

And Christmas trite? We have been two thousand years trying to express even a shade of that infinite spirit of selfless love and we have had but a glimpse of the surface of its unfathomable deeps. Christmas trite! it's only our repeated failure to catch a little more fully the spirit of its message that is trite.

But we can't escape it—this wave of joy and thankfulness that engulfs the world. Some of us think we would be Scrooges, but we can't. For the beauty of Christmas is that there is always some little "Tiny Tim" of a thought or an act that comes out to us where we think we are impregably barricaded on our lonely desert isle and our fortress of selfishness and brooding melts before it like mist before the sun.

Yes, it's joy that is round about us everywhere—and joy for a reason. We used to think it was Christmas because the shop windows were bright and the air was crispy and the snow sang under our feet as we ran along, and because there were gifts

and feasting and red ribbon and holly and lighted tapers and carols in the dusk. And our little Australian Editor's Table says Christmas still brings memories of the heavy, sweet odor of tropical flowers and the copper glaring sunshine and garlands and armsful of nodding yellow bush flowers and children running, singing through the dusk of midsummer Christmas eve and the mysterious wavering flare of lights in the starry sky—the reflections of the December bush fires of the plains. But it is the same Christmas, the same spirit of love and unselfishness that spells happiness. And the season is just a background and the customs are mere symbols,—our inarticulate strivings to express our overflowing gratitude.

Perhaps, during the year we have grown thoughtless of others. We have been engrossed in our own lives because the rewards have come richly upon us, or maybe because they have seemed to be withheld from us. In either case it has been so easy to be unmindful of our neighbor in the street. But now we must turn back to buy a bunch of partridge berries from the little, bent, old lady who, day after day, has stood peering out with dim, wistful eyes from the sheltered corner of the great morose building at the hurrying streams of passers-by. And the little boy whom we saw standing with his face pressed against the glass looking longingly at the prancing tin reindeer in the shop window runs home in breathless joy, his treasure hugged tight in his arms. And we stop in our haste to help the timid, tottering old man in his fruitless efforts to secure his fluttering plaid tippet more firmly about his neck and to guide him over an especially slippery bit of sidewalk. And we pause to send a fleeting smile up into the hard face of the stiff black figure standing so alone at the step of her waiting machine but who has turned to gaze with mute yearning into the flowing stream of happy careless faces crowding close around her.

Yes, that is what Christmas means—our reawakening to a truer sympathy for others, a desire to make everyone a sharer in the happiness of the world. Our gifts are not mere bits of silk or silver but they are the carrier pigeons bearing messages of hope and joy and love. We may all give as lavishly as we will of these treasures. And may each one of us this happy holiday season become so filled with its spirit that it will abide with us the whole year through.

EDITOR'S TABLE

The scientist always aims to express his knowledge of phenomena in terms of measurement. He is not satisfied with the statement that water is composed of two elements, hydrogen and oxygen, but he must know the proportion existing between their ultimate molecules. To help him to his exact knowledge he has five instruments of great precision : the metric scale, the thermometer, the barometer, the microscope and the spectroscope. With these he strives for objective expression, in exact words of measurement. But in the arts, where expression is of an individual or subjective nature, there is always a great temptation to depart from the accuracy of science. Such words as *humor*, *tragedy*, and *romance* have a different connotation for every writer and every reader, because definition, the great instrument for artistic precision has not been applied. Sometimes a great man makes the application and with it a permanent discrimination. Here lies the value of Coleridge's distinction between imagination and fancy. Of course we can not all be Coleridges and we can not expect to pass on to others every idea exactly as it impresses us, but we can at least be sure of what we ourselves intend by our words, and that the intention corresponds to the fact.

The most severe criticism made upon us by competent judges both within the college and without, has been upon our lack of accuracy. In technical and industrial schools accuracy has to be the foundation of all training. The products of the students may or may not be artistic or interesting, but they must be exact. Mechanical drawings and business letters must convey correct information in the fewest possible lines. But in a college of liberal arts there are comparatively few courses that constantly require such accurate observation and strict conformity to fact. So we tend to become lax along these lines, and lose one of the dearest assets of both science and art.

Our indiscriminate exaggeration dependent on a few over-worked expressions hardly needs to be pointed out. It is only too evident to all who have ears to hear. Our inaccuracy of scholarship is perhaps less glaring than our indiscriminate vocabulary, but it is nevertheless a deep seated flaw. There is always the ready reproach of spelling. But beneath this lies a careless mental attitude in a great part of our work. We slip over geographical, mythological and historical references with the easy consciousness that we knew such things existed and are content with that. We have absolutely no conception of the number and variety of dictionaries and encyclopædias at our disposal for just such occasions. We confuse terms. We draw what we think we should see under the microscope without regard for what is actually there. It must be obvious that no matter how many instruments of precision are placed in our libraries and laboratories, we shall not profit by them until we have secured an accurate mental attitude.

R. C.

In the college magazines for November there is a great deal of verse that we may term fairly good, but only a small quantity that we may call excellent or even fairly *good*. Many of the stories this month are extremely interesting; many, however, are rather poor, and after reading them we turn with relief to the essays and more serious articles. Of these there are not many, but they are of a high quality.

The *Wesleyan Literary Monthly* contains several good essays. "Robert Bridges" is a well written article concerning the new poet laureate of England and his poetry. The statements made are not exactly flattering to him, but they are very fair in spite of the fact that the author of this essay is evidently not a devotee of Dr. Bridges'. Another essay of interest is called "Savonarola, the Reformer." It is concise and clear, giving one in a few words an idea of the spirit of the time and also of Savonarola's influence over the people of Florence. "Stevenson's Foundation in Learning" is an ambitious essay from an unusual point of view, and is evidently based upon a careful study of some of Stevenson's works. But do people really think of Stevenson merely as the "artistic exponent of optimism?" Even if they do, is it not because optimism as an important factor in his life is reflected in his writings so that it becomes very evident? Do not people take for granted Stevenson's

learning, and think nothing of it while enjoying his books? We raise these questions merely as suggestions, with no intention of criticising harshly; we hearken to the plea of A. N. Onymous in "Prima Verba" of the *Randolph Macon Monthly*.

"This is *our* book, *our* prose, *our* verse,
Remember this, they might be worse."

In the *Minnesota Magazine*, "The Realistic Tendency in Modern Fiction" contains a great deal of truth. We hope, however, that modern fiction is not in quite such a bad state as this writer seems to believe. That would be indeed deplorable.

"William Blake" in the *Wells College Chronicle* is an essay that is admirably planned, as is also "Alice Meynell" in the *Trinity College Record*. They are both very interesting.

In the *Clark College Monthly* "As a Man Thinketh" raises the question "What shall we do with our slums?" The writer suggests no remedy for existing conditions, but in the space of a few pages he states forcefully some of the main problems.

There is one essay of importance in the *Harvard Monthly*, "The Ancient Theme." There is also in this magazine a review of John Galsworthy's "The Dark Flower," which is interesting in connection with an article on "John Galsworthy" in the *Normal College Echo*. The latter speaks of Galsworthy as a poet and a reformer, with reference to the problems presented in his plays, and to his poetry and prose. The former concerns, of course, only his latest book, "The Dark Flower," and the writer takes the point of view that "out of epic material . . . an expert craftsman has evolved a loose, disunified, but sporadically charming result."

D. O.

AFTER COLLEGE

SENIOR DRAMATICS 1914

1914 presents "The Tempest."

Applications for Senior Dramatics for June 11 and 12, 1914, should be sent to the General Secretary at 184 Elm Street, Northampton. Alumnæ are urged to apply for the Thursday evening performance if possible, as Saturday evening is not open to alumnæ, and there will probably not be more than one hundred tickets for Friday evening. Each alumna may apply for not more than one ticket for Friday evening; extra tickets may be requested for Thursday. No deposit is required to secure the tickets, which may be claimed on arrival in Northampton from the business manager in Seelye Hall. In May all those who have applied for tickets will receive a request to confirm the applications. Tickets will then be assigned only to those who respond to this request. The prices of the seats will range on Thursday evening from \$1.50 to \$.75 and on Friday from \$2.00 to \$.75. The desired price of seats should be indicated in the application. A fee of ten cents is charged to all non-members of the Alumnæ Association for the filing of the application and should be sent to the General Secretary at the time of application.

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be addressed to Eloise Schmidt, Gillett House, Northampton, Massachusetts.

1908. Rose Dudley is Professor of Physics and Geology at the Illinois Woman's College, Jacksonville, Illinois.

Besse Mitchell is teaching in the High School at New Milford, Connecticut.

Margaret C. Rice is assisting Miss Amy Sacker in her School of Design, 739 Boylston Street, Boston.

Elizabeth Seeber is teaching German in the Newton High School, New York City. Address: 62 Montague Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Florence Thomas has announced her engagement to John Harvey Dingle.

Charlotte Wiggin is a Montessori teacher in Litchfield, Connecticut.

ex-'08. Bertha Shepard is Printing Agent for the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston. Address: 8 Ash Street, Danvers, Massachusetts.

'11. Alice Brown. Address: 2271 Parkwood Avenue, Toledo, Ohio.

Jane Donnegan is teaching in Scranton, Pennsylvania.

Harriet Ellis is teaching in Somerville, Massachusetts.

Josephine Fowler is teaching in the Hitchcock Free Academy, Brimfield, Massachusetts.

Helen French is at home, studying Domestic Science.

Mollie Hanson is teaching English in the High School at Dedham, Massachusetts, and is Alumnæ Editor of the *Sigma Kappa Triangle National Quarterly*.

Clara Heyman is doing volunteer social service work in Detroit, Michigan.

Anna Isabel Hunt is Extension and Membership Secretary in the Young Women's Christian Association at Jackson, Michigan.

Marjorie Kilpatrick is doing settlement work at the Neighborhood Settlement House at Bound Brook, New Jersey.

Lila King is Preceptress in the High School at Knoxboro, New York.

Else Kohlberg has announced her engagement to Dr. Branch Craige of El Paso, Texas. The marriage will take place in January.

Merle Shidler has returned from a two months' visit in California.

Harriet Smith. Address: 1316 Monroe Street, Northwest, Washington, District of Columbia.

Rebecca Smith. Address: 4920 Greenwood Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Margaret Townsend is taking a course in Shorthand and Typewriting.

Freda Gertrude von Sothen is teaching Mathematics in the High School at Pleasantville, New York.

Louise Wallace is teaching in Bluefield, West Virginia.

'12. Mrs. A. O. Andersson (Ruth H. Harper). Address: 3734 McKinney Avenue, Dallas, Texas.

Katharine Bradbury is taking a graduate course in Household Economics at Simmons.

Frances Carpenter is doing secretarial work for her father.

Isabelle Cook is chairman of the Department of Public Safety of the Civic Club of Portland, Maine.

Harriet Codding has announced her engagement to Wellwood Hugh Maxwell.

Margaret Doyle is teaching in the English Department of the Technical High School of Fall River, Massachusetts.

- '12. Helen Forbes is doing club work among department-store girls in St. Louis.

Elsie Fredriksen is reporting for the *Utica Press*.

Ruth Lawrence is student secretary for King's Chapel in Boston.

Gwendolen Lowe is teaching at Miss Finch's School in New York.

Mary Nickerson is doing social service work in the Orthopedic Outpatient Department of the Massachusetts General Hospital.

Louise Pickell is studying at the Sargent School of Gymnastics in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Arline Rorke is teaching in the High School Department at the George Junior Republic, Freeville, New York.

Matilda Vanderbeek is tutoring two little girls on a cattle ranch, sixty miles from Silver City, Mexico.

Margaret Wood is teaching in the Eleanor Miller School of Expression, in Pasadena, California.

Correction: Ruth Lewin has announced her engagement to Graham Foster of New York City.

Ruth Paine has announced her engagement to John Henry Blodgett.

- '13. Margaret Adler is studying at Columbia University and doing practical work in a club for the study of social work.

Phebe Arbuckle has a fellowship for training in social work at the College Settlement in Philadelphia. Address: 502 South Front Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Avis Canfield is taking a secretarial course at Simmons. Address: Stuart Club, 102 Fenway, Boston, Massachusetts.

Katherine Carr is student worker in the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston. She is also taking a course in Stenography at Simmons.

Florence Dale is studying Domestic Science and Music at the University of Minnesota. Address: Kappa Kappa Gama House, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Hazel Deyo is correspondent for the *New York Journal*.

Elizabeth MacFarland and Lucia Smith are teaching in a Sugar Plantation Camp School on the Island of Main, Hawaiian Islands. Address: Camp 1, Puunene, Main, Territory of Hawaii.

Mary Worthen is at home in Hanover, New Hampshire.

Gladys Wyman is taking special courses at Bryant and Stratton's Commercial School in Boston.

MARRIAGES

- '04. Anne Gregory to James Watts Young, November 5, 1913. Address: 99 Claremont Avenue, New York.
- '08. Mabel Boardman to Robert Weyburn Laylin. Address: 2096 Summit Street, Columbus, Ohio.
- Elizabeth Evelyn Enright to Julian Ira Lindsay. Address: 446 South Union Street, Burlington, Vermont.
- Katherine Clara Kerr to Herbert Alexander Crowder, June 24, 1913.
- '10. Alice May Otman to Gilbert R. Baumbach, October 15, 1913. Address: 114 High Street, Peoria, Illinois.
- '11. Helen Ames to Earl Morton Fischer, September 10, 1913.
- '12. Gladys Cherryman to Howard Tilghman, October 29, 1913.
- Gladys Crowley to Dr. Fergus Almy Butler, November 3, 1913.
- Gertrude Lake to Clinton Merrick, November 27, 1913.

BIRTHS

- '99. Mrs. Roland Rogers Cutler (Mary E. Goodnow), a son, Edward Roland, born September 6, 1913.
- '02. Mrs. Charles S. Fallows (Eda Bruna), a daughter, Elizabeth Bruna, born October 31, 1913.
- '05. Mrs. Paul L. Kirby (Inez Barclay), a son, Paul Franklin, born August 10, 1913.
- '07. Mrs. G. Houston Burr (Muriel Robinson), a daughter, Muriel, born September 27, 1913.
- '08. Mrs. John Benjamin Porteous (Edith Frances Libby), a daughter, Frances Swasey, born June 25, 1913.
- Mrs. Henry Wood Shelton (Dorothy Camp), a son, John Sewall, born September 2, 1913.
- Mrs. Neil Dow Stanley (A. Florence Keene), a son, Herbert Neil, born July 23, 1913.
- Mrs. Silas Snow (Frances Ward Clary), a son, Davis Watson.
- ex-'08. Mrs. Clarence Arthur Mayo (Marjorie Chase Robinson), a son, Clarence Arthur, born September 2, 1913.
- '10. Mrs. John M. Ely (Jessie Laurel Sullivan), a daughter, Laurel Elizabeth, born June 12, 1913.
- Mrs. E. K. Swift (Katherine Whitin), a daughter, Elizabeth Robinson, born June 8, 1913.
- Mrs. C. Warren (Margaret Cushman), a son, John Cushman, born August 13, 1913.

Mrs. C. N. Waldron (Dorothy Waterman), a son, William Augustus, born August 1, 1913.

'11. Mrs. William J. Best (Flora Ray), a daughter, Mary Best, born September 23, 1913.

Mrs. Alfred L. Clifton (Gladys Burgess), a daughter, Margaret Lee, born October 21, 1913.

Mrs. Maurice Bower Saul (Adele Scott), a son, Maurice Bower, born June 17, 1913.

Mrs. Quincy W. Wales (Isabel Guilbert), a son, Guilbert Quincy, born November 18, 1913.

Mrs. Richard Chute Potter (Bertha Bodwell), a son, Richard Chute, born November 21, 1913.

ex-'11. Mrs. Arthur Curtis Judd (Edith Henley), twins, Estelle and Robert, born in October, 1913.

ex-'12. Mrs. Jamison Handy (Ethel Tremaine), a daughter, Chaillé, born June 27, 1913.

Mrs. W. Pearce Raynor (Nelle Tyler), a daughter, Helen Edwards, born May 19, 1913.

Mrs. Raymond Varney (Mary Adams), a son, Burton Adams, born June 16, 1913.

CALENDAR

December 17. Oratorio, "The Messiah."

" 20. Group Dance.

" 23-January 2. Christmas Vacation.

" 10. Group Dance.

Tyler House Reception.

" 14. Fourth Concert in the Smith College Concert

Course. Fritz Kreisler.

The
Smith College
Monthly

January - 1914

Owned and Published by the Senior Class

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Entered at the Post Office at Northampton, Massachusetts, as second class matter
Gazette Printing Company, Northampton, Mass.

THE
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

VOL. XXI

JANUARY, 1914

No. 4

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SHAKSPERE'S SUBSTITUTES FOR SCENERY*

DOROTHY OCHTMAN

At the present time we are so accustomed to the use of scenery in our theatres that a play almost wholly devoid of any accompanying scenery is practically unheard of. Probably the sole examples of this on the modern stage are the plays given by the Ben Greet Players, and the majority of people prefer a play of Shakspeare's that is staged with beautiful scenery to one that is presented with little scenery in the Elizabethan manner. We enjoy the gorgeous scenic effects; mere physical beauty appeals to us for its own sake, and we need make no intellectual effort, but simply enjoy what we see and hear.

* EDITOR'S NOTE. This essay received the prize for 1913 offered by Mr. H. H. Furness to the juniors of Smith College for the best essay on the specified Shakspearean subject.

The attitude of people, however, toward plays and stage-settings was different in Shakspeare's day. Critics tell us that practically nothing that we would term scenery was used at the time, and probably had never been used on the English stage. For indoor scenes some furniture was used, but there was very little in the way of painted scenery such as we have on the stage to-day, and the audience was apparently satisfied with this, for plays were well attended. To one for the first time introduced to this subject, it seems hardly probable that an Elizabethan audience that had never known scenery should need a substitute for it, so why should we look for anything of the sort in Shakspeare's plays? It is, however, possible that people did not feel the lack of scenery for the very reason that its place was filled by some means within the matter of the plays themselves. Before the truth of this may be determined, it is necessary to consider in what the various functions of scenery consist.

The most obvious use of scenery is that of making plays seem more real. A king and his court seem natural and life-like when surrounded by the splendor of a palace, and robbers in the woods are more like real brigands when seen in their accustomed haunts. There is no doubt but that good scenery adds greatly to a play by making it more actual and real in the minds of those in the audience. Poor scenery, on the other hand, takes away from the effect of the play, because discrepancies of any sort distract the attention of the audience. If scenic effects had been attempted in the theatres of London at the time of Shakspeare, it is highly probable that the result would not have been particularly good. A play of Shakspeare's presented in the Globe Theatre with such scenery as could be commanded at the time would have been very like that given by Bottom and his fellows before Theseus in "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," though it could hardly have been so enjoyably ludicrous. One would hardly care to see the rest of "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" presented in this way. But with beautiful scenery, such as we are able to have now, plays are apparently more real to us than they are with none at all.

Good scenery, also, appeals to the sense of beauty possessed by those in the audience, so that the play as a whole is much more impressive than it would be without scenery. Theatrical managers take advantage of this fact in producing plays and

one will generally find the most beautiful scenery where it will either strengthen some weak portion of a play or make a climax more powerful by appealing to the æsthetic consciousness of those in the audience. This, and the fact that scenery makes a play seem real, are the most important functions of scenery, and they are both large factors in the success of a play.

Taking into consideration these advantages of having scenery, one readily sees that a play given without it, as in the time of Shakspeare, must necessarily lose a great deal of its charm and perhaps even of its power, if there were nothing to take the place of scenery. And that there are in Shakspeare's plays certain definite means by which the functions of scenery are performed, is evident even to a reader of Shakspeare who cannot profess to be a critic. These things that, in conjunction with the imagination of the audience, form substitutes for scenery, were possibly never brought into the plays by Shakspeare for this purpose. Whether he did so or not is indeed a fact of very little importance here. These substitutes for scenery are of two varieties, those that aid people to imagine the scenery of the plays, and those that take the place of scenery by their appeal to the æsthetic sense of the audience. Of course the audience that we are to consider here must be as far as possible an Elizabethan one, and not a typical audience of to-day.

The means by which people are helped to imagine the scenery are various. The one occurring most universally in Shakspeare's plays is the picture quality of the words and speeches. Elegant and stately language, long, flowery speeches, gracious compliments, and epithets such as "Your Majesty" and "My Lord," all indicate scenery such as a king's court would have, and influence each person in the audience to picture the scene for himself with practically no conscious effort. In the same way, scenes of battlefield, of the army in camp, in taverns, or in the streets of Rome, all tend to imply their accompanying scenery by the very words and speeches characteristic of the place. This means by which scenery is supplied is to be found throughout all of Shakspeare's plays, early plays as well as late, so that it would necessitate needless repetition to take this up in each play.

It is principally in the historical plays and in "Cymbeline," "King Lear," "Hamlet," "The Winter's Tale," "Macbeth" and "Antony and Cleopatra" that substitutes for court scenery

are required. "King Henry VIII" opens with a scene in an ante-chamber in the palace. The audience is of course informed by means of placards or something of the sort that the scene takes place there, but there is no actual scenery to make it appear real. The speeches of the Duke of Norfolk and Buckingham, however, with their easy grace and sometimes elaborate use of metaphor, serve at once to put the audience in sympathy with the scene and aid them to imagine the richness of the palace for a background. The effect is heightened by the use of titles when near the end of the scene Buckingham is arrested with these words :

"My Lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king."

The greater part of the scenery throughout the play is of the same character, and substitutes take its place in a like manner. "King Richard II" opens in much the same way that "King Henry VII" does ; the audience is immediately given the setting of the play. In this play the speeches of the characters are often extremely long—so long that they would never be tolerated upon the stage to-day, except perhaps in Germany. But in Shakspeare's time, these long and often intricate speeches with their abundant use of metaphor and picturesque words served to take the place of the gorgeous scenery that accompanies plays that are presented now. In "King Richard III" most of the speeches are shorter than in "King Richard II," but they form substitutes for scenery in no less measure. In this play the frequent repetition of significant words or phrases strengthens the speeches and makes them forceful as well as elaborate, as befits the language of the court. In both parts of "King Henry IV," the scenes in the palace and in the houses of nobles are much more effective by reason of contrast with scenes in the street and tavern. The audience is refreshed by the change from scenes of one type to those of another so distinctly different, and because of increased interest in the play, is more ready to imagine the scenery. In "Hamlet," "Cymbeline," "The Winter's Tale," and the historical plays "King Henry V" and "King Henry IV," the scenery of the palace or court is supplied in much the same way as in these other plays. In "Macbeth" and "King Lear" the action is rapid and there

is less to take the place of scenery in the court scenes. Where the characters are so strong as to dominate a scene and hold the attention of the audience completely, the scene seems real and there is less need for scenery than if this were otherwise. "Antony and Cleopatra" contains few substitutes for Cleopatra's palace. Reference to the Nile and Egypt frequently remind the audience that the scene is laid in such a place, but these references are too few to create a definite picture in the minds of those in the audience, especially an audience that has never seen Egypt and in all probability heard little of it.

Very similar to the way in which court scenery is represented is that belonging to the houses of noblemen and wealthy people. The greater part of the scenes in "Twelfth Night" takes place in the house of Olivia and in that of the Duke of Illyria. The speeches in these scenes are much simpler than those in the court scenes of the historical plays, so that they imply less in the way of elaborate scenery. There are, however, the unmistakable traces of the nobility of the personages, to be found in their courtly manner of speaking and the deference of their retinue to "My Lord" or "My Lady." This lends the background for the action and takes the place of scenery to some extent. The scenes in Olivia's house in which Sir Toby and Sir Andrew first appear, would seem to require the scenery of an inn or tavern rather than that of a house. But the audience is reminded that these do belong in Olivia's house from the frequent reference to her, and later on in the play Olivia appears in the same scenes that Sir Toby and Sir Andrew do. In "The Taming of the Shrew," the scenery for the houses of Baptista and Petruchio is suggested by the wealth and prosperity evident from the speeches and general character of the scenes. This is the case also in "The Merchant of Venice." Here the audience is led to expect that Portia's house is sumptuously furnished from Bassanio's description of her in a scene prior to the first that is laid in her house. Very like this in "The Taming of the Shrew" is the way in which Baptista's wealth and position are given in the scenes preceeding that which takes place in his house, so that the audience may imagine a house suitable even before the scene itself is presented. The scenery belonging to houses of Dukes and Lords of wealth and renown is represented in a like manner in many of the plays.

There are few plays in which the life of the middle class is

set forth. Probably the people of these classes, who, we are told, made up the greater part of the audience typical of the theatres of Shakspeare's time, preferred, on the whole, plays of some other variety. At any rate, it was the fashion among playwrights to portray the life of the nobility rather than that of the common people. Shakspeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor" is the only one of his plays that deals entirely with middle-class life. The substitutes for scenery for the houses are, however, of the same nature as those in "Romeo and Juliet" or "Othello." From the speeches of the characters and the language they use, the audience recognizes the type of people and imagines their surroundings. The audience probably does this the more readily because scenes of this kind would be most familiar to an Elizabethan audience. Closely allied to the scenery of "Merry Wives of Windsor" is that of the tavern scene in the first part of "King Henry IV." Falstaff and Poins appear first with Prince Henry in a room in a palace and there is here almost nothing to take the place of scenery. From the speeches of Falstaff and Poins one would scarcely expect the scene to be laid in a palace, while on the other hand the atmosphere of the tavern is also lacking. An audience would not be likely to know from the scene itself where it was supposed to take place. And this is of very little importance; the main interest of the scene is in the characters and in what they say and plan to do. In Act II scene 1, however, which represents an inn-yard, and in the scenes which take place in the Boar's Head Tavern, substitutes for scenery are to be found in the speeches, whose wordings and subject matter are both characteristic of the place and powerful in producing the imagery which causes the audience to imagine scenery.

We must now turn to scenes which may be somewhat unpleasant, but fortunately there are few of them. These are prison scenes which are to be found in "Measure for Measure," "The Two Noble Kinsmen" and "Cymbeline." Very little scenery is needed for a prison; perhaps the less there is the better, and there is little here to indicate scenery. The general attitude of the prisoners or their desire to be free, occupies the undivided attention of the audience. This is true also with scenes laid in the Tower of London, though that is no ordinary prison. People of London are, almost without exception, familiar with the Tower and know of the mysteries and horrors

connected with it. The scenes in the Tower in "King Richard III" need no scenery to make them more real. There are continual references to the Tower through the whole play, and its gloom penetrates scenes that do not take place there. In those that do, the sympathy of the audience is excited for the unfortunate ones imprisoned there to a degree that could not be greatly heightened by the effect of scenery. The scenes are real as they are, for their very bareness is characteristic of the prison.

Other places where scenery is required are the cells of friars, monasteries and nunneries such as are to be found in "Measure for Measure" and in "Romeo and Juliet." Speeches that are easily recognized as typically those of friars or nuns help to carry out the idea of austerity and simplicity that is usually connected with them and the places in which they live. Very different is the scene at the church at the supposed burial of Hero in "Much Ado About Nothing," which is made realistic without the aid of scenery, by means of tapers carried by attendants, and the solemn hymn and music. The earlier scene in the same play where Hero and Claudio are to be married, is so full of incident that there is no need for scenery to make it seem real and there is, for this reason, nothing to take its place.

We have now taken up the most significant types of scenes that take place indoors. When we proceed to the scenery necessary to the outdoor world, that of forests, villages and the lake, a new substitute is to be found. This consists in the description of the scenery or frequent allusions to it by the characters. It is often used in conjunction with the other substitutes that we have discussed, so that an idea of the scenery is given the audience through the character of the speeches, and the picture completed by definite allusions to certain details. The whole serves to heighten the reality of the scene. These two varieties of substitutes are often, however, used independently. The second, or the description of the scenery by the characters, is practically never used in indoor scenes, the one important exception to this being the description of Imogen's room by Iachimo in "Cymbeline." There is much more need for it in scenes that occur out-of-doors, since people appearing there are often not in their accustomed surroundings.

The second rather than the first substitute is generally to be found in scenes of parks or gardens belonging to the houses of

nobles. In many of these scenes, however, there is nothing to take the place of scenery. This is the case throughout the greater part of "Love's Labour's Lost" which takes place almost entirely in the park of the King of Navarre; the play is so full of humor and vivacity that the audience, in attending to that, has little regard for scenery. And indeed it is of no great importance here, for the play seems real without it. There is likewise nothing to take the place of scenery in the first scene of "Cymbeline" which is laid in the garden behind Cymbeline's palace, but which might just as well be in the palace itself so far as any indications of scenery are concerned. On the contrary, in "King Richard II," Act III, scene 4, the scene in the Duke of York's garden is graphically represented and could take place nowhere else. The speeches of the gardener, filled with words and phrases characteristic of the place, help the audience to imagine a well-cared-for garden and reference to "these trees" and "yon dangling apricots" make the picture fairly well-defined. No such detailed picture is likely to be imagined of Capulet's garden in "Romeo and Juliet," Act II, scene 2; here the only direct references to the surroundings are those to the night and to the moon "that tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops." In the same play, the next scene in the garden (Act II, scene 5) has nothing in the way of substitutes for scenery. This is simply another case where the audience is so deeply interested in the play that there is no need for scenery. The scene in Windsor Park, in "Merry Wives of Windsor," is one in which no very elaborate scenery is needed; the general background of the trees of the park lighted up by the tapers of the "fairies" may easily be imagined and the words of the speeches in connection with the "fairies" make the effect more picturesque. The orchard scene in "Much Ado About Nothing," Act III, scene 1, is made realistic by Hero's description of the

"Bower

Where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter . . ."

and the reference to the "woodbine coverture." But two other scenes of the same orchard (Act II, scene 3, and Act V, scene 2), one coming before and one after this one, have no substitutes for scenery and there seems to be no reason for this since the three scenes are similar. The last of the three, however, is not a scene that is localized or peculiar to any one place.

In scenes that are laid in the country, the scenery is supplied by means of the characters and their speeches rather than any description of scenery. Such is the case in "Timon of Athens," in the scenes of Timon's cave near the seashore and the woods near by. Here the picturesque element is supplied by the stormy character of Timon and his bitter speeches and the desolation and barrenness of the place made very evident. The scenery proper to the mountainous country near Milford even in "Cymbeline" is not so clearly represented; the audience is interested in what is taking place and the rapid action precludes the need of scenery to some extent. What scenery there is must arise from the speeches that refer to nature, the mountains and the cave, and the fact that the inhabitants of the cave are outlaws. A much wilder scene is depicted in "The Tempest"; the audience feels that the island is very wild and rugged, and Prospero's magic, the fairy Ariel and the monster Caliban combine to make the whole more strange and unearthly. Except for the storm scenes, there are few parts in which the scenery is actually described, and for this very reason the effect is more mysterious. The opening scenes of the play with their graphic representation of storm and shipwreck, prepare the audience for the wonders that are to follow. The play is one that stimulates the powers of the imagination so that the character of the speeches more readily forms a substitute for scenery. This is the case also with the scenes in "Macbeth" in which the witches appear; their weird speeches impress the audience with the bareness and desolation of the heath. In the scenes on the heath in "King Lear" the scenery is applied in a similar manner. The storm is made very vivid indeed by Lear's half-crazed utterances that defy it, bidding the winds to blow and crack their cheeks, and the lightning to singe his white head. And then he says:

"Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters :
 I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness ;
 I never gave you kingdom, called you children,
 You owe me no subscription ; then let fall
 Your horrible pleasure ; here I stand, your slave,
 A poor, infirm, weak and despised old man."

The pity of it and the feebleness of the old man make the storm seem more terrible than before, perhaps with one of those ominous lulls in a storm that are foreboding of worse to follow.

Later on in the same play, in Act IV, scene 4, Edgar makes his father believe that they are climbing the hill at Dover that he may leap down from the cliff, when they are really upon a level field ; this gives the audience an idea of what the scenery actually should be.

The scenery surrounding happy rural life is a contrast to this that we have just discussed, but the substitutes for it are the same. Scenes of this type are to be found in "The Winter's Tale" and "As You Like It." The feast of sheep-shearing and other rustic scenes in the "Winter's Tale" need little scenery, and the place of this is taken by speeches characteristic of country people. In "As You Like It" this is the case with scenes of the same variety, where the scenery is described in only a few places.

The greater part of "As You Like It" takes place in the forest of Arden, and the scenery belonging to the forest arises from frequent references to it on the part of those living there. They are not the inhabitants usually associated with a forest, such as fairies, robbers, or country people, and their speech smacks of the court rather than of the woods. But allusions to the surroundings such as are to be found in Act II, scene 7 :

". . . in this desert inaccessible
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,"

and in Act III, scene 2 :

"O, Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,"

help the audience to imagine the scenery. This substitute for scenery is the one most widely to be found in the forest scenes. It is used to a less extent in "The Two Noble Kinsmen" and in "Titus Andronicus," where the action of the play is rapid, and in the forest scenes in the second part of "King Henry IV." In "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" there are few references to the scenery in Act IV, scene 1, and Act V, scene 3. Outlaws are known to frequent woods and solitary places ; their speeches are peculiar to themselves and to the forest and from these the audience may imagine the scene. In the first part of Act V, scene 4, however, Valentine, who has not been with the outlaws long enough to acquire their speech, talks of "this shadowy desert, unfrequented woods." In the third part of "King Henry VI," Act III, scene 1, takes place in a forest and at the

beginning of the scene the two keepers speak of shrouding themselves "under this thick-grown brake" to wait for the coming of the deer. This gives the audience the setting for what is to follow, where the interest in the action is great and there is little to indicate the scenery. In "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" the wood near Athens is made real to the audience by means of references to it by the lovers who are wandering there, and also by the presence of the fairies and their airy speeches and songs which belong to no place so much as a forest. In Act III, scene 2, the fact that it is night is made plain by various allusions, such as Helena's speech,

"O weary night. O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours; shine, comforts from the east."

This idea of the passage of time, of the change from night to day, is nowhere so well carried out as in "Romeo and Juliet." In Act II, scene 2, Romeo speaks several times of night and the moon. At the beginning of the next scene the time of day and the scenery peculiar to it are given at once when Friar Lawrence says:

"The grey-eyed moon smiles on the frowning night,
Conqu'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path. . . ."

In Act II, scene 4, there are allusions that make it obvious that it is morning, and in scene 5 Juliet tells of waiting three long hours, from nine to twelve, so that here one feels the atmosphere of noon. This may not be strictly accorded scenery but the notion of the passage of time cannot easily be represented on the stage without scenery except in this way, so that it is in reality part of the stage setting. The idea of night is represented in much the same way in "King Lear" and in the "Merchant of Venice," Act V, scene 1.

There are in several plays scenes that take place at the seashore or on shipboard. One of these is to be found in "Pericles." Critics tell us that this play is not wholly Shakspeare's, but there is reason to believe that he wrote Act III, scene 1, where the scene is a ship in a storm. Here the storm is described by Pericles, and the speeches of the sailors, which peculiarly belong to the sea, help the audience to imagine the scenery. In the first scene of "The Tempest," too, the speeches of the mariners, the ship-master and the boatswain form substi-

tutes for scenery. A scene in "Antony and Cleopatra" that takes place on a ship is of a very different character and the scenery is indicated only by occasional words that remind the audience that the scene belongs on a ship near Egypt. These reminders cannot be said to form substitutes for scenery to any great extent. There are few scenes which require the scenery of the seacoast and these are really unimportant. Two of them occur in "Twelfth Night," Act I, scene 2, and Act II, scene 1, and in these it is the conversation of the characters that in some measure takes the place of scenery. In the second part of "King Henry VI," however, the scenery is not described, in Act II, scene 1, nor do the characters present belong particularly to a place of that sort. The audience is interested in what is going on and no scenery is needed to make it seem real; the scene might almost be laid in some other place, except that it occurs after a fight at sea which is not introduced into the play.

The many scenes of battle which are presented on the stage are all of them on land. These scenes are to be found chiefly in the historical plays and in those which deal with Rome, and the action is in general so rapid that not much scenery is required. The scenes are made realistic by means of speeches characteristic of the battlefield. Men engaged in battle can hardly be expected to describe the scenery and this is not often the case. There is more room for the description of scenery in scenes of the army in camp and we might reasonably expect to find this substitute in connection with such scenes but, as a matter of fact, it is seldom present. In "Julius Cæsar" the camp is indicated only by such characteristic words as the challenge "Stand ho!" and the talk about the army; the same is true in "Coriolanus" and in "Troilus and Cressida."

There now remains one variety of scene which is important, since it occurs in nearly all of the plays with, in most cases, nothing to take the place of scenery; this consists in street scenes. These are mainly scenes that are not localized, belonging to no particular place necessarily, and they are of use in the plays chiefly as a means of informing the audience of certain facts or of completing the plot. A good example of this use is to be found in "King Henry VIII." In Act II, scene 1, and in Act IV, scene 1, two gentlemen meet each other in a street in Westminster and tell each other the news, and from this the audience knows what has happened. There is no substitute for

scenery here as the scenery is not essential. Scenes of a similar character are to be found in most of Shakspeare's plays. There are, however, some street scenes in which scenery is of use in making the scene seem real and where substitutes for it are to be found. Such occur in "Julius Cæsar" and in "Coriolanus," where the language used combined with frequent references to Rome or to the Capitol suggest scenery that is appropriate. In scenes of a highway at night, as in the first part of "King Henry IV," Act II, scene 2, the scenery is indicated by references on the part of Prince Henry, Falstaff, and his companions. This is also the case in the second part of "King Henry VI" in Act II, scene 4. Here the punishment of the Duchess of Gloster takes place in a street and the audience is kept in mind of the fact by such words as

"Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet,"

and the Duchess' speech :

"Methinks I should not thus be led along.

* * * * * *

And followed with a rabble that rejoice

To see my tears. . . ."

Most of the street scenes in Shakspeare's plays are not of this variety, and, belonging to no particular locality, require neither scenery nor any substitute for it.

We have now taken up the most significant varieties of scenes to be found in the plays and it becomes evident that the function of scenery that tends to increase the reality of a play is performed by the effect upon the audience of the character of the speeches and of actual description of scenery. Where the scenery of a play is left almost wholly to the imagination of each one in the audience it will surely be such as to suit everyone and there can be no dissatisfaction caused by inadequate staging.

There is still to be considered the other function of scenery, that of appealing to the sense of beauty possessed by those in the audience. The substitute for this is to be found in the poetry of the plays, if the word poetry be used in a wide sense as the expression of imaginative feeling. Most of us at the present day would not be likely fully to appreciate "King Lear" and "The Tempest," which are among the most poetical of

Shakspeare's works, if they were presented without scenery. But in the time of Shakspeare, when people were accustomed to very little scenery on the stage, poetry itself filled the place of scenery to a great extent. Beautiful and effective scenery appeals to the sense of beauty inherent in each person in the audience, and fills out and completes a play, helping to emphasize certain parts and subdue others. Poetry accomplishes the same end by its appeal to the æsthetic sense of those in the audience, and it will be noticed that as a rule those parts of a play in which the imaginative power is highest are those that, for æsthetic reasons, should be emphasized. Poetry, then, performs one of the functions of scenery, and so is possibly one factor that served to take its place on the stage of Shakspeare's day. This substitute for scenery is to be found in all of the plays, though of course to no great extent in some of the inferior ones, so that there is no need of discussing each play even if an amateur reader were capable of criticising the poetry of Shakspeare.

In general, then, we find that the substitutes for scenery to be found in Shakspeare's plays are of two varieties, the one completing the work of the other. To make a scene look natural and real, we have the scenery imagined by the audience from the suggestions in the speeches that are peculiar to certain places, often made more concrete by descriptions of the scenery itself or direct allusions to it. As the substitute for the beauty of a scene and its effect upon the audience, we have the poetry. It is customary to have scenery now, and an audience of the present day usually prefers it for this reason; one cannot help wondering, however, whether an Elizabethan audience did not profit more from the plays than we do. In Shakspeare's time people could not miss the beauty of the language and the poetry by looking too often at the scenery, and the use of imagination could not be other than a benefit to them.

THE BORDER LINE

ELOISE SCHMIDT

Miss Myrtle and Miss Nancy were perhaps the only neighbors in old Norcross who had never quarrelled. They had lived side by side for forty years and had never had occasion to build a fence between their cottages. They were indeed unusual neighbors, for there was hardly a house in Norcross which was not carefully fenced off from the contact of another.

Many a house had a high board fence at the back, for a back-door neighbor is apt to be the most trying; some neighbors were separated by great spiked fences which could not possibly be stepped over or crawled through, and others by little stiff hedges. The Bourne's big house on the corner went unfenced for a long hot summer and then one week a high iron fence appeared on the edge of its lawn, separating the Bourne estate from the little grass plot of the Scragg's yellow house. Then the climax in fence-building was reached in Norcross. No sooner was the high iron fence erected than a higher, spikier fence reinforced it on the Scragg's lawn. It probably cost Mr. Scragg, the little bookkeeper, two or three months of his tiny salary, but oh, the glory of reinforcing a Bourne with a finer Scragg erection!

And so, gradually, most of the houses of Norcross were fenced on one side, two sides or all four sides. Election-day caused the high iron enclosures; Miss Trigger, the village dress-maker, caused the little stiff hedges, and family disagreements, parties and wills caused the plain wooden fences.

But while the rest of the village were disagreeing and building enclosures, Miss Nancy and Miss Myrtle lived side by side and agreed. Inwardly they felt a little aloof from the rest of the neighborhood, for their quarreling and haggling seemed so ridiculous. They smiled happily at each other and agreed that they, at least, were not narrow. They cleaned house, trimmed their summer hats, canned fruit and ate Sunday dinners together the year around. Even their gardens grew together. The vegetable garden was in Miss Nancy's yard and the flowers in Miss Myrtle's. When Miss Myrtle was younger her lonely

father had planted and tended a flower garden while Miss Nancy's thrifty mother was digging in her vegetable garden. Gradually Miss Myrtle's flowers scraggled across the small space between the gardens and the two were one.

One day Miss Myrtle and Miss Nancy were working over the vegetables—Miss Nancy, in her blue-checked apron, kneeling over the potato vines and Miss Myrtle in her white ruffled breakfast jacket tying up the pea vines.

"You remember cousin Richard, who went to California?" questioned Miss Nancy.

"Oh yes, the one who sent you the poinsettia postal last Christmas, Nancy?"

"Yes. Well, he's going to London on business next month and he wrote and asked if he could send Chickering down here for a little, while he was away. Chickering is his little son, you know. He was always so sudden, Cousin Richard was, that I never have time to stop him even if I want to. So Chickering will be coming some time this week I guess."

"Well Nancy, think of us with some young life among us! Just think!" exclaimed Miss Myrtle. "Let's see, how old is Chickering? He was born the year Sara Porter and the MacLeans fell out, wasn't he?—that was eight years ago. What room will he have, Nancy? The little brown room? And shan't I bring over something to put in it?"

By the end of the week Miss Myrtle could no longer bear to have Nancy planning for company, and she not. So after much consultation Miss Myrtle decided she too would have a guest. Thereupon she invited her great grand-niece, Tessa Marianna, to occupy the little gray room at the head of the stairs. The two neighbors planned tea-parties, rides, and trips to the woods for the children.

The first week after Chickering and Tessa came, seemed a busy whirl for the two quiet housekeepers. Miss Myrtle had to cook twice as much for her meals and poor Miss Nancy four times as much for her guest. After the children's first ferocious appetites were satisfied and they began to feel at home, the neighbors found a little time to sit together. They would rock gently on Miss Myrtle's piazza and watch through the vines as the children romped on the grass.

Chickering and Tessa played for a week very happily at circus, school and farm. But one day Chickering found "a bunch a'

fellas" down the street and then, early before breakfast, and soon after dinner, Chickering would run off alone. Tessa waited patiently on the steps the first morning, sulked and waited in the afternoon, and whined about alone in the evening. Miss Myrtle planned a little tea-party, the first day, when she saw her grand-niece was lonely; the next day she read to her, but it seemed useless. Tessa would get up while Miss Myrtle was reading and follow Chickering down the street only to come back rebuffed and sobbing.

"On Sunday he'll surely play with her," Miss Myrtle thought. "They can play tea-party in my flower-garden. Nancy surely won't let him play with those rowdy boys on Sunday."

But Sunday afternoon came and, right before Miss Nancy's eyes, Chickering ran away from Tessa down the street to the rowdy gang. Monday morning was hot and sultry and Miss Myrtle felt that on washday at least Chickering should be kept at home to play with Tessa. But again Chickering ran away, as Tessa tried to join him. Miss Myrtle left her washing resolutely, hung up her apron and crossed the grass-plot between the two houses. The front door slammed as Miss Myrtle entered.

The front door slammed harder as Miss Myrtle left the house. As she crossed the vegetable garden she stepped on one of Miss Nancy's tomatoes. That afternoon Miss Myrtle left the house early with Tessa. It was the first time in ten years that Miss Myrtle had gone to Sewing Circle without Miss Nancy.

The next morning Tessa did not bring over the usual bunch of flowers nor come for the morning vegetables. Later Tessa and her great-aunt left the house with a picnic-basket and they did not return until after twilight.

"They've been gone a long time. I guess Myrtle took Tessa out to the cave where we planned to go with the children," thought Miss Nancy as she sat alone on her porch. Miss Nancy sat alone the rest of the evening listening to Myrtle and Tessa talking in the garden and the loud shouts of Chickering's friends down the street. But she did not call Chickering home nor join Miss Myrtle and Tessa in the garden.

All that week Chickering left Tessa to play alone and Miss Myrtle amused her defiantly. One hot night after a strenuous evening with Tessa, Miss Myrtle picked up her yard-stick and

crossed the lawn. She dropped down on her hands and knees by the flower garden and felt along in the grass.

"There must be some marker between our lots," she whispered as she felt in the grass inch by inch, "I won't give her an inch more than necessary, I'm sure. Maybe it's down by the path." She crawled around the big bridal-wreath bush and then for an instant Miss Myrtle's heart stopped beating, for there on her hands and knees, feeling in the grass was Miss Nancy. The two looked at each other. Just then Chickering's voice rang out, "Come on Tess! Let's do it again. Ain't it fun!"

Miss Myrtle and Miss Nancy looked at each other and laughed.

IN THE WHITE BIRCH WOOD

GRACE ANGELA RICHMOND

Fleet song fled away in the Spring
To the white birch wood.
I followed her, for I thought her fair,
And I caught a glimpse of her red-gold hair,
And I heard her laughter's joyous ring
In the white birch wood.

Apple blossoms are like her cheek,
Deep blue are her eyes.
And deep down in a woodsy hollow
I found her again—I was bound to follow—
She stood there waiting, all maiden, meek,
Deep blue were her eyes.

So I drew her close to my heart
In the white birch wood.
And then, with an echo of joyous laughter
She fled—it was useless to follow after—
And she left me there, with the pain and smart,
In the white birch wood.

THE CRIMINAL

KATHARINE D. KENDIG

"Next sto—p, 'Rin—rin—,'" announced the conductor unintelligibly and banged shut the door, leaving to the few passengers still sitting near the back of the car the work of puzzling out the meaning of his statement. With a yawn, the Boy dropped his *Popular Mechanics* and picked up the time-table.

"Springfield next. Only about a half an hour more!" he said to the Girl beside him, who, interrupted in her perusal of a poem in *Scribner's* looked up murmuring an absent "that's good," and fell to studying the passengers around her.

There was the Boy, of course, who was her brother. Then directly in front of her was a Busy Woman who was eternally hunting through her belongings for things she could not seem to find, never at rest for one minute and at present engaged in a monologue addressed to the small, weary man beside her.

"Jerry, aren't we almost there now? Hadn't we better get the bags together? Reach down my hat for me now, do, and — and—" The weary man's only response was an occasional grunt, and finally the girl turned her attention to the man across the aisle from her. "Foreigner!" She sniffed and nudged her brother. "Doesn't he look like a villian from a melodrama?" she asked. "Look! he hasn't changed his position since he first sat down!" The villian, oblivious of his recent classification as such continued to sit "all hunched up in a heap," glaring ahead of him under black brows, his large frame almost concealing the sulky little child beside him near the window,—the child who was a small counterpart of the man, from his black matted hair to his sitting posture.

"Ugh!" said the girl and began to examine the dapper one in the seat in front of the villian. The dapper one was a small man, very neat, very precise, moving, whenever he did, with little bird-like gestures. He was rather nervous, it seemed, and threw occasional half-frightened glances over his shoulder, taking off his gloves, putting them on again, opening and shutting the little black bag beside him, yet never for a moment losing the appearance of being a very fashion-plate of a man. He

glanced over toward the girl once, and she, as their eyes met, buried herself in her magazine again, losing all interest in her fellow-passengers.

Meanwhile the train was going more and more slowly till, after a few minutes during which it had scarcely progressed at all, it stopped completely. When it is all dark outside, and the lights within are only dim, flickering ones; when the noise made by the train as it clicks over the rail ceases completely; when the train seems miles away "from anywhere," the effect of its stopping is very disconcerting. After a few prolonged minutes of silent waiting, the passengers on this particular train began to get uneasy. The busy woman became yet more busy, the weary man more weary, and the dapper one tied his gloves up into a hard little knot. Only the villian remained as he had been, although the girl imagined that he glared somewhat more threateningly than before.

The boy became very restless. "I'm going to see what's up," he announced and went out on the platform. He was back in a moment. "I can't see much of anything," he said, "It is pitch black, but I think we're on a sort of bridge. I saw a gleam on some water below us."

The busy woman heard him. "How long do you think we'll be here?" she asked. "Jerry, hadn't you better ask a conductor?" Jerry merely grunted again in answer, and his weariness became even more evident, if that were possible. There was another period of waiting during which the busy woman wandered down the aisle.

"Hah!" she said suddenly, "little lad, where did *you* come from?" The girl turned to see who the little lad might be. Behind her sat a small boy, wrapped in a red mackinaw many sizes too large for him. He was occupying as little space as possible, huddled up near the window. On being addressed he seemed to shrink into his mackinaw further, but the busy woman was not to be withstood.

"Did you get on at New York, little lad?" she asked. "And are you all alone? Aren't you lonesome?" The little lad screwed around uncomfortably.

"Um-huh!" he muttered.

"Aren't you a brave little lad?" she said. "My! we wouldn't think of letting *our* little boy travel alone, would we, Jerry? What can your folks be thinking of? Little lad, don't you

want to go and ask the conductor what is delaying the train, and come tell us, like a dear boy? Jerry won't!" Here she flung a disgusted look at the weary man who on meeting her eye grunted again.

There was a burst of delicate laughter from the dapper one, who immediately stifled it, and sat bolt upright, looking very self-conscious and foolish. But the busy woman did not take her eyes off the little lad so that he finally disentangled himself sulkily from his mackinaw, and walked slowly down the aisle and out to the platform.

After some time he returned, his eyes big with excitement.

"Aw, gee!" he said. "What do y' s'pose? Some one on this train's a big wallop in' crim'nal, and they ain't goin' to let us go on until the perlice have searched the whole train! Gee!" he added, "we're on a bridge, and y' can't git off it! They'll git the crim'nal O. K.!"

The dapper one sprang to his feet with a little start.

"'Nd they are men guardin' each door" said the little lad, looking at the dapper one triumphantly, while he himself snuggled back into his seat again, conscious that his tale was receiving due attention.

The busy woman cast an instant glance of suspicion on the dapper one, who also had seated himself again, and had become more bird-like than ever.

"Jerry," she said, "move over. I'm going to bring the little lad here with us. He'll be safer."

"Nothin' doin'!" came from the owner of the mackinaw. "You might be the crim'nal!"

The busy woman threw up her hands in amazement.

"Me!" she exclaimed. "Jerry, did you hear that? I never did a thing wrong in my life!"

"More than most of us can say," whispered the boy to his sister, and the weary man became less weary for a moment while he glared at the little lad. The dapper one glanced nervously over his shoulder at her, and, after a tense silence, she sat limply down beside her husband.

"I don't like the looks of that foreigner," said the girl to her brother. "I wish the policemen would hurry to this car."

The boy grinned a little, "It is a sort of funny feeling," he admitted, "sitting here with a 'crim'nal' maybe in our midst!"

A man who had been sitting at the further end of the car—the

only other passenger beside the group in the back, arose suddenly, and started down the aisle. He was an extremely portly gentleman and his gold watch chain glittered in the flickering gas-light. "Anyone got a match?" he queried pleasantly, as he reached the nervous group.

There was an instant blaze of suspicion on the faces of all save the villain who still glared ahead. The weary man sat bolt upright. The little lad chuckled.

"What do you want with a *match*?" asked the busy woman. Suspicion had fallen from her for a moment to rest on this new arrival. "Why do you want a match?" she repeated.

The portly gentleman looked a little aghast at the hostile faces; murmured that he had thought of going to the smoker but could find no match. The situation was explained to him very tersely, and the weary man, egged on by his wife said, "So you don't leave this car if *we* can help it!" while the portly gentleman sat stiffly down, very red-faced, and with all his geniality gone.

After a long, long silence the boy suddenly said, "I'm going to find out about this!" and started to walk toward the platform.

Then came a voice from a most unexpected quarter. The villain, without any change in his expression, still glaring under black brows at the red velvet seat rumbled forth, "Sit down!"

It was the boy's turn for despair. He sat down indignantly, and said, "Aw, shut up!" to the little lad who had chuckled again. The girl was furious.

"Oh!" she whispered, "that *hateful* man. I *know* he's the one. I *hate* him!"

Fifteen minutes more passed in furtive suspicion. The girl, still watching them all with speculative gaze, whispered to the boy her opinions. The dapper one continually glanced over his shoulder at all his fellow passengers; the portly gentleman gazed balefully (for no apparent reason) at the sulky child with the villain; the weary man sank back into his seat. But the busy woman was by far the most agitated—now standing up, now sitting down, now searching for that unfound something among her belongings; so visibly distressed that at length the eyes of all—for they remembered the little lad's accusation—were fixed upon her, and she found herself very uncomfortably the centre of interest.

Suddenly came the conductor.

"We'll start at once now! There's been a delay ahead—several sections," he explained and passed on to the next car. The whistle blew. There were shouts of "All aboard," and the train started forward. The passengers gazed in amazement at each other.

The busy woman marched down to the little lad's seat. The girl craned her neck to see. The lad was huddled up against the window as he had been before the disturbance, but now there was a positive gleam in his eye.

"Explain!" the busy woman said shortly—quite the shortest speech she had made.

Said the little lad—"I ain't no 'little lad.' I'm big and ma had to send me on the train—she didn't want to any mor'n you'd want to send that kid of your'n. They wasn't no crim'nal. I made it up, but I'm glad if I got *you* scared!"

CLOSED GENTIAN

HYLA STOWELL WATERS

Richer blue than the rippling stream,
Deeper blue than the August sky,
Blue like eyes that are seen in a dream,
Blue like a swallow skimming by.

Singly here in the tall green grass;
There a group like a wondrous sea.
Hearts close-hidden from us who pass,—
Hearts disclosed to the lover bee.

PLAY-TIME

RUTH COBB

They all played together in the big attic, the boy, the girl and the other children. The place was airy with walls of delicate green, and windows that let the sun stream in from its rosy dawn to its rosy setting. The place was very neat too. There were no musty trunks that scatter their quaint finery and forgotten toys among the cobwebs on a rainy morning. From one window the children could always watch the clouds where they drenched the round topped hills of the Pacific Heights, but if a daring shower ventured down the slope it must spatter in the very face of the sunshine, and arch the mountains with a brilliant bow. The boy and the girl could stand silent for a long time with the rainbow, while the other children spun their tops of painted card.

At one end of the attic was another window where a telescope stood adjusted to the full range of ocean lying between Diamond Head and the harbor. The children knew to a minute when every steamer was due from the mainland, and with the first glimpse of a prow nosing the Head they crowded around the telescope.

"She's five hours and forty minutes late—thirty minutes ahead of last trip. Left 'Frisco on time, Jack?" questions one, following the vessel's track across the violet waters.

"Yep," answers Jack, consulting the scrap book of shipping news at his side. "How's her decks?"

"Cleared. Storm in the 'potato patch,' I guess. Cap'n's on the bridge."

"She's a bird! Just see her skim!" they say.

But the boy and the girl stood a little longer after the other children turned back to their play. The boy wondered what lay beyond those marvelous ocean depths, and the girl loved the broad band of golden beach beside the blue. Cocoonut palms bordered it. Then a great splash of scarlet poinciana drew her gaze inland and passed it over to a checkered expanse of glittering rice fields. Over the rice fields rose Diamond Head, sharp indigo. The boy's gaze had also wandered to it

from the ocean. So they stood together and searched out the glittering jewels in its caves of shadow, diamonds in the rough folds of lava.

"And that one—no, look there, in the top of his old crown—that one we will spend to travel. We'll go away out there where the transports run. And we'll sail up strange rivers to lands where no man ever set foot."

"And the flowers," whispered the girl, "they hang in golden showers all the way."

A flying missile struck the window above their heads, and the boy and the girl turned to join in the general sport. On one of the walls a peg had been driven in, and the game was to shoot rubber bands at the peg. With a little skill and a large amount of luck they could be made to slip over it and hang triumphant before the admiration of the shooters. The fun was in full swing and tiny motes began to dance in the broad sun beam as skirts swished about and shoes clumped on the smooth boards. All the rubber bands were in use, so for a little time the boy and the girl looked on while the other children aimed, drew and let go. Then the boy spied a big red one lying neglected where it had fallen by the window. He pounced upon it, and turning quickly, let fly. The rubber hit its mark and dangled from the peg.

"Now me, now me," begged the girl. "Just one shot!"

The tinkle of a lunch bell from the world below tripped up the stair-case and the other children turned to meet it with a joyous shout.

"Just one then," assented the boy. "Now this shot settles it," he declared. "Can you or can't you? Can you or can't you?"

"I can, I can," she chanted, then turned away in bitter disappointment. But the boy was on his knees beside the bit of rubber. Carefully, not to disturb a curve of it, he placed it on his open palm just as it had fallen, and tiptoed to her side. She turned, and her defiance changed to surprise. With a gallant little obeisance he placed it in her hand, a perfect red heart, just as it had fallen. Then with a sudden impulse the boy fled to the stairway and hid behind the door while the other children trooped down. The girl lingered till they were gone, then he crept from his hiding place and slowly, hand in hand they left the sunny attic and their playtime.

SKETCHES

A MATRIMONIAL BUREAU

FRANCES MILLIKEN HOOPER

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Nelson turned slowly in his chair. "But I tell you again, I must first know the nature of your business. Can't you see that we owe a certain guarantee of protection to our employees? How do I know that you come for a good purpose? What assurance have I that the girl would care to have me give you this information? Furthermore—"

"I—I—a—I would rather not tell, sir."

"Very well! That is all I can do for you," and swinging back to his desk, Mr. Nelson dashed his pen into the ink-well and returned to the unfinished report before him.

"Then, sir, I think I shall tell, sir—I think I shall tell."

Mr. Nelson's pen scratched; the large office clock ticked. Scratch-tick-tick-scratch-scratch-scratch—

"I think, sir, you did not hear, sir. I said I was going to tell." There was a long pause.

"Mr. Nelson, sir. I said I was going to tell."

Mr. Nelson looked up. "Haven't you gone yet?"

"I—that is—no, sir," a twitching of the face and an uncrossing and crossing of knees. "If you would be so kind as to listen, sir. You see, it is very confidential."

"Go on."

"Well, you see, sir, I am from Montana; I am a postman on Rural Free Delivery number four. I am unmarried but there ain't no unmarried women so how can I be otherwise?" (more crossing and uncrossing of knees) "I—I—well, I am desirous of being otherwise, sir. I don't like the single life; I want a home and—and I want someone to eat my three little humble meals with, sir, and I tell you I want to be married."

“Yes?”

“Now, for the past year, sir, I have been running my name in the ‘Matrimonial Magazine’ and I have had several applicants, sir, but they don’t none of them do. One of them almost did; but I let her come out, just to see the place, and I had her put up at Bob Sartwell’s and Bob has a mother he was living with then—well that ain’t here nor there—excepting the girl married Bob.” A long gaze was sent into Mr. Nelson’s eyes and the pale face and plastered hair before him seemed so miserable and weak. The situation was not humorous; it was pitiable.

“Now Rosie, sir, this Rosie Palanski, has been in the Magazine for a little over two months and sir, I love that Rosie’s face; I think I—sir, I think I would like to marry her. I think, sir—I think—she ain’t got the same kind of looks as those others and she, sir, she—I think, sir—I think I would like to marry her.”

“Just a moment,” and Mr. Nelson took down a large ledger from the top of his desk. “Pablinski, Padderaphagy, Pamberino—” he followed down the index, “Palanski, Rosie; here we are. Yes, there is such a girl in our employ. You can not, however, see her until lunch hour. For no reason whatsoever, excepting emergency, do we let the employees come off the floor. It is eleven o’clock; the gong rings at noon. Wait here or come back, just as you choose. In the meanwhile, however, I shall interview the girl myself and if she does not desire to see you I shall have to ask you to leave.”

“Oh, sir, but she does want to see me. She says so. She thinks, sir—she thinks she is going to like me and, sir, if we do—that is, if she likes me and I like her, we are going back to Montana to-morrow.”

“What!”

“Yes, sir—she says so, too.”

“Then the girl already knows you?”

“Oh no, sir, but we have corresponded several times through the magazine.”

“How did you know she worked here? Did the Magazine tell you that?”

“No, I—I think, sir—that is, the Magazine will not give addresses. Everything must be done through its hands, for you know, sir, I suppose there is some who don’t want their friends to know and those folks uses names not their own and it is only through certain red-tape in the Magazine that you find out their

real names. Then there are some who would be afraid to let their families know, and that is the case of Rosie. She says that if her Pa knew what she was doing he would lick her. He licks her a lot anyway and makes her work in the evenings for him. She never told me what doing. She ain't never had any fun; she ain't got any notion of what an open country is and she can't believe that there is such places where people live miles and miles apart and where there is miles and miles of just land. She says that sounds like Heaven. She ain't never had a chance to meet men; and it isn't so much a man that she wants, anyway—it's—it's—I don't know, sir, but if you ever got any idea of what it means to want *somebody*—and you ain't got a friend or person in the world who really cares for you, then you would understand; and if you do understand, then it don't need explaining. Rosie says she's half sick of living and she says if something doesn't happen soon she is going to run away—she don't know where and she don't care. Just the other day I got a letter from her and it says she worked at the Eno Gum Factory. That's why I came here. Oh, sir, this meeting means a lot to me. I've come all the way from Montana to get her and and—God help us, sir."

CHAPTER II.

Burr, Montana, R. F. D. No. 4.

DEAR MISS ROSIE:

When I came down there for you I was just looking for a companion. I wanted somebody to care for me. I wanted to have somebody pour out the coffee for me and say good morning to me. I was lonesome. You were lonesome too but in a different way. I thought perhaps we could make a bargain, but it didn't go. Miss Rosie, I didn't know then; I didn't understand; but every day since I've been learning. I've cut your picture out of the magazine and I keep it with me all the time and take it out and look at it and talk to it and—and I feel as though somehow, someway you must come. Oh Miss Rosie, you wouldn't say no if you only understood. I am sending you a ticket to Burr and with it this five dollars. I haven't more but I get fifty dollars a month you know; we can live on that. I want you. I love you.

Not a sign of excitement, not a degree of difference could Mr. Nelson see in Rosie Palanski. Her cheeks with the same pallid color and her eyes without a spark of keenness or wit or appreciation of anything, her poor little bent-over figure all remained unchanged. Rosie had liked the little postman with his fidgety, rigid body, his pale face and plastered hair. She had liked his frock coat and his red necktie. He was indeed a grand man. Rosie liked him. Yes, he was quite handsome, too. Then why didn't she marry him? Why didn't she go with him to the country she called heaven? Why didn't she go? Mr. Nelson asked himself this question many times. He told the story to his friends and now and then they would say to him:

"Well, Nelson, how goes your Matrimonial Bureau?" or:

"Has the girl gone to Montana yet?"

For a month or so, if Rosie had only known it, she had been the subject of much talk, the butt of many jokes, the pivot of a thousand arguments. And then, in the rush of business and the rush of life, Rosie was forgotten. Mr. Nelson had forgotten, Mr. Nelson's friends had forgotten—but not the little postman. He wrote to Rosie many letters.

She wrote letters too.

CHAPTER III.

The Matrimonial Magazine,
Co. Jackson and Clark, Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRs:—My husband and I are very happy. We have been married a little over a year. We met through your columns; that is why I write. We want to thank you and to give you a testimony that may perhaps help others. My husband saw my picture in the magazine and thought if he could only see me he would be sure not to be disappointed and that he might take me back to Montana with him. He was a Rural Free Delivery man. I was working in the Eno Gum Factory. He came and we both liked each other. But I didn't go back with him. I wanted to go but I didn't dare. But when my husband one day really sent me a ticket and some cash and told me to run away, I couldn't help it, I couldn't resist no longer.

We have the dearest little cottage with green vines which climb up the front stoop and lots of red geraniums in the front yard. There isn't any roar and buzz and there ain't a person in the world to beat me or to scold at me. There is ground and

land and trees everywhere. And oftentimes I go with my husband in the little buggy when he delivers the mail.

With gratitude forever and a God bless you in your noble work from my husband and

Yours truly,

ROSIE PALANSKI BROWN.

Burr, Montana, R. F. D. No. 4.

THE HARP

JEANNE WOODS

Long, peaceful hospital corridors
Cool silences fill,
And I lie in my little white chamber,
Musing and still.

Curtains float white at the windows
In the sunset breeze,
And yellow leaves drift down beyond them
From golden-hued trees.

The sun slants down the quiet street,
Through the lazy rain of drifting leaves,
I've watched them fall, half-dreaming, hour on hour.

But hark! the hush is shattered! Silence breaks,
And sudden, like a ripple of bird song,
A harp's gold strings are swept in ecstasy
Far down the street. My heart leaps, gypsy-like
With longing to be out, be out, and off!
Wide-eyed, I listen. Still the golden strings
In ecstasy vibrate and there is heard,
'Mid falling autumn leaves, the rush of brooks,
The bluebird's note, the music of May winds,
The rustle of young leaves and silver grasses
A-shine with dew—a sparkling song of spring.

And then—'tis gone! the silence rushes in.
I strain to hear one liquid note the more,
One bird call but the fairy harp is gone!
And once again the sunshine quiet lies,
The leaves drift slowly down from autumn trees.

Long, peaceful hospital corridors
Cool silences fill,
And I lie in my little white chamber,
Musing and still.

THE NECESSITY FOR COURAGE

ELLEN BODLEY JONES

"I don't think you'll get much this time, do you?" The tone was quiet and even, of that peculiarly resonant and melodious quality seldom heard nowadays in this age of screaming motor horns and loud-mouthed men.

The man in the black mask had started back at the first sound of the voice, dropped his match-box and now stood with his back against the door, peering into the darkness with straining eyes to locate the speaker before raising his revolver. Over by the window something moved and then, at the click of a switch, the room was flooded with electric light. As his eyes became accustomed to the glare, he made out the figure of a man in a Morris chair.

The face of the speaker was admirably akin to the voice, quiet and serene, yet with a look of almost impenetrable severity and dominance. "Because if you do, maybe you'd better take off your shoes before you begin." He leaned back against the green plush cushion in the attitude of a tired child and reached for a cigar from the box near him on the table.

Somehow, he never knew just how, the burglar was staring open-mouthed, while his revolver hung limply by his side. Under his black mask his quick eye, long accustomed to noticing details, had seen a slender, pearl-handled revolver peeking around the side of the cigar-box but, to his surprise, the other made no move to reach for it.

"Here, have a cigar," the man in the morris-chair continued, tossing one towards the figure by the door. "It is the proper thing, I have heard, for the trapped man to offer the gentleman burglar refreshments. If this were a strictly orthodox scene you should have me covered by now and should be telling me that one move on my part meant death, while I, in the tones of the hero, dared and defied you to shoot me dead. But you, checked by some noble instinct before choked up by your vile passion, suddenly decide that it is a cowardly and ignoble thing to kill a man unarmed, so, tossing me your revolver, you calmly walk out the front door, while I magnanimously refrain from calling up the police. Isn't that the way it goes?"

The man in the mask stood motionless, alert, listening for the faintest sound and watching the slightest movement on the part of the man before him. But no mouse could have been more docile than he.

"Don't they usually read that way?" the man in the morris-chair asked again.

"Maybe they do. Look here now, you press that button and you're a dead one," said the burglar, raising his revolver for the first time level with the breast of the man opposite. He seemed wakened from his stupor.

"Oh, this is rich! Yes, that's the thing to say! To think that I should be a part of a living melodrama! I never believed half they said on the stage until now. Would you mind if I reached for my note-book? I am an author, you see, and any such material as this, to me, is invaluable."

"Never mind the note-book! You just keep still."

"It really is quite a problem, isn't it?" mused the other. "What are you going to do with me? You don't quite like to kill me, any more than they do in the books, and yet, if you don't, how are you going to rob the house?" His face had an expression of quizzical amusement together with a shade of anxiety, not so much for himself as for the annoyance he was causing his guest. "Of course you're probably a great deal brighter than I," he drawled, "being in the business, but I would suggest handcuffs and a gag. There are a pair in the upper right-hand drawer of that desk, valuable relics, too, the very ones they took off Benedict Arnold just before he was hung. Really historic, you know. You can reach for them with your left hand and still cover me with your right. As for the gag, I'm sorry I haven't one handy but there are several clean handkerchiefs on the mantelpiece which, in a pinch, might do very well. What do you say?" He smiled good-humoredly, showing an even row of teeth white as a dog's. The burglar looked at him nervously. Was he laying a trap for him?

"Or, possibly, you wouldn't like to use the necessary violence. Well, here is another scheme. Behind you on the table is a bottle of chloroform. I killed some kittens this afternoon. One of those handkerchiefs soaked in that would put me off to sleep for an hour or two in no time. Don't forget, my friend, that you have me covered. I am merely putty in your hands.

Why are you so uneasy? Here, have a cigarette. They're wonderfully soothing to the nerves. Come, don't be anxious!" A wagon rattling by on the street outside caused the perspiration to stand out on the burglar's temples. He began shifting for the door knob.

"My friend," the man in the morris-chair continued, "courage is necessary for any profession, above all for the profession of burglary. Why just think of all the ways I might have to trap you! A spring in the floor under my chair might ring a bell 'way down-stairs in the servants' quarters. In fact, it might be a special kind of burglar alarm. By this time, a policeman might be waiting for my signal, the pressing of this mysterious button under my heel, to enter. I might even have a patent catch on that door behind you, so that when it was once closed it could not be opened without a combination. Try it and see if it will spring. Behind you, next the door, is a secret panel. Who knows but what a man may be standing there now, with a revolver cocked in your face? Oh, do not glance around, I was only saying he might be there. Or perhaps, even if you cross the threshold into the next room for plunder, a dog, trained to lie without a sound until just the right moment, may leap at you. One leap—that is all, for 'my hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind.' And even should you escape the dog, on all the thresholds may lie burglar alarms, ready, on the mere pressure of a spring, to raise up a perfect hell of a racket, a racket that might be heard to heaven itself. Look at my eyes! See how they snap in the light. I may be a hypnotist, that can, by the mere uplift of my hand, make you drop your revolver and you yourself telephone to the police to come and take you. You see how great the need of courage is in any profession. What do you say to it? Shall it be chloroform or the handcuffs?" The burglar was shifting uneasily and now had his gun barrel aimed squarely at his neighbor's head.

"You cut out your gab! You want to die?"

"Now, that's another place where courage is needed. You might shoot me and escape but what about that goading, torturing hell of remembrance? What about the dread of the gallows? Look at my eyes!" The burglar looked. They were snapping like fire and resembled those of a snake about to charm a bird. They were glued, with the intensity of a mad

man's, on the burglar's face. It seemed to the burglar that they looked through him, and far beyond.

"How would it be," the other resumed slowly, never lowering his gaze, "to have those eyes always on you? Kill me, and you'll have their companionship always. Companionship is a great thing. You'd better decide. It's nearly five minutes since I might have pressed that button; it only takes the police five minutes to get up here from Main Street."

A machine groaned around the corner, and stopped.

"That may be they now. Perhaps I'd better get down the decanter. Reach for it, will you?" He glanced towards the burglar only to hear the door slam and a rush of feet down the hall. The burglar had departed.

The man in the morris-chair yawned, and idly picked up the pearl-handled revolver. It was not loaded. Then he sighed again, as he felt in the empty match-box.

"Deuce of a thing to have your legs paralyzed so you can't even get up and get a match. Now I suppose I'll have to wait until one or two o'clock, until the servants come home and help me to bed, just because I was so good-natured as to let them all go out at once." The electric light was blazing down in his face but he seemed not to mind it. In fact, he acted like one in the dark. In a moment he reached for his cane and began moving it along the floor until it struck against the box of matches the burglar had dropped. He fished it along with his cane and, when it was safely in his hand, a broad smile again brought to light those rows of even teeth. He lighted a cigar and as he inhaled the first fragrant breath he again settled back with the movement of a tired child, with a sigh of contentment.

Soon a low laugh broke the quiet of the room. "To think that a husky burglar ran away from me, a blind cripple," he chuckled. "I tell you, the necessity for courage is a pressing one, for, if I hadn't routed that burglar, how, oh how would I have gotten these matches?"

UNDER THE SEA

MARION DELAMATER FREEMAN

Down in the green depths under the sea,
I'd love to wander, to and fro,
Where the sea anemones like to grow,
Down in the green depths under the sea.

Down where the gold fish gleam and dart,
I'd roam in the coral castles tall,
By the light of a starfish, lest I fall,
Down where the gold fish gleam and dart.

Down where the sunbeams never reach,
Under the sea, I would frolic all day,
With the little sea-horses I would play,
Down where the sunbeams never reach.

Up, up where the foam-tipped waves dash high,
I'd rise and dash through the cool salt spray,
If only I were a mermaid gay,
Up, up where the foam-tipped waves dash high.

THE COLD, GREY DAWN

MARGARET LOUISE FARRAND

The cold, grey dawn is on the height,
The cold, grey dawn is on the hill,
And he has left me, my delight,
And yet I love him still.

He left me with a bitter smile,
He left me with a word of scorn,
Have I stood here a little while,
Or a thousand years in the cold grey dawn?

The joy in my heart is turned to grief,
But oh my love it will not die,
It flutters like that single leaf
Against the cold, grey sky.

He has gone stepping down the hill,
As blithe and gay as a summer's morn ;
But all my life I shall live still
In the cold, grey dawn.

PLAYIN' 'POSSUM

BLANCHE ROTHSCHILD LINDAUER

"G'wan dere Niggah, t'ain't no use ter pertend with me, I nose you wants ter go a 'possum huntin' and de parson's comin' foh dinner ain't nothin' but a low-down 'scuse." Lizah filled the little cabin door with her dark portliness and shook an accusing finger at little Uncle Mose, who was wavering from foot to foot on the solitary step. Behind Lizah, a little wooly head protruded and a series of facial contortions signalized to Uncle Mo' that Rufus was eager to join in the 'possum hunt. Finally the child gathered up courage and begged to go "jes this once, coz he'd been a pow'ful good chile an' he was mos' a man now." But Aunt Liz was in no tender mood and dismissed her eager pickaninny with a command to go straight to bed and stop "pesterin'" her with fool ideas. One 'possum hunter in a family was enough.

It was a glorious night with the full August moon lighting up the cornfields that were baking up outside the little cabin. Tennessee was in the clutches of its midsummer drought and only the eerie light of the moon could transform the parched and sun-baked country. As Uncle Mo' turned into the first cross-lane that led to the bog of 'possum fame, a little dark figure waylaid him and looking down he saw his small son Rufus grinning broadly at his escape from maternal vigilance. Now Mo' was much relieved at the thought of company for his naturally timid soul shrank at the thought of traversing the fearsome bog, so he grasped Rufe by his tiny hand and refrained from all allusions to paternal discipline. Along they crept, skirting the border of the thick woods and seeking the moonlit ways that held no fears. But soon they reached the bog and leaving the reassuring light behind, plunged into its tempting depths.

"Oh Lord," shrieked Uncle Mo', "the debbil has sure got dis poh ole sinful nigger," as he felt his foot sink into the mire and was unable to extract it.

"Oh Daddy, I caynt go no farther, foh I sees de mos' terrible ghostes and dey's creatures biting an' a holding me," quavered the still more frightened child, as the shadows and the sucking

earth' conspired to terrify him. But on they proceeded with continued cries and moans until suddenly Uncle Mo' let forth a joyous shriek, "De Lord be presarved, we is saved, we is saved, foh I feels de good earth under me and sees de very tree I wants foh good ol' Towser is a barking at its trunk louder dan de call ob Judgment Day."

Then came the task of shaking down the animal and Uncle Mo' proposed sending Rufus up to shake the limb while he held the bag below. The child was afraid but saw nothing to do but beard the enemy in its den. Slowly he climbed up, until finally, paralyzed with fear, he saw the two green eyes staring at him. He knew he could not proceed, for an instant he was wild with fright and despair and then an idea seized him.

Meantime Uncle Mo' was watching below, his hands grasping the open bag, his eyes tight shut, his mouth open and cold sweat pouring down his face. He heard a shout, then felt the bag heavy and clapping his hands over the opening he threw it over his shoulder and shouting to Rufe to follow him, hastened home. The bag had lost its terrors, the way seemed to disappear under his flying feet and eager and excited he panted into the little cabin, cautiously deposited the bag and then for the first time wondered at Rufe's delay in following him. Aunt Liz also forgot to scold about Rufe's disobedience at the sight of the squirming bag and with arms akimbo and a broad grin wrinkling her black face she watched Mo' cautiously shut all possible exits and venture toward the bag, stick in hand. Timidly he opened the string and stood ready to subdue the beast as it tumbled out. There was a moment of unaccountable silence and then a very scared Rufe crawled out of the bag and hid behind his mammy's skirts. Mose and Lizah were speechless with surprise and Rufe fearing the worst burst out:

"Oh please don't be terrible mad, hones' I didn't want to do it but dos green eyes shinin' right through me, scared me plumb stiff and de Lord done sent de idee to me," and then a twinkle crept into his eyes and made its way into his sobbing voice, "an'—an' you know, mammy, you oughtn't fer ter whip me, foh I'se jess been playin' 'possum."

THE FIRST STORM

HELEN VIRGINIA FREY

Venturing timidly, half afraid,
Touching the earth but to melt away,
Wavering scouts of a winter's day,
Ventured the snow.

Merrily rollicking, freakishly frolicking,
Tumbling and turning and twisting on high,
Quicker and quicker,
Thicker and thicker,
Forth from the battlement clouds of the sky
Sallied the snow.

Angrily whirling, ruthlessly swirling,
Cruelly hurtling its lances of cold,
Bitterly lashing,
Recklessly dashing
Down from King Winter the fearless and bold,
Battled the snow.

Steadily, endlessly, shifting and drifting,
Burying earth in the winter's white,
Winner at last in the hard-fought fight,
Conquered the snow.

YESTERDAY

GRACE ANGELA RICHMOND

We wandered down the garden path
But yesterday ; each thing that grew
You loved ; you stooped to kiss a rose,
And gave it life anew.

To-day across the garden path
The rose lies broken-hearted ;
The garden's glory's faded quite,
Since you departed.

Dear lady, Autumn's winds blow chill,
And sadly falls the rain ;
The rose is dead ; but your return
Would give it life again.

Ah, suffer not so great a change,
No longer cruel be.
Return and with your golden smile
Restore the rose—and me !

THE SONG OF THE WAITRESS

MIRA BIGELOW WILSON

No man has lived well who has not sometime been in love with a craft, a trade, a thing he does with his own hands for the sake of his next meal. Your steel magnate finds the experience a practical asset for his business. You yourself can perhaps remember the thrill of pleasure at a dinner at Rose Tree or a theater trip to Springfield earned (shall we say ?) by darning stockings for your opulent and otherwise occupied roommate. Or possibly you attained your wealth by the unthanked but not profitless task of shutting windows and waking sleepers o' mornings.

Some of us, since that was the way the adventure of our lives was turning, have daily earned our dinners before we ate them. The knack of this waitress craft is fine service and silence. The spirit is not at bottom un-Christlike for such crafts are created fundamentally because they are needed, not because someone is greedy to earn.

But to me it seems that no one has ever properly voiced the craft-song of the waitress. Perhaps that is because it is essentially a song of the silence. They of the barrack-room, the galley oarsmen, the cotton pickers, the blacksmith, the gondolier have had their dues. Even "Cnut, King" could sing to hearten his sailors as they rowed. But we sing neither to or with the maid. We merely suggest in terms inaudible to other ears, "Serve the judge's wife first and be careful to crumb the cloth after the salad."

So be it. The roast beef and salad appear and disappear ; off go the crumbs, now begineth the third lesson ; coffee is served. It all happens silently, the waitress, merely a moving object in the background, a shadow in tones of black and white, slips in and out at a swinging door.

And it will happen as silently the next time, water flashing in crystal glasses, shimmering brass finger bowls arranged in connection with fragile china, silver, linen, and lace ; and the whole offered up to your ordinary, practical diner as brazen bowls of sacrifice and incense might be presented to an East Indian divinity. The service is so fine that it is forgotten ; and conse-

quently the conversation flourishes and the waitress, if she be not an unwilling listener, draws an early reward.

Ah, the waitress! If the group about the table but appreciated the subtle understanding way of her. I would sing warning of the waitress and admiration for her and envy. I am convinced that the normal person has an overpowering desire at times to be seen and not heard. It is our natural delight in observation, nor is it a perverted desire, for on it surely rest our knowledge and our ethics. And the waitress has for an hour three times a day just this enviable opportunity to observe. The observations of a waitress, an ordinary Northampton, non-restaurant, un-collegiate waitress would, I dare say, astonish a psychologist and frighten a moralist. To my knowledge the judgements of the butler's pantry are fair and fundamental altogether. The maid behind her chair can determine from the way Miss Jones converses, serves herself to the cranberry sauce and passes the butter to her neighbor exactly what Miss Jones is, whence she came and whither she is going. The insight of some of the waitresses I have known has been almost supernatural. And it holds unless Miss Jones happens to be the mistress. Then the judgement is no longer disinterested. A barrier of greenbacks and the demands of service is apt to rise between the maid and that essential condition of one's doing table work, the mistress. But heaven protect Miss Jones, the stranger at our gates, from the frank and searching gaze of the waitress who passes her the gravy.

All this ability that the maid gains is not through any virtue of her own, but owing to the admirable experimental conditions under which she works. I have shuddered sometimes to serve people whom I wished to call my friends for fear the secret of their worst selves should be revealed, they should be disinclined to eat the crusts of their bread, they should do selfish things either actively or passively with the conversation, they should be greedy rather than hungry.

Perhaps we are a bad lot, wielders of trays and platters, pitchers and pickle forks and of that deadly weapon of observation, yet we deserve a song. And it turns out to be our silence, your silent approval. The test of our efficiency is the rythmical beat of that silence, broken, only that it may be apprehended the better, by the rattle of a stove lid far beyond the swinging doors. That is from the cook's realm, another realm, incom-

parable with ours. By much lifting of stove lids and shutting of oven doors, rolling of rolling pins and flourishing of pepper-shakers the cook develops a noble craft ; but we—we have added to our craft (though to be sure through no fault of our own) something not unlike a science of humanity.

A PORTRAIT

ANNA ELIZABETH SPICER

A wreath of primrose on her shimmering hair,
A stack of bluebells in her small white hands.
Nearby, a daisy chain, woven with skilful care,
On the westward slope of the little hill she stands.
The butterflies troop through the sunshine in fluttering bands
Like dizzy rainbows. She poises like one of them ;
Her eyes gaze toward distant, half-visible lands
That border the far sea's hem.

ADVENTURES

ELEANOR LOUISE HALPIN

I love to have adventures,
Don't you ?
And after I'm tucked into bed at night,
I always pretend I'm a truly knight,
I do.

I love to play I'm an Injun brave,
Do you ?
And I love to yell and whoop and shout
Around the house, when the folks are out,
I do.

I love to lie by the fire,
Do you ?
And pretend I'm a real and truly king,
Like the one in the song that Nora can sing,
I do.

I love to have adventures,
Don't you ?
They're the nicest things that a kid can do,
And they come whenever you tell them to,
They do.

ABOUT COLLEGE

BEHIND THE WORLD

MARION FREEMAN

How long does it take, I wonder,
For a message to reach the sky?
I've puzzled and pondered and figured,
And I'll tell you the reason why.

I want to find out the hour,
The minute, the second, when
The stars will have heard the verdict
And put out their lights at ten!!

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

BARBARA CHENEY

One of the advantages of education is that it banishes from our minds many of the fancies and superstitions of youth. I am being educated. One, at least, of the fancies and superstitions of my youth has left me. Shades of my hard-working ancestors, rejoice!

I used to think that a cyclops was a strange and terrible creature. When Ulysses encountered them, I really felt a great deal of anxiety and sympathy for him. Now I am forced to consider him a fanciful and superstitious youth. The world is full of cyclops and has been for years. Some of them have been very useful citizens, and educated people much more timid than Ulysses have stopped in their homes without harm.

Thomas Jefferson was one. My evidence for this would please even Mr. Kimball. A certain duke, whose name I will not mention, because I have forgotten it, made a detailed

description of his personal interview with the president. He describes Jefferson as having "a gray, twinkling eye, full of good humor." Now if both his eyes had been gray the duke would surely have mentioned the fact, or if one had been gray and one brown he must have told that, too. We once had a cat with one blue eye and one green and no member of the family ever thought of giving a detailed description of her without calling special attention to this peculiarity. So I am convinced that Jefferson was a cyclops.

Napoleon was one, too. I hope this statement will give you a little shock for it did me when I first heard it. My knowledge is due to no less a person than "Albert Bushnell Hart, LL. D., Professor of History in Harvard College." He speaks of the great man as having "a prophetic eye peering far into the future." As Professor Hart is praising Napoleon he certainly would give him two far-sighted eyes if possible. On the other hand if the other eye had been near-sighted, the poor man would have had to wear glasses and we know he didn't. Isn't it all simple, but isn't it astonishing? Just think of a cyclops having the power to make folded arms dignified and fashionable in spite of all the footmen in the world. At any rate Ulysses is supported by the English nation in his dread of the one-eyed race.

Here are two beautiful examples of cyclops who were famous and highly respected, but more are needed to show how widely they are scattered over the world. And more are not wanting.

Think of Little Willie's adventures at school. What a cold, penetrating eye his Severe Teacher had! Remember, too, Lovely Cecilia. "She regarded him with an eye that would have melted a heart of stone." Perhaps your sympathies have been with her hitherto, but recollect: she is a cyclops and perhaps made Uncle Will seem less cruel to you.

I would leave one lesson with you to-day, my friends, as my Sunday School Teacher used to say. It is this: Do not, please do not increase the number of cyclops in the world. We have grown used to them. We do not fear them as Ulysses did, but we can't quite like them yet. There are many cross-eyed people in the world; people who are able to hurry down the street to save a human life, with one eye on the clock in the distant tower, the other on the narrow road before them. These are

bad enough and numerous enough. Let those who insist on optical peculiarities be content with these, and let us stick to the more cheerful fashion of two eyes per head.

PATHETIC FALLACIES AND MATTERS OF COURSE

HANNAH WHITE

That the 13th is unlucky
Is not a superstition new,
But it's only when we're seniors
That we know "19th" is too.

Once people thought that ill luck came
From a hare that crossed your path,
But now we know that's nothing
To the power that "Bunny" hath.

Politeness isn't a lost art,
In spite of what "they say";
Of *course* we learn it here, and get
More "civil" day by day.

In Bible lore 'tis told us
That few dared Jordan cross;
If we cross "Jordan" here we know
That it will be our loss.

Class spirit is quite overdone,
At least it would so seem,
When every senior greets us
With the query "Art 14?"

We hope to pass our courses—
And yet of course it's Fate—
But *in the course of time*, we're sure
That we will graduate.

AN ENLIGHTENMENT

ANNIE MINOT

I am an old bachelor and never knew much about college girls except that I had heard they were a narrow-minded, selfish lot of girls, only interested in their own activities and in having a good time. I had always believed this report because not knowing anything about it I had no reason for not believing it.

The other day I happened to be in Northampton and wanted to read some old records about the college and so went to the college library. I got my records and sat down near the librarian's desk to read, but I couldn't seem to get very far for the girls took up most of my attention, and besides I thought I'd see for myself if the reports I had heard of them were true.

First a girl came up and asked for books on "Life in China To-day." My imagination began to work immediately. She was rather a serious-looking girl, probably she was to go as a missionary and was now preparing herself. This didn't seem narrow or selfish, but probably she was an exception to the rule. She was followed immediately by a girl who seemed to be getting her resources together to fight the Bill Board Plague after she graduated. Another rather sad, worn damsel seemed to be trying to convince some friend to take Latin, for after looking over an essay on the "Practical Value of Latin," she said almost in despair, "Oh dear, I never can write an argument which she'll accept."

The next one in the never-ending line of applicants was easy. She wore a mannish tailored suit and linen collar and asked for information about Mrs. Pankhurst. "So they have suffragettes here, too," I thought. She looked rather harmless. I wondered if she were a militant or one who made the careful distinction that she was a "gist" not a "gette." Then a group of three rather young, worried looking girls came up and anxiously scanned the papers for developments in Mexico. I gathered that they had relatives or friends there whose lives were in danger. And so for an hour there came in quick succession girls—girls—girls—inquiring for books on Palestine, the Development of Schools, Governor Salzer, the Balkan War. Such a

diversity of interests ! Why did people call these girls narrow ? I had never seen a group of people so broad.

At five o'clock I gave back the records and came home, after having been whisked from Palestine to the Shaw case and from there to James Whitcomb Riley and the Northampton Players, and my head was in a whirl. I had read one paragraph some twenty-five times and remembered that Smith College was founded by Sophia Smith in Northampton, which facts I had known years before, but I had learned one great lesson, and now I know that for breadth of interests and zeal for public welfare and serious views of life, go to the college students, especially Smith students.

CONCERNING THE ART OF BUILDING

EFFIE OPPENHEIMER

I'm not a critic
Nor yet a connoisseur of art,
And yet, at times
An awful "something" grips my heart,
When I behold in Hamp the pot-pourri
Of architectural styles ; it nettles me.

Ionian, Doric, Romanesque,
Egyptian, Celtic, Arabesque,
They vie in splendor ; side by side they stand—
A variegated group—some mean, some grand !

The Auditorium and the Libe.
Two structures whose façades imbibe
The Grecian cast, while Washburn boasts
An English scheme of newel posts ;—
The Catholic Church and College Hall
Are Gothic (if they're art at all).

Oh, what a medley of design !
No æsthetic taste in shade or line,
Where Doric, Gothic, Romanesque,
Produce a hodge-podge so grotesque.

IN LINE

ELKA SAUL LEWI

I am waiting to see Miss Jordan. For the next two hours I expect to be engaged in that pleasing occupation. It is not that I am perishing for the sight of her—oh no, I can gaze my fill at her almost daily, as she makes the front row of faculty stand out by her presence. Also, I can see her any Tuesday at Hatfield House between the hours of four and six. But also, she would see me, officially, before the Thanksgiving recess, and, since she does not want to see me one-twentieth as badly as I, officially, need to see her, I am, at 2.15, waiting for her four o'clock office hour.

I need to see her very badly, for I have never written an argument outline! It sounds shocking, but it is true. I have debated, time and again—principally on woman suffrage (pleasing generality of ante-collegiate days!), when I always had to lead the negative because no one else felt that way, and on the advantages of two half-holidays a week over one whole one. In this matter my athletic tendencies made me combatively affirmative, and quite pig-headed about appreciating the other side of the question. So I know nothing about making out an argument outline.

There are fifteen other girls waiting to interview the Empress of English C (Adams-Lund) and D (Adams-Mainland). I am first through my determination to be so, aided by chance. I was bound not to repeat yesterday's experience, when I descended from elocutionary heights and took my place in line, only to be third from the door when the clock struck and Logic called.

I wonder if she realizes that I am hot and weary of sitting and long for the cooling breezes that blow upon Dippy Hill? The idea of an ice at the Club House is attractive, and hot chocolate with English muffins and home-made strawberry jam, to be had for an hour or so's brisk walking seems—well, worth walking for. And this with luncheon only an hour behind, and still an hour and a half to wait.

Never have I been in so studious a company. I brought embroidery to occupy me, but the little song with which I

always accompany my efforts in this line proved irritating to the others, so I ceased scalloping. If I could only sing, I know it would make me feel better; but I cannot blame my companions for disliking that tune. My voice is distinctly a "left-over"—I could not get on even the Commencement choir, in spite of the fact that I can reach low C!—and the motif that goes with scalloping is rather nondescript. If anyone else tried to palm it off on me, I know it would bore me to decisive action. But I quite enjoy it—it makes me feel so virtuous and efficient—singing at one's work, you know, and all that.

After the patience of the community had given out, I wrote up my diary. That did not take long, as I write only a page a day and am very prompt at keeping it up to date.

Then I turned to my newspaper. I knew this would not hold me for more than half an hour, for the only things in it that interest me are the Editorial, Home, and Sporting Pages. But this time it took me a shorter time than usual to get through it. The Editorial page contains a column—known by the author's disciples as "The Colymn"—entitled "Always in Good Humor." This entertained me until I struck a quotation from "The Custom of the Country," which brought my thoughts back from Broadway to the empty office at my right hand.

The Home Page held me not at all, for it was positively sensible, so I turned in despair to the Sporting Page. There I found temporary relaxation, for across the top was a cartoon of a turkey preparing for the holiday season by making his will. This brought up pleasant thoughts of home and family and friends, until suddenly I realized that if I had not learned to write an argument outline by Tuesday next, the aforementioned family and friends would celebrate without me while I struggled with refutations and principles up in Northampton. This was very fitting, but not very optimistic, so I folded up the paper and tried the embroidery again.

The victim of my attacks is a collar. It began as a Commencement present for a 1913 girl, but is now being completed as a Christmas present for my aunt. Probably if I did not feel musically inclined the minute a threaded needle is in my hand, the persons for whom my things are originally intended would get them more often. Occasionally this does happen, but all concerned feel as if there had been an accident.

I soon found that, without the inspiration of my little ditty, I was a failure as an embroiderer. Black despair fell upon me.

I believe in our required English papers; in fact, if the outcome of my impending interview be favorable, I shall write an argument in their defense. But why should I have to spend two and one-half hours decorating the not-too-well-heated-and-ventilated corridors of Seelye Hall when my exercise card is crying for food? The answer is, ten minutes in time saves hours of waiting. I have procrastinated, I know, and I am quite resigned to my punishment. Besides, just look at the English 13 I have half-done!

THE WAIL OF THE TAILORED MAID

MARY L. WELLINGTON

My winter suit I've given S. C. A. C. W.
It was oh! so long and clinging and with drapery so new,
I've sold every frill and ruffle
And have tried in vain to muffle
My longing for a floating veil or two.

But no! All frills must vanish
For she said she liked me "mannish,
So masculine I'll be if I must die,
And in collars high or choking
And a skirt whose width's provoking
I stride about the town a tall white lie!

For I'm really very feminine
I just *love* lorgnettes and everything
That Fashion has decreed for women's wear.
And a single pleated frill
Can give me such a thrill!
You'll never know just how till you've been there.

Now! After all that I've endured!
Just so her love might be assured
By whom think you she sets a greater store?
By me? Ah no, the little rogue
Is now "all for" the girl in "Vogue"
And there's no use for my string ties any more.

HEARD ON THE TAR WALK

WHEN THE GIRLS ARE AWAY

(A tragedy in one act.)

Time: Christmas Vacation.

Place: Smith College Campus, Northampton.

Characters, in order of appearance as played by themselves ("It all depends on the point of view.") :—

Abbreviations

LIBE,	LIBE
OBSE, THE STAR,	OBSE
GRAHAM HALL, THE AIRY,	G. H.
SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS,	S. OF X.
COLLIE HALL,	C. H.
JOHN M. GREENE,	J. M. G.
LILLY HALL,	L. H.
CAMPUS HOUSES (Chorus)	
HARMON E.,	M. H.
SEELYE,	S. H.
LYMAN PLANT,	L. P.

SCENE I.

Time: New Year's Day.

- LIBE.** It's one half hour past midnight, so let's assemble here
For one last talk before it's time to say, "Happy New Year."
Myself, I'm rather lonely, there's not a single sound,
The world is not itself at all when there's no girl around.
- OBSE.** I beg to disagree with you, the sky's been fine to day;
The Moon's fine now; as for the girls, they're happier away.
We all need this vacation, so come and make amends
For your uncompliment'ry words, and chat with your old friends.
- G. H.** Spirit of Christmas, flying by, come stay with us a minute,
Giving us cheer for this New Year before we must begin it.
- S. of X.** Aye, for a minute, friends, I may for far I've had to roam;
I've been to visit every girl and welcome her at home.
Northampton town's a fair town and students hold it dear,
And I alone am not allowed encouragement while here.
But let us all celebrate to-night before our time is done,
And use each precious minute before the clock strikes one.

C. H. Methodical's my habit and my nature isn't fast,
I strike on time though no one heeds until ten minutes past.
I would like a vacation; I don't have too much fun.
For people watching the New Year must wait till I say "one."

J. M. G. Though people love my organ "Vox humana" best of all,
I sometimes wonder if the tune that's sung by Collie Hall
Is not more welcome; though my bells like Christmas Spirit say
"Be Happy," your bell tells them all it's time to run and play.

L. P. If any of you would dress up, I'll lend you all my green,
There's holly, mistletoe, and the only green rose ever seen.

LIBE. You need not boast, for quantity's not quality always,
And I have all the trailing vines they plant on Ivy Day.

CHORUS OF CAMPUS HOUSES:

We're glad, we're glad, we're glad we're here,
We're proud to be on hand,
There's nothing like the campus life
In all the college land.
We sung a song of youth and joy
That every year unfurls,
And here's a Happy New Year
To all Smith College Girls!

S. of X. And while we are about it, now, how jolly it would be
To send a cheerful message off to each poor faculty.
They work so hard they have forgot the day of girl or boy,
So let's by wireless telegraph send each a wish of joy.

ALL. Here's to the absent Faculty,
We give a rousing cheer.
Let's hope vacation will seem long
And likewise short the year.

C. H. I have a sad foreboding, so much goes on in me,
That something's going to happen that will not joyous be.
I've given many "warnings," "excuses" too in time,
My "list's" worn out, it is no doubt 'cause I'm not in my prime.
I hate to spoil your pleasure, but must insinuate
That, by my spiral, I'm afraid it must be getting late!

M. H. I never like the tunes you choose, their monotonies do pall,
But I must say this gloomy "One" is quite the worst of all.

L. H. Of people to complain of tunes I place you at the last,
Such bedlam falls within your walls and has for ages past.
You've no right to complaining; now just what would you say
If you had to lose your prestige all for a rival gay?
The thought that worries me is, what naming will they do
About the new one? Do you think they'll call her Lilly II.?

S. of P. There's no more time to argue. Peace! Good will! We must run
Unto our sleep. Hear Collie Hall? His clock is striking one.
All retire silently.

SCENE II.

Time: 8.55 P. M. January 7, 1914.

- OBSIE. The night is fair and all bodes well as far as I can see,
I think we are to dwell in peace, untouched by student glee.
- G. H. A pretty picture there you paint, that's rather good, for you,
I do love a vacation, perspective rare and new.
- C. H. Oh, woe betide! What do I see from up here on my tower?
There is a train; and it's almost my time to strike the hour;
And getting off this train are girls; each now runs for a hack.
Alack-a-day, what shall we do? The students have come back!

CHORUS OF CAMPUS HOUSES:

Oh, what to do? Oh, what to do?
The answer's never learned.
We love the girls when far away,
But now they have returned!
Though absence makes the heart grow fond,
This nearness strikes us cold.
We must look neat, the girls to greet,
Or scandals will be told.

- L. H. Are you glad to come, friend Seelye, to the end of this revel thine?
What do I hear? To greet the year? It's Collie saying, Nein!
(Silence until all students are apparently girl-cotted for the night.)

SCENE III.

Time: 10.15 P. M. Same night.

- M. H. There's not a sound a-breaking the stillness night has sent,
I wonder if each student had her light-cut 'fore she went?
- L. H. Don't talk to me for I must rest and in sleep drown my sorrow,
Here was I full of hope, but I'll be full of Lab. to-morrow.
- J. M. G. But you are lucky both of you and ought to thank your fate,
Just think, I must be up in time to keep my chapel date.
- C. H. I go one worse; you have that time on which a sleeper dotes,
While I'm on watch 'fore half past eight to get "important" notes.
- LIBE. I must say I won't so much mind being full of buzz once more;
There are worse things in life than girls as I have said before;
They have their tragedies, as to us they mean tragedy.
So I shall make the best of them, as they try to, of me.
- ALL. We'll try to make the best of it,
And hope the girls will too.
Smith girls of nineteen fourteen
Happy New Year to you!
Don't be too hard upon us,
Our troubles are no myth,
And know "Coöperation"
Is what we want at Smith.
- S. H. "Good-night,"—It's time to say it, a foreboding comes again.
We always hurry here—What's that? It's Collie!
- C. H. Half past ten.

ROSAMOND DREXEL HOLMES 1914

I wish I could begin this with a quotation—I
HER WEEK should like to start in by saying breezily: "I
remember once reading somewhere that even
the best sense of humor sometimes goes back on one," or "I was
reminded recently of that familiar saying: "There is no one so
lucky as to possess a sense of humor which never fails him."

The only (but vital!) reason that I do not resort to this
method of procedure is that I never read nor heard a quotation
even dimly resembling either of those of which I have made
use, so I shall have to forego any such apt introduction and
come plainly down to the facts themselves.

I have a friend who has a sense of humor. I have, for that
matter, a great many friends all similarly endowed, but this
particular friend's particular sense of humor is, to my way of
thinking, unusually keen.

Now had I been able to use the quotation I couldn't quote, I
might have here reverted to it with fine effect, but under the
circumstances I shall be forced into being content with merely
stating that this unusually keen sense of humor suffered an
eclipse during an entire week. It happened as follows: My
friend (whom I shall call Mary mainly because her real name is
as un-Maryish as possible) had recently what she termed "The
hardest week in the history of college." I was well prepared
for this week of Mary's, which should have made it easier for
me, for on Friday of the week before she began preparing me.
This she did by cutting short my "I haven't time to—" with
"Don't speak to *me* of time. If you only knew what I have to
do next week you'd never mention time again!" or, when some
ill-starred person on Sunday mentioned "work for to-morrow,"

"*Work*, my dear! I'd just like to tell you the amount of
work *I've* got to do to-morrow. If you knew what I've got
ahead of me this week you wouldn't mention work in my
presence!"

But Monday the real excitement began. She came into my
room after breakfast when I was hurrying into my coat and
hat, and there was that in her face which should have warned
me, but "Coming to chapel?" said I cheerily.

"Chapel!" she shrieked, "Chapel!" and I wonder that I
lived to regret my words. "If you only knew what I've got
before me to-day you wouldn't mention chapel to me. Why,
at nine I have Logic, at ten an English written, at eleven I

tutor and I have History at twelve. After luncheon (which I shall probably cut to study) I have Art until four and tutor until six. And you talk of chapel to me! Why at seven—" by this time I was at the front door but the window flew up and her head appeared—"at seven to-night," she continued, "I study history, from eight to nine—" but I never did hear what she did at nine. Her voice couldn't carry that far.

I did not see her again until dinner, I took good care of that, and then by my own arrangement I sat at the other table. But during a momentary lull her voice rose loud and clear. "At eight to-morrow morning," she was saying.

From then on life for me became one grand game of dodge. I went out to meals, I came in late at night, I locked the door of my room, but all to no avail. I went out to the tune of "How *can* you take the time—I've been working since seven o'clock." I came wearily in to be greeted with a grudging "You look tired, too, but if you only knew what I've been through. Why last night—" and I locked my door only to hear, "If she had one-eighth as much to do as I have there might be some point in being so exclusive. Why, since nine on Monday morning—"

I finally arrived at the stage of open rudeness, but I passed Mary again and again rushing frantically to and from classes accompanied by a bewildered looking friend, and always as I passed I caught the too familiar words, "At twelve, Friday, my dear!" or "Three hours' sleep last night and up at—"

Even the most wretched week, however, must eventually come to an end and on Saturday night I entered the house with a blessed feeling of relief—no more avoiding of Mary, no more locked doors or dining out. Her awful week was over, and she would be her old amusing self again. Lightly I ran up-stairs and she stuck her head out of her door.

"Oh hello!" her voice was cordiality itself. "Come right in here. I haven't seen you for an age, and I do want to tell you all about the week I've just been through."

ADELAIDE HEILBRON 1915.

EDITORIAL

Quite the most unpleasant time of the college year and one that conscientious as well as shirking students approach with dread is examination week. This period is a bugbear to the students and to all in touch with them, not so much because of the character of the examinations, but because of the spirit of nervous excitement and unnatural agitation in which the majority of the girls approach them.

Each year there are a few feeble efforts to lessen this evil. There is always some sane student who appreciates the value of the "air of academic calm" and in a fervent appeal through "Public Opinion" begs those who are prone to give audible expression to their fears to have compassion on their neighbors and curb their desire to voice their feelings. Also, in many of the houses, examinations are not discussed in the dining room. In this way there is at least one common meeting place that is free from their blighting influence.

But when scrutinized calmly away from the artificial glare of examination week what is this fear that grips the student body and what foundation has it? Most of the girls have done their work honestly and have reviewed conscientiously and they have a reasonable amount of confidence in their own ability to express what they know. Yet they weakly and with no thought of sane resistance, let themselves be swept away by unfounded fear and engulfed in a turbulent stream of nervous imaginings that, if they would but stop to analyse them, they would know were groundless.

There is but one way for this evil to be met and that is through individual effort. If each one of us would decide not to let herself be needlessly wrought up about examinations the frightened people, happily for the rest of us, would be in the minority. And if those few would keep their seemingly well founded fears

to themselves and thus not inoculate all with whom they come in contact, the greatest burden of examination would be lifted.

For in giving free reign to our nervous imagining we not only are undermining our own capacity to think clearly but we are harmful to every one around us. Fears are as contagious as yawning. Two or three girls with their "I'm scared to death," "I don't know a thing," "I know I'm going to flunk," can infect a room full of composed students if the latter do not refuse to be disconcerted by them.

Why is it not as much a matter of pride to go into an examination calmly as it is for an athlete to enter his contests calmly. No athlete would permit himself to dwell upon his fears and conjure up unknown terrors. He would know this would undermine his powers and keep him from doing his best work. And yet we college students who of all people should recognize the value of clear-headedness deliberately permit our mental efficiency to be hacked at and mutilated by every tramp and beggarly fear that whines for admittance into our minds.

This year with but little effort on the part of each one of us the evil of too much flower giving has been stopped. If we could make as definite a crusade against this most foolish habit of bowing before groundless fears, much of the gloom that engulfs us as we enter upon examination week would melt away like mist. And we should find that in reality this is not such a fearful time, in fact that examination week has more distinct merits than we had ever before seen.

If Smith College students had the reputation for taking examinations sanely it would be something of which we could be as justly proud as of our college spirit. Furthermore, the attitude of calmness cultivated now will stay with us through life. Refusing to be disturbed till we have proof that there is cause we shall find that nine-tenths of our fears simply do not exist at all.

EDITOR'S TABLE

Seven days have slipped away since we came back, WORDS and more than seven times we have turned to catch the echo of a happy Christmas laugh. It grows faint as the vista of days lengthens, but the clasp of the home hands and a vigorous rub with the world have braced us for the work of the new term. Just one more long breath and we are ready for the midyear plunge into a sea of words. There they are all eager for the fight: big surging words that bowl you over in their steady advance and little surf breakers that trip you up unawares and a constant undertow of commonplaces that insist on being known. They are everywhere. Names, dates, statistics, laws, rules, tables will confront us at every turn to deluge our waking hours and haunt our sleeping minutes.

This matter of words is a grievous one and much depends upon it. A single word may make or mar a record that has been skillfully balanced on the narrow nondescript for sixteen weeks. That single word is a tyrant. Its absence is even more powerful than its presence. Omit it and you are lost. Commit it and still you may not be safe. It is no wonder that we shrink before such a motley host of tyrants. And yet there are smaller cliques of these little monsters that are more deadly than the assembled multitude. They run in couplets or quatrains and the end words of the alternate lines are apt to bear a striking resemblance to each other. Such contrivances should be accompanied by a diagram that will graphically illuminate the whole, each individual idea, the relation between the ideas and the relation of each to the whole. Old Janet McGillavorich from Mauchline expresses our sentiments with terrible honesty. "Tuis trick of not saying right out what you mean turns my stomach. Padding out some lines to make them a bit longer, and chopping off ends of words to make them shorter ought to be beneath any reasoning creature."

Words are a great trial. They are so great a trial that to tell the truth about them we have had to lie about them, as they say of the weather in Arizona. For we must admit it true that even words have their fascination. They turn jester, play parts, pop up where you least expect them and perform a variety of tricks and capers. Sometimes with Spooner we find ourselves cherishing "half-warmed fishes" and sometimes we find a pun that is worth the laugh. A rare epigram always finds favor in our sight so we were amused to the point of forgetting that words may be tyrants when we heard to-day that "The Harvard of the species is more deadly than the Yale." R. C.

We must confess that we are in a quandary this month. In the first place, our exchanges are limited in number, so that we can give no criticism that will be representative of this month's magazines as a whole (obviously we cannot attempt to criticise those which have not yet put in an appearance). And in the second place, those that we have are excellent in some ways and poor in others. There are a few good short stories, some good verse, two or three excellent essays, and a few editorials of interest. Unfortunately we have not space in which to consider all these, and after due deliberation we have decided that it will be best to criticise the poems and stories, since there is a greater quantity of good material to be found there than elsewhere.

The *Occident* and the *Yale Literary Magazine* stand first among the magazines that we have at hand, both for quantity and quality of their literature. In the *Occident* there are three stories that are particularly good. "The Sleep Walker" is an ingenious story, the plot of which centers about a murder in which the circumstances are a little out of the ordinary. The scene is laid on shipboard during a storm and this increases its dramatic effect. "Tres Dedos" is also an unusual story, which is grimly humorous at the end. "Kaffeeklatsch" is another good story. In it the character of Frau K. K. Oberauinspektor is very well drawn, and the story is told in a delightful way. There is a quantity of verse in the *Occident* this month. Perhaps the best poems are "Julia," "Cutlar Macculloch," and "The Western Dawn." "The Western Dawn" is a long poem well sustained; it is a more ambitious attempt than is usually to be found in the college magazine. "Cythere" is another

long poem, but the treatment here is not quite so successful as that of the poem just mentioned.

Of the poetry in the *Yale Literary Magazine* "The Lonely Road," "A Vision" and "Ballade" are worthy of mention. We quote the first verse of "Ballade":

"A pilgrim cowed in light is love
Who kneels at many shrines and prays,
So sang I, knowing nought thereof,
'He kneels beside the thronging ways,
And even in the dust he lays
His reverent soul at Mary's feet
Beneath her all-caressing gaze,
For only dreams of love are sweet.'"

In this magazine there are two good stories. "The Age of Chivalry" is very well written, and probably to a great extent true, but a little unpleasant for this very reason. "The Ambition of Jean-Claude" is also very interesting.

In the *Phaethra* for December, "For Father" is a story with a great deal of human interest, and well told; the atmosphere is well-nigh perfect. "Kintaro, Little Son of Gold," too, is an excellent story. Two other stories that are worth reading are "The Way of the Transgressor," in the *Normal College Echo*, and "The Rolands," in the *Sorosís*.

D. O.

AFTER COLLEGE

SENIOR DRAMATICS 1914

1914 presents "The Tempest."

Applications for Senior Dramatics for June 11 and 12, 1914, should be sent to the General Secretary at 184 Elm Street, Northampton. Alumnæ are urged to apply for the Thursday evening performance if possible, as Saturday evening is not open to alumnæ, and there will probably not be more than one hundred tickets for Friday evening. Each alumna may apply for not more than one ticket for Friday evening; extra tickets may be requested for Thursday. No deposit is required to secure the tickets, which may be claimed on arrival in Northampton from the business manager in Seelye Hall. In May all those who have applied for tickets will receive a request to confirm the applications. Tickets will then be assigned only to those who respond to this request. The prices of the seats will range on Thursday evening from \$1.50 to \$.75 and on Friday from \$2.00 to \$.75. The desired price of seats should be indicated in the application. A fee of ten cents is charged to all non-members of the Alumnæ Association for the filing of the application and should be sent to the General Secretary at the time of application.

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be addressed to Eloise Schmidt, Gillett House, Northampton, Massachusetts.

'10. Grace Briggs has announced her engagement to Philip Watters.

Mrs. Walter Doll (Eva Barns). Address: 54 Elm Street, Westerly, Rhode Island.

Rachel Eleanor Donnell. Address: University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Margaret Gilbert has announced her engagement to Reverend William LeRoy Haven.

'11. Florence Angell is assistant to Dean Comstock of Smith College. Address: 43 Franklin Street, Northampton, Massachusetts.

Lois Cunningham will spend the winter travelling in Europe.

- *11. Miriam Levi is with Otis Skinner in the "Kismet" Company. At present the company is touring through the West. Address: Number 4, The Antwerp, Avondale, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- Vita Slater is teaching in the High School at Newton, Kansas. Address: 333 East Ninth Street, Newton, Kansas.
- Mary Tweedy is Assistant in Biology in the Wadleigh High School, New York City.
- Mrs. Lawson W. Wright (Josephine F. Tripp). Address: 1014 Main Street, Evanston, Illinois.
- *12. Marion Denman is in Boston for the winter, studying at the Burdette Business College.
- Maida Herman is doing secretarial work in the firm of Ham, Frederick and Yont in Boston.
- Helen Hulbert is Physical Director at Kemper Hall, Kenoska, Wisconsin.
- Grace Kroll is doing social work in Boston.
- *13. Eleanor Abbot is teaching Mathematics at St. Helen's Hall, Portland, Oregon.
- Marjorie Anderson is acting as Secretary in Miss Spence's School. Address: 30 West 55th Street, New York City.
- Lucile Atcherson will be travelling in Europe until February.
- Christine Babcock is teaching Latin and French in Franklin Academy, Malone, New York.
- Maude Barton is doing volunteer settlement work at the South End House in Boston. In January she will begin a three years' nursing course at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston. Address: 21 Orient Avenue, Newton Centre, Massachusetts.
- Edna Balch is teaching English and Mathematics in the High School at Marshalltown, Iowa.
- Rose Baldwin has announced her engagement to Robert L. Meech.
- Annie Batchelder is teaching an ungraded school at Harbert, Michigan.
- Barbara Bell is studying Art in Minneapolis.
- Emily Brander is Secretary at Irving School, 35 West 84th Street, New York City.
- Mabel Bray is teaching at Hillside School, Norwalk, Connecticut.
- Helen Clafin is studying at the New York State Library School, Albany, New York.
- Anna Cobb is teaching French and English in Rockland High School, Rockland, Maine.
- Jessie Coit is studying Organ and Piano in Newark, New Jersey.
- Blanche Dow is teaching Expression in the Milwaukee-Downer Seminary, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
- Amelia Dutcher is at home. Address: 37 Linwood Avenue, Newton, New Jersey.

'13. Phyllis Fergus is Instructor of Harmony, Orchestration and Piano in the Sherwood Music School, The Fine Arts Building, Chicago, Illinois.

Marietta Fuller is taking the Library School Course at the New York Public Library, Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, New York City.

Helen Gould is doing secretarial work in a private office. Address: Riverside, Illinois.

Helen Gillette is raising berries and small fruits at Wilder, Vermont.

Elizabeth Greene is a field worker for the Phipps Psychopathic Clinic of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland.

Louise Hale is instructor in French in Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana.

Juliette Halla is teaching in the Mary Warren Free Institute, Troy, New York.

Helen Hodgman is doing volunteer work for the Brooklyn Bureau of Charities in preparation for professional social work.

Eunice Hinman is at home. Address: 189 Summit Avenue, Summit, New Jersey.

Elizabeth Johnson is teaching Botany and English in the Virginia College for Young Women, Roanoke, Virginia.

Helen Knox is studying Design at the Westfield Normal School.

Gladys McLain is at home, doing private tutoring in primary work. She is also studying Interior Decorating.

Mary Mead is doing library work and filing in the Bond Department of the Guarantee Trust Company of New York City.

Dorothy Merriam is at home in Washington, District of Columbia.

Harriet Moodey is at home. Address: 603 Watchung Avenue, Plainfield, New Jersey.

Dorothy Olcott is studying French and Music at home. She is also chairman of a King's Daughters' Day Nursery.

Elizabeth Olcott is at home studying Art and French and teaching in a Home for Girls.

Marian Parker is taking a course in Household Economics at Simmons College. Address: 48 Stedman Street, Brookline, Massachusetts.

Nellie Paschal is teaching German and Mathematics in Brantwood Hall, Bronxville, New York.

Gertrude Patterson is at home. Address: Piketon, Ohio.

Caroline Paulman is teaching German and English in the High School at Peabody, Massachusetts.

Winifred Praeger is at home studying at Kalamazoo College, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Madeline Pratt is at home. Address: 414 Union Street, Elmira, New York.

Helen Readio is working among the mountain people at Saint Thomas' Mission, Polk County, North Carolina.

Clara Ripley is at home. Address: 173 Harvard Street, Dorchester, Massachusetts.

Mildred Roberts is teaching Languages in the Newmarket High School, Newmarket, New Hampshire.

Helen Sewall is Reader in the Music Department, Smith College. Address: 261 Crescent Street, Northampton, Massachusetts.

Sophia Smith is assistant to Reverend Mr. Keeler of the First Church of Northampton. Address: 52 Crescent Street, Northampton, Massachusetts.

Mary Strange is teaching Latin, French and English in the High School at Three Mile Bay, New York.

Mildred Tilden is Assistant Secretary at the Fessenden School, West Newton, Massachusetts. Address: 37 Banks Street, Waltham, Massachusetts.

Lucy Titcomb is teaching Violin in Augusta, Maine, and studying Music in Boston.

Emily Van Order is Supervisor of Music in the Winsor School, Longwood, Boston.

Margie Wilbur is Instructor in Latin and German and Preceptress at Hobart High School, Hobart, New York.

Clara Williamson. Temporary address: The Beaconsfield, Brookline, Massachusetts.

Marguerite Woodruff is teaching Science and Music at Croton-on-Hudson, New York.

MARRIAGES

'10. Eva Barnes to Walter Doll. Address: 3816 Park Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Florence Curtis to L. E. Harrah, September 10, 1913.

Abbe F. Ferrin to Charles Skinner, Junior, November 27, 1913.

Margaret Hart to Herbert T. Patton, November 8, 1913.

Mary Chase King to James Payton Leake, October 4, 1913.

Caroline Montgomery to William H. Nelson, September 18, 1913.

Amy Wallburg to Benjamin G. Southwick, September 2, 1913.

Constance Watson to James W. Pollock, October 25, 1913.

Olive Watson to G. Willard Freeman, October 6, 1913.

Ednah A. Whitney to Herbert T. Gerrish, September 25, 1913.

'11. Jean Johnson to Thomas Jewett Goddard, December 13, 1913. Address: 157 East 81st Street, New York City.

Mary O'Malley to William M. Hussie, August 28, 1913. Address: 2309 West Lehigh Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

BIRTHS

- '10. Mrs. W. S. Chilson (Helen Evans), a son, William Wallace, born September 25, 1913.
- Mrs. P. T. Coons (Elizabeth Brown), a daughter, Elizabeth, born September 18, 1913.
- Mrs. R. A. Delesderniers (Frances Mann), a son, Dwight Maynard, born August 3, 1912.
- Mrs. W. McP. Goodrich (Helen Jeffers), a daughter, Carol, born August 16, 1913.
- Mrs. C. M. Hart (Adiene Bergen), a son, Carman Bogart, born October 12, 1913.
- Mrs. Karl Kiedaisch (Katherine Jenkins), a son, George Jenkins, born September 9, 1913.
- Mrs. J. A. Migel (Margaret Dauchy), a son, Julius Dauchy, born November 5, 1913.
- Mrs. W. W. Taylor (Marjorie Wells), a son, Walter Williard, born October 17, 1913.
- '12. Mrs. Betts (Esther Cook), a son, Nelson Benjamin, born November 1, 1913.

CALENDAR

- January 17. Meetings of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
Latin Play.
- “ 19-27. Midyear Examinations.
- “ 27. Senior Class Party.
- “ 29. Second Semester Begins.
- “ 31. Group Dance.
- February 4. Concert under the auspices of the Western Massachusetts Branch of the A. C. A.
- “ 7. Junior Frolic.
- “ 11. Freshman-Sophomore Basket Ball Game.
Junior-Senior Debate.
- “ 14. Meetings of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.

The
Smith College
Monthly

February - 1914

Owned and Published by the Senior Class

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THE
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

VOL. XXI

FEBRUARY, 1914

No. 5

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RUTH HELLEKSON

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

ESTHER LOYOLA HARNEY

BERTHA VIOLA CONN

A FRENCH PRECIEUSE AND AN ENGLISH BLUE
STOCKING

RUTH BARTHOLOMEW

The woman of France first came into prominence in the intellectual world in the seventeenth century, when after years of warfare, both civil and foreign, the people had time to turn their interest away from the business of protecting their country to the higher development and refinement of themselves as individuals. A desire for self-improvement and culture, socially, morally, intellectually, gradually became predominant. It was in this refining that the *Precieuse* of France stands out as a great positive influence.

The name itself implies several of the prominent characteristics of the French woman of that time. Freely translated, a "*femme précieuse*" is a woman over-nice, finical and precise to the point of affectation, logical to the point of absurdity. It is easy to see the effect that such a mentality would have when once it applied itself to general refinement. Culture became the goal of ambition and women pursued it regardless of moderation. In the reaction against the coarseness and vulgarity of previous camp-bred generations manners, customs, language and literature underwent a sort of false purification resulting for the time being in ridiculous exaggeration.

Among those intimately connected with this refining movement, Catherine de Vivonne, better known in history as Madame de Rambouillet, is the most prominent; partly because she was the first to enlist but mostly because she represents the highest type of French woman of her day. It is true that she was only half French. Her mother was an Italian noblewoman, her father, a French ambassador to Rome. Until she was twelve years old she lived in Italy, where she very naturally absorbed the Italian's love of culture and refinement. At twelve, she married the Marquis de Rambouillet and went with him to France. There she was immediately received into the court, but the coarse vulgarity of it was distasteful to her, so after a few years she retired to her residence in the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre, where she formed a miniature court of her own, called l'Hôtel de Rambouillet.

The marquise's idea in withdrawing from the court and forming her own private circle was purely one of revolt against the low standards and base character of the kingly following and her instinctive craving for higher ideals in all phases of life. She believed that only by careful attention to each word and action could the language and manners of her people be brought to a nobler level. Further, she thought that in order to instil such ideals into their minds they must have constant association with the beautiful and the æsthetic. They must live in congenial surroundings where their ideals could be always before them. She held that people should be judged not by their nobility of rank, but by their nobility of character. Rich and poor alike were held up to this one consideration and their innate ability to appreciate the fine and pure determined their worth.

In her family relations, Madame de Rambouillet felt that these same principles should dominate. The home should be the center of all that is finest and best, a sweet family life, pervaded with harmony and enriched by the highest cultural influences. Thus the children would grow up knowing no other tendency of life, peculiarly sensitive to delicacy in any form. So, education whether for young or old was a process of refinement through constant association with all that is best in art, literature and science.

The Marquise believed that women naturally possessed more of these desirable qualities than did men and so she placed woman first in the scale, emphasizing her superiority and her consequent need of higher education in order that she might exercise the greatest possible influence on man. With true perception she saw that if women could meet men as their intellectual equals, they would at once become more congenial, more sympathetic, and therefore more mutually helpful.

In carrying out these ideas Madame de Rambouillet first gave her thought to the building of the home itself. She planned it with great foresight and much originality. The decorations were magnificent, the furniture was chosen with exquisite taste. There were the most artistic color combinations and rich blendings of heavy velvets and tapestries. The gardens, too, were beautiful with their flowered walks, secret arbors and a great crystal fountain. All this the Marquise chose as suitable surroundings for people of the highest intellectual type. Through her entire life, l'Hôtel de Rambouillet remained the principal seat of her activities. There she assembled her friends, such friends as I have already described, fine men and women with true appreciation of culture. There she exercised her influence over them, prompting them to complete denunciation of the common and unrefined. She had a very strong personality, so charming that those who came into contact with it were quick to respond and proud to own its sway. So her friends were eager to help her realize her ideals. Almost constantly associated with her in her home, they strove to perfect themselves in the ordinary things of life. Manners became more polished, conversation more select. At the morning levée, in the daily strolls about the gardens, in informal gatherings in the Blue Room or at the luxurious banquets in the evenings, their aim was always before them. Everything was done precisely "au fait"; etiquette was all important.

The Marquise also laid particular emphasis on literature. Her followers read all of the current books. In fact, many of them were the greatest literary lights of the time,—such as Corneille, Bossuet, Mademoiselle de Scudéry, Madame de La Fayette and Madame de Sévigné. Often they met together to hear these authors read their own writings or to listen to the madrigals and lighter work of those of less genius. Every one was encouraged to write, but all their work was subjected to the highest criticism and heavy censure fell upon any trace of vulgarity or grossness.

These gatherings were not always confined to literary discussions. Their talk ran from topics of religion, politics and war to an analysis of the sentiments and the meaning of love. In all these pastimes the women met the men on an equal footing. Their ideas and arguments were discussed and judged by the same standards as those of the men. Not only the marquise herself, but all of the women associated with her became as well versed and as well educated as the men.

But with her declining years, when the marquise's power was failing, exaggeration crept in and her ideals grew to be a fad. In their eagerness to reach excellence, the people went to extremes. Manners became absurd and conversation was so over-refined that it was necessary to edit a dictionary "*précieuse*" in order to understand the meaning of the thousand ridiculous words they coined.

Madame de Rambouillet has always been so closely linked with her "*salon*" that her character has come to be emphasized in that connection only; but I feel that back of her public life there was a private life which, though largely overlooked by after generations, meant more to her than anything else. So much stress has been laid on her duties as a hostess and on her efforts as the guiding intellectual spirit of a great institution that we are inclined almost to forget that she had any other interests or at least to wonder how she had the time and energy to give her attention to her more intimate family life.

Though Madame de Rambouillet was only twelve years old when she married, and so could hardly have had anything to do with the choice of her husband, had such been the custom of those times, she found in the Marquis de Rambouillet a very congenial, lovable husband. He was eleven years older than she, but from the first he recognized her fine qualities and

admired, respected and adored her. One of the king's ambassadors, he had to be present at the court most of the time that he was in Paris. There the marquise did not accompany him, for besides her great task of hostess to her friends, she had a large family to demand her care,—seven children in all, five girls and two boys. In the home life there was the same delicate spirit of refinement ever-present. The relations between father and mother were so entirely happy, so unusually beautiful, that there was practically no element of discord. They were exceedingly fond of their children, consequently it was a great sorrow to them, when, in 1632, both of their sons died within the year.

At this time as at all others, Julie d'Angennes, the marquise's eldest daughter, was a constant comfort and help to her mother. Of all her children, Julie seemed to have more nearly the same tastes and ideals as the marquise herself; hence their great congeniality and Julie's ability to understand and sympathize with her mother. Later on, when, in 1652, the death of the marquis seemed to be the culmination of a long series of disappointments, due to the disloyalty of Claire Diane, her second daughter, the marquise found Julie and her husband, Monsieur de Montausier, an even greater comfort. And their little daughter was an inestimable delight to the marquise in her declining years.

The history of Julie's romance with the Marquis de Montausier, though not bearing directly on the character of the marquise, does, I think, show negatively an interesting phase of her thought. The romance occupied ten years,—ten years of constant, insistent effort on the part of the young marquis and of equally insistent refusal on the part of Julie, who even more précieuse than her mother, felt that marriage should come only after a long series of "romantic adventures," as she called them. Of course, there were doubtless other reasons that influenced her. In the first place, there was her great attachment to her mother. Secondly, both Julie and her mother were ardent Catholics, while M. de Montausier was a Protestant. Thirdly, the marquis was three years younger than Julie. But besides these reasons, certain it is that Julie delighted in keeping the marquis in suspense and that for several years she thus played with him for simple enjoyment. In the meantime the marquis in order to win her had changed his religion and had won fame for himself in numerous campaigns. The

"Guirland de Julie" represents his last gallant attempt to gain her hand, and it proved a "coup d'éclat." A large album containing a flower for every page, with a suitable poem under it,—this conglomeration of art, done by the greatest painters and poets of the day, accomplished the desired result and Julie, with the encouragement of her mother, became Madame de Montausier.

The very fact that Madame de Rambouillet did not discourage Julie in her conduct during these years showed that she did not disapprove of her attitude; so that though the marquise was not so extreme in her ideas as those who followed her in the next few years, we can see in her traces of that same tendency which soon reached a point of positive absurdity with the French women.

Though Madame de Rambouillet was herself on the verge of this exaggeration, her fine sense of things kept her from going too far. But she recognized in others about her this tendency and it was one of the sorrows of her last years to realize that the fulfillment of her ideas, once so promising, was now far from accomplishment. For the people in their mad rush for culture had lost all sense of proportion and had gradually shifted their aim to that of being different from everybody else.

There were other things, too, darkening the end of the marquise's life. The meetings at l'Hôtel de Rambouillet had gradually dwindled on account of the marquise's poor health. She could receive only a few of her most intimate friends. Most of her old followers had already died. No one quite realized how greatly she suffered from the loss of her husband. They had been such congenial companions for fifty years that she hardly knew how to live without him. Julie and her family were the only ones left. Their ceaseless devotion did much to sweeten the passing of those last days.

Finally, in 1663, Madame de Rambouillet died. During her life-time, she was universally loved and admired and after her death the feeling remained unchanged. People were quick to recognize in her a keen mind, clever wit, innate refinement and a great, irresistible charm of character. It is a notable fact that, great and prominent though she was, there is practically no record of her having an enemy or of there being anyone who even disliked her, except in the case of Claire Diane, the daughter who denounced not only her mother but her entire family.

This can be said of very few public characters who were as great and did as much as Madame de Rambouillet.

Almost fifty years after the death of Madame de Rambouillet and practically one hundred after the French women first became active in their self-improvement, the English women began to show signs of the same tendencies. But nowhere and at no time was the movement carried on under any such well-planned organization or with such consistency as in France. The nearest point of correspondence in England lies in a certain literary club in London, called the Blue Stocking. This was made up mostly of women and aimed to introduce into society a healthier, more intellectual life and to supplant gossip by a higher type of literary discussion. The Blue Stocking Club, however, was not the idea of any one person and did not have back of it the consistent effort of a competent leader, such as Madame de Rambouillet. It was simply a social gathering which came into being and drifted out again after a short, almost unorganized existence. It has been called an "anglicized Hotel de Rambouillet," but the only justification for the name lies in the fact that its aim lay along the same lines as that of l'Hôtel de Rambouillet, though it did not possess any such compass. Still, in the same way that the term "précieuse" came to have its meaning in France, the term "Blue Stocking" grew up in England. The name was applied to anyone who, in making an effort toward a higher intellectual standard, had overstepped the mark and become pedantic. But the term implied in it, too, several of the prominent English characteristics, those of carelessness and slovenliness. This last idea, as also the name of the original club, came from one of its members, a Mr. Stillingfleet, who always wore blue stockings, the fancy dress requirement, no matter what style of suit he had on. Hence the idea of inconsistency of dress, unconventionality, slouchiness. Thus a Blue Stocking was characteristically English as a "précieuse" was French.

The very best example of these English characteristics was Lady Mary Pierrepont, afterward Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who was born in Nottinghamshire about one hundred years after Madame de Rambouillet. She, too, was of noble parentage. Unfortunately, her mother died when she was only four years old, so there was no restraining hand to guide her as she grew up. Her father, who was very proud of her beauty,

oversaw her education and took care that she was versed in all the fashionable accomplishments. The little Lady Mary had a keen, quick mind. She was a good Latin scholar, had a reading knowledge of Greek and a passionate love for books. From the day she was born she began to think, and her extensive reading while young gave her unusually mature ideas which she was ever ready to express.

First of all, she possessed a peculiar scorn for custom, convention and style. In a letter written at nineteen, Lady Mary, in reference to the study of grammars and dictionaries, says: "In making my pleasures consist of these unfashionable diversions, I am not of the number who cannot be easy out of the mode. I believe more follies are committed out of complaisance to the world than in following our own inclinations. Nature is seldom in the wrong, custom always; it is with some regret that I follow it in all the impertinences of dress; the complaisance is so trivial that it comforts me; but I am amazed to see it consulted even in the most important occasions of our lives; and that people of good sense in other things can make their happiness consist in the opinions of others, and sacrifice everything in the desire of appearing in fashion. I call all people who fall in love with furniture, or clothes, and equipage, of this number, and I look upon them as no less in the wrong than when they were five years old, and doted on shells, pebbles and hobby-horses."

Again, Lady Mary takes an antagonistic attitude toward the then prevailing opinion concerning woman's sphere and education. She revolts against the fact that women are encouraged in all the effeminate pursuits of life but that they are laughed at when they strive after higher learning. On the other hand, she recognizes the ridiculous appearance of a "learned woman." She aims at a happy medium. For while she believes that men are the superior sex and that any woman who denies it rebels against the law of the Creator, she maintains that ignorance in a woman makes it possible for a man to corrupt her and to convince her to any way of thinking because she has not the knowledge or ability to argue for herself.

As far as regards marriage, Lady Mary had some very high ideals. She felt that happiness consisted in perfect congeniality; that marriage based on love alone would be unhappy, because the ability to be good-humored, agreeable and cheerful

determines a person's lovableness and people are not always disposed to be aimable. Furthermore, the couple must make up their minds to be content with what they have, wherever they are, otherwise dissatisfaction will result. Here again she emphasizes the fact that the woman is really inferior to the man and that she therefore must be willing to follow whatever is best for his good and development.

So much for a few of the big principles in Lady Mary's thought. It is almost impossible to give a definite statement of her other ideas, as she is constantly changing from one side to the other without always apparent reason. In this case it is easier to take up these ideas in connection with her life.

When she was twenty-two, she married Sir Edward Wortley Montague. She met him through his sister, Mistress Anne, her very dear friend. He was a very quiet, reserved, not particularly brilliant man, so it is hard to see just what attraction a woman like Lady Mary could find in him. Still, it cannot be doubted that she found something to hold her, although it is hard to tell whether or not she really loved him. They had constant quarrels during their engagement, which was broken off time and again only to be renewed immediately. Their disputes were not over arrangements for the time after their marriage; concerning these Lady Mary agreed perfectly with Mr. Montague. She professed not to care for wealth and seemed willing to do anything he wished. They quarreled jealously and pettishly as to whether or not they really loved each other. Throughout the correspondence of this period, it is easy to see that Lady Mary is not sure of herself, that she instinctively feels she will not be happy with Mr. Montague, and yet she goes ahead in opposition to her family and finally, after putting off the decision until the day before, still unsettled in her own mind, she elopes with him.

Shortly after their marriage, parliamentary business called Mr. Wortley to London, while Lady Mary went to visit some friends in Nottinghamshire. Then, there seems to be a complete change in the tone of her letters. They are those of a devoted bride. Apparently, Mr. Wortley does not write her often enough and the worry, doubts and fears expressed in those letters make me wonder if this is not really, after all, the expression of true love. The same tone prevails in her letters after her son is born, but gradually they begin to show her

interest in another line. Her ambition for her husband takes the lead. She is anxious for him to be a prominent politician. She urges the necessity of money in order to gain power. She seems to realize that Mr. Wortley is not making the best of every opportunity and she tells him to be more "impudent." Finally he is elected to parliament again and Lady Mary goes to London, where, for a time, she becomes a true woman of fashion. She is a great favorite at the court; she caters to style in dress, to convention in manners, but she goes no further. Following the tendency of the court, she does not hesitate to use the low, vulgar language of George the First's followers and she seems to have felt very little if any repulsion at the thought.

It is during this stay in London that Lady Mary became interested in the Blue Stocking Club and took part in its meetings. But her literary interest was not limited to this field. Throughout her letters, she gives plenteous criticisms of the books she reads. She has a keen insight into character, a clear judgment and a taste for good literature that make her views at once interesting and valuable. Lady Mary's greatest contribution to literature is of course these letters which I have so frequently mentioned. They are fascinating, vivid, clear, full of life and representative of life.

In 1716 Mr. Montague received his appointment as ambassador to Constantinople and Lady Mary accompanied him there. While in the East, she became acquainted with the use of inoculation for small-pox. This she had the courage to introduce into England on her return. Indeed, she even was brave enough to try it on her own family as proof of its efficacy. That Lady Mary appreciated the beauty of cleanliness, we see from her letters written during this first trip abroad on her way through Holland. There she notices the clean streets and houses of the Dutch towns and points out as a result the clean character of the people, the absence of beggary and the noticable presence of cheerfulness. She says, "Here is neither dirt nor beggary to be seen. One is not shocked with those loathsome cripples, so common in London, nor teased with the opportunity of idle fellows and wenches, that choose to be nasty and lazy. The common servants and little shopwomen here are more nicely clean than most of our ladies; and the great variety of neat dresses is an additional pleasure in seeing the town." Yet, though Lady Mary realized the importance of health to such an

extent that she was willing to meet considerable opposition and ridicule in England in order to introduce vaccination, though she saw the favorable results of cleanliness so practical in Holland, she failed to make any effort to keep herself clean or to urge others to do so. She seemed to realize that the dirt and filth of London was responsible for such miserable conditions, and yet she did not even so much as move a finger or suggest a reform.

After her return to England Lady Mary and her husband resided at Twickenham, near Mr. Pope, to the great joy of the poet, who was very fond of Lady Mary. Then comes their famous quarrel, the whys and wherefores of which I shall not attempt to deal with here. Suffice it to say that this quarrel is one of the bitterest in history and became a matter of large public comment, for by this time Lady Mary was well enough known to have many friends and many enemies who took sides accordingly. At any rate scandal was certainly provoked by Lady Mary's unconventionalities.

This perhaps gives us a clue to the reason for Lady Mary's separation from her husband in 1739 and her long stay of twenty-two years abroad. Leigh Hunt, who judges her in a rather censorious manner, says: "In certain matters her independence of conduct was such as to render it impossible for her husband either to live with or to separate from her without scandal." But we cannot be absolutely sure that this was the cause, for there is no real evidence of it. Even Lady Mary's family professed to know no adequate reason. The separation was apparently brought about in a perfectly quiet, friendly manner. It was not a legal arrangement,—just a mutual acquiescence, making it possible for Lady Mary to retire abroad. During all her stay she corresponded frequently with her husband, and there is always a marked friendliness of tone, sometimes even affection in her attitude towards him. On the other hand, Mr. Wortley constantly gives her his confidence in all his concerns; he shows evidence of great respect and care for her well-being. Whatever the true circumstances of her long stay abroad, I believe that it was certainly wise for Lady Mary to leave England, because as she grew older she became more and more erratic, with even less regard for appearances. She had already many enemies who would have jumped at the least chance of further attacking her. Of course Lady Mary con-

tinued making enemies while abroad, but the opposition was less intense.

During these twenty-two years Lady Mary settled in Italy. She bought a house and became much interested in gardening and the rearing of silkworms. The letters of this period are full of the most interesting descriptions of the customs of those about her. Many of these letters are written to Lady Bute, her daughter, who seems to have been one of the very few to hold her mother's affection through her whole life. There is no doubt of the fact that Lady Mary loved her daughter dearly and found in her a congenial companion and valuable friend.

In these letters there are also frequent interesting allusions to things happening in England. One of them is an admirable example of Lady Mary's unconventional frankness. She says: "I am sorry for the untimely death of poor Lord Cornbury; he certainly had a very good heart. I have often thought it a great pity it was not under the direction of a better head."

In another of her letters she describes her household. With this same household, shortly after the death of her husband, in 1761, she returned to England. Her cousin, who then went to visit her, describes her establishment thus: "I was very graciously received and (you may imagine) entertained by one who neither thinks, speaks, acts, nor dresses like anybody else. Her domestic establishment is made up of all nations; and when you get into her drawing-room, you imagine you are in the first story of the Tower of Babel. An Hungarian servant takes your name at the door; he gives it to an Italian, who delivers it to a Frenchman; the Frenchman to a Swiss, and the Swiss to a Polander; so that by the time you get to her Ladyship's presence, you have your name changed five times without the expense of an Act of Parliament." Imagine such a thing happening at l'Hôtel de Rambouillet!

Lady Mary had not long to live in England. Her health was failing rapidly and she died ten months after her return, in August, 1761. Even after twenty-two years of absence, Lady Mary had enemies who were ready to exaggerate her uncouth appearance and make her more eccentric than she really was. She had such vivacity of spirit, such a lively disposition, that unfortunately she made as many enemies as friends. Delighting to follow her own free will, in thought, speech, action, she fretted against the convention of the times. She had in her

nature a biting streak of sarcasm, which made her unusual endowments doubly dangerous. She herself was as tactless as she was headstrong; but had she married a man who could have managed her and sympathized with her, she might have proved a devoted wife, for her long, lasting affection for her daughter, Lady Bute, shows her capable of a deep, permanent love.

In a comparison of Madame de Rambouillet and Lady Mary as individuals, we recognize first that they are both superior women, of high intellectual qualities. They both had a desire for reform, but Madame de Rambouillet went much farther, carrying that desire into every phase of life, while Lady Mary applied it to intellectual standards only. Consequently, the influence of the marquise was much greater than that of Lady Mary. Lady Mary lacked that instinctive love of refinement so dominating in Madame de Rambouillet. Her great tactfulness, sweet character and charming personality further insured her influence, while Lady Mary's corresponding tactlessness, biting sarcasm and fiery disposition so offset her more attractive characteristics that they lessened, rather than increased, her power over the great majority of people. Wherever Madame de Rambouillet attracted notice, she did so in a quiet, delicate, yet fascinating way, but Lady Mary shocked the world into attention.

Considering these two women not only as individuals, but as types offering examples of the chief points of difference between their respective races, we find even more contrast. Madame de Rambouillet and the French are a logical, tactful, consistent, conventional, careful, law-abiding people; while Lady Mary and the English are illogical, tactless, inconsistent, unconventional, careless, always looking for the exception rather than the rule.

EARTH-BOUND

GRACE ANGELA RICHMOND

Now am I free ; no care nor toil to bind,
In endless space eternally I fly;
A wind-swept flame, a flash of sunshine, I,
A cloud that drifts before a joyous wind,
Eternal life and happiness—and yet
The hawthorn blooming in the crooked lane,
The scent of lilaes after summer rain,
A note of music,—passion thrilled with pain—
And I remember what I would forget,
And dreaming, dreaming feel regret.

IN FEBRUARY

LEONORA BRANCH

"Daffy-down-dilly has come up to town
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown."

She passed along the city street
With hair unbound, her dimpled feet
All bare and rosy, in her eyes
The azure promise of the skies,
The green and yellow of her gown
Lighting the greyness of the town.

I did not see her wandering
The city through—who looks for Spring
In February?—but I saw
An old man with a hat of straw,
A cane, and in his eyes a smile,
A look of knowing things worth while ;
And farther on I met a maid,
In gown of green, that tender shade
The willows wear, what time the stream
Breaks, babbling, through its wintry dream,
And, hurrying upon my way,
I caught a glimpse of boys at play
With tops, and at the corner there
I felt a something in the air—
A fragrance, faint, elusive, sweet,
Stole from the pavement 'neath my feet,
And stooping down to breathe my fill
I saw the yellow daffodil
You'd dropped,—and so was sure at last,
That it was Spring herself, had passed.

AFTERNOONS

KATHERINE BUELL NYE

"One for the money, two for the show, three to get ready and—four to go!" Down from the third step you jumped and landed in a pile of leaves, where you lay, listening to the faint rustlings and whisperings and cracklings. But over the confused sounds came clearly,

"Eighty-five, ninety, ninety-five, *five* hundred! Ready,—coming!"

You lay concealed until you heard,

"One, two, three for Eddy."

"One, two, three for 'Maryon'."

Then a long silence and,

"Rotten eggs an' beefsteak for Jim an' Harry."

Unable to remain quiet a second longer you rushed up to "bye," and were made "it" because you were the last to come. You screwed your eyes up and started boldly.

"Five, ten, fifteen, twenty," but from there on you didn't know the numbers and kept up a sing-song imitation, guessing at the intervals, then;

"One hundred, *two* hundred, three hundred, four hundred, *five* hundred, ready,—coming!"

It took no time to decide where to look, for you knew the rules of the game,—first the garden, then the barn. In the garden you peered behind small stones and jumped around big trees, you gazed up into the branches, and through the layers of brown leaves the blue sky glowed. Then you crawled through thickets of low shrubs and felt that you were a giant in the forest, for the branches began at the height of your knees and by jumping you could see over their tops. But there was no one in the garden.

At last you stood in the barn door, a small blue figure in the big dim square. Way over in the corner the afternoon sun poured in at a small window and yellow dust particles danced up and down the narrow path of light. To your left there was darkness, and over all a silence, throbbing with suppressed breathing and scarcely broken by the horses' stamping and

switching their tails. Unsteadily you tiptoed to the row of carriages, with their shafts braced high in the air. They were empty. You passed the stalls, made a thorough examination of the hay-mow and still more stealthily approached the harness room, progressing slowly and balancing yourself with outstretched arms.

Halt! There was the faintest sound, not unlike the softest stirring of the falling leaves, a slit of pink seen through the crack of the door. You turned and sped through the echoing barn. Your footsteps thundered behind you, but grew lighter as you reached the open door. Across the scrunching gravel and over the soft grass you ran and fell exhausted on the back steps calling,

“One two three for Maryon!”

When the barn grew so dark that the terror overbalanced the pleasure of hiding in it, a bonfire attracted your attention, and you all helped Michael rake leaves for the privilege of burning them in big smouldering piles. How the smoke followed you around and got in your eyes! Later you made fiery fans in the air with glowing sticks, then red snakes against the purple haze.

Awful orgies ensued, accompanied by war dances, moans and groans, shrieks and wails. The back porch was the prison and there lay the captives bound and gagged awaiting their end in terror.

Suddenly a shaft of light appeared beyond the wall of smoke just back of the fire. The gloomy dungeon was illuminated, and a well known voice called,

“Supper time! Come right in and get cleaned up!”

The captives were saved.

Again the afternoon was before you. The sun bored a queer hole through the grey sky and made a shining path among the snowflakes as they circled toward your window. Afternoon! and what a multitude of things you could do. Faint memories of things you had done, on just such days as this, flitted through your mind and were chased by other memories. “The host of things you longed to do!” But soon these stole away and new thoughts crept in. Thoughts of games you had never played, stories you had never read, dreams which you had never dreamed—and so you built new castles which to-morrow would be as familiar as their predecessors of to-day.

Up and up you gazed, through the fine falling snow which

tumbled from the flat gray sky. You watched the tiny flakes, like pills, first catching sight of one as it grew dark against the cloud and careened nearer and nearer, now circling downward and now caught up and twirled giddily until at last the sun touched it and glistening white it settled on the sill before you. There it lay, that brave ship, with frozen rigging and icy prow, whose tiny cabin contained the warmest of stoves, the cosiest of bunks and piles and piles of books and charts. Down, down you had been carried on that ship, before a capricious wind, now in a black storm, now wedged in binding ice fields, and at last you had sailed into port, home at last from "The Land Beyond the Winter Sun."

You turned from the window slightly hazed by your sudden return. How natural home seemed, nothing changed since you started on that long voyage. The fire burned briskly and there lay the costume which you wore one morning when you played Indian. There were your books and your paints. Paints! The very thing! So no sooner were you home from your journey than you settled down to your life's work.

You were to be an artist. You had always liked to paint, and nothing appealed more strongly to your imagination than a clean white page, neatly mapped out into little spaces, which you transformed into brightly colored scenes from farm life. You confessed to a weakness for blonde hair and large, bright blue eyes. All of your milk maids were blessed with these and they usually wore pink dresses, which contrasted advantageously with a red or yellow cow.

And what a difference you could make in milk maids! You could do them hurriedly and run over the lines, in which cases the cows usually had pink noses and tails, and the blue eyes were alarmingly large—or you could take great pains and make "really truly, curly, hair," a pink and white striped, or,—with the greatest care,—a checked dress! With such a milk maid you always made spotted cows.

But soon the "paint water" grew dirty, the face died down. It was cold and dark outside the window and, glancing over your shoulder, you saw that the snowflakes were little white fingers, tapping—tapping. So you ran through the dark hall and down the stairs to the bright, warm kitchen, where kettles simmered, and steam tipped and clicked their lids. Sizzling sounds came from pans on top of the stove, and smells of fresh bread and roast meat from the pantry.

DUSK

HELEN VIOLETTE TOOKER

Shy Dusk passed slowly through the silent land,
And gently o'er the earth her mantle trailed
Till every leaf and flower was shadow-veiled.
And in the twilight sky the breezes fanned
The sparkling stars to life, and here, below,
Like swift reflections gleamed the fire-flies' glow.

SALEM AND HAWTHORNE

MARTHA CHADBOURNE

Across his path
A shadow lay.
He paused or hastened on, yet still,
'T was there, his ceaseless follower,
A thing all mixed with gloom and gray.
Dim shadow, speak ;
What was thy goal ?

He saw thee once
In summer time
Fall fleetingly upon the rose.
Winged by his eager discontent,
None sought a rest where less of grace
And ease were found
What was thy goal ?

Stern winter came.
In silhouette
Thou didst appear upon the page
Of crystal. Not till then were seen
Thy outline's firm austerity;
He knew it well.
What was thy goal ?

Didst thou not aid
His power to paint
In coloring subdued, yet clear
As eye to him thy phantom was
The consequence of Human Sin ?
Grim shadow, speak ;
Was this thy goal ?

THE AFFAIRS OF LIZZIE

ESTHER LOYOLA HARNEY

To begin with, we have always lived in Salem. Salem is the most conservative and old-fashioned town in Massachusetts. It is now a city, but being a city does not affect Salem much. Salem always considers itself a town and that town to which, in the glorious days of the Revolution, the port was transferred, after Boston had its "Tea Party." Our forefathers had the good luck to be transferred to Salem town in the filthy, straw-bottomed boat of the seventeenth-century colonizing companies instead of in the steerage of an eighteenth-century steamer. It is a town which progress has gently aroused from a colonial afternoon nap of "forty winks" after the danger had passed of the little nap becoming a long sleep, like that of Rip Van Winkle. Antiquity, old lace, real silver and that enduring quality, "genteelness," is stamped upon every door-knocker. We have "knockers" on our doors in Salem, never "bells." When the other colonies, in the early days, were busy making "pine-tree shillings" or cultivating tobacco, the town of Salem was busy stamping that quality upon its men and women, the dignity of aristocratic "genteelness." To be sure, the business sections of the city are like any other cities, or as nearly alike as it is possible for Salem to adapt itself, but this story has not business to deal with, but with Salem and two old maids or, properly, "spinster" ladies, as we are legally designated in all our papers.

My father was a doctor. His shiny, old-fashioned "shingle" or door-plate is up-stairs now in the attic of our home among all our old heirlooms. There were three children, the eldest John, who is now a doctor, myself and Lizzie. Mother died when Lizzie was born, and so neither of us two girls remember her. Father was killed when I was twelve and when Lizzie was eleven years old. His horse threw him and, since then, the Doctor, who was at that time twenty years old, and a student at Harvard, has refused ever to ride horse-back. I have always ridden and still keep my own mount. Lizzie prefers automobiles, but more of Lizzie's preference later. Father

had two maiden sisters, who are still living, and who shut up our old house, which was the original family home, and took both Lizzie and me to live with them when father died. The Doctor went abroad to Dublin to medical school, and then to Paris to finish his training. He came back finally and settled down in Salem to practice his profession. It was a great relief to Lizzie and me when Doctor came back ten years later. We were naturally very gay and frivolous girls. But our maiden aunts soon took us in hand and we were modelled on the Salem "genteel" statue. We both went to Washington to boarding school for four years and came back to be introduced. Lizzie always did hate society—from the back window view which she had of its doings at home. She naturally fretted more and was more restless than I was. Nothing mattered to me as long as I could have all the books I wanted and my beloved horse. But Lizzie was afraid of horses and hated books. She really didn't know what she wanted—until she got her automobile. After our one winter season of dignified festivities, consisting of very formal teas, a "ball" or two a season, many long and wearying series of "calls," during which Lizzie sat straight-laced in her chair, answered very politely and spasmodically my aunts' attempt to draw her out, shook hands stiffly with our hostess, and heaved a deep sigh of relief when once out into the open air, Lizzie and I were "out." We were expected to be married off right away—so people thought. Our aunts looked to our brother for eligible husbands, but the Doctor was a busy man professionally, and then, too, he was busy himself trying to induce a Lynn maiden to marry him and come to Salem. This infuriated our aunts; so much so that a family rupture seemed pending. The Doctor politely but forcibly reminded my aunts that he was capable of choosing his own wife for himself, and that he would brook no interference; also, that since he was supposed to have such an excess of very fine-quality blood in him, he didn't think it would matter who the girl was or what she was.

To all this, happening as it did in our presence—we were usually asked to go to our room when such things were discussed—we were attentive listeners, Lizzie and I. Lizzie forgot herself and cried out "Bravo!" when the Doctor threw out his gauntlet of words to the aunts, and this was the last straw! Our aunts plainly asked us on which side we stood, the

"family-pride" side, theirs, or the other side (with a contemptuous sniff at this point). Lizzie jumped up immediately and ran across the room to the side of our brother. My aunts looked at me. Aunt Eleanor, for whom I am named, gave me an appealing look, but Aunt Edith was like a stone statue. I did not hesitate. I walked over after Lizzie and stood by the Doctor. I was the eldest, I already considered the Doctor as a married man; so, "Aunt Edith," I began, "Lizzie and I will move out this afternoon to the Doctor's house and stay there while our old home will be fixed over. We will live in the old home, Lizzie and I. I am twenty-three and feel my responsibility. As mistress of our old home, I want you to know that you and Aunt Eleanor will always be welcome. Please have no ill feelings toward us about this decision. We must follow the dictates of our own conscience." I said this very firmly, feeling, as I did, that already I was an old maid like my aunt before me. My aunt bowed stiffly, excused herself with exquisite politeness, and withdrew to her own room. Aunt Eleanor, left alone, melted into a flood of tears. I flew into her arms, and tried to soothe her. The Doctor came up and patted her, man fashion, on the shoulders, telling her that it was all right, and we would all soon be just as calm as ever. He retreated hastily, however, leaving Lizzie and me to say farewell. Aunt Eleanor helped us get our clothes together. Aunt Edith remained in her room with the door locked. Twice Lizzie and I knocked, but to no avail. At length Lizzie ran off in high spirits, and I called in, "Good-bye for a while," to Aunt Edith's old-fashioned, white-enamelled door. Aunt Eleanor kissed us "good-bye" and promised to come to see us no matter what happened, and I promised to come back and pour for her at a tea which she was giving the next Saturday. She warned us not to let the story of our "misunderstanding"—"scandal, you mean," put in Lizzie—leak out. The same old story that we had had dinned into our ears since childhood—the honor of the family, our pride, our unity, etc., etc.,—were terms to which Lizzie and I had become so accustomed that we recited them off by rote as we did our Catechism. Already Lizzie had cast them aside, and even my own slow and steady self was formulating a new doctrine of independence. On our way to the Doctor's Lizzie and I decided that we were "democrats," she a radical one, if there is such, and I, the more conservative sort.

We had the old home all fixed over. Lizzie and I each paid half the expenses out of our own money. We had new lighting fixtures put in, more bath-rooms, a large sleeping porch on the back side of the house, overlooking our back garden and the high shrubbery which separates our home from the home of our aunts. I forgot to say that we were near neighbors, separated from each other by high shrubbery through which was a high connecting gate. The houses were not near together, because each house had a large back lot and garden. The Doctor supervised the renovation of the house. He insisted upon having a tennis-court, to my surprise. Since then he has used it considerably. He it was who suggested the tearing down of the partition between the two back-parlors, and transforming them into a huge, long living-room with a big modern fireplace. I had all the rooms done over. It does a house no good to keep it shut up so many years, and it was autumn before the Doctor would let us move in. When we did move, it was into a very beautiful home. All Salem gasped at our extravagance.

In the meantime the Doctor bought an automobile. Aunt Edith always detested them and refused to give up her horses, and so I, having my saddle-horse all the time, naturally thought them detestable, too. Lizzie, however, used to get all her young men friends—when she dared—to take her out in their motors. She loved them, and thereby hangs the tale.

Lizzie wanted a machine. Lizzie was her own mistress and could command her own money to a certain extent, and, at any rate, she could buy an automobile. So Lizzie went about auto-seeking. She wanted a "red-devil"—she used the word frequently and delightedly, now that Aunt Edith wasn't around. One morning she came down to breakfast with a daring look in her eyes. "I'm going to buy an automobile," she announced. I looked up from my coffee enquiringly. "Don't you dare to stop me, Eleanor Grey,"—she usually called me Nell,—"*for once* in my life *I'm* going to do what I feel like doing." In less than an hour Lizzie and I were on our way to Boston to buy a machine.

In Boston we found not only one "red-devil," but one thousand. Lizzie stubbornly refused to let the Doctor know what she was about. "Besides," she argued, "he's so head-over-heels in love that it's all he can do to attend to his patients." I

meekly agreed with her. I always do. First we went up to Park Square, where we found ourselves among what we called "horrid men." I could feel them laughing up their sleeves when Lizzie said she wanted "something red." If they had politely referred us to Jordan, Marsh Co., as I feared they would, I would have called a policeman. I was so tired and bewildered. I don't think that they thought Lizzie had the price of a pair of gloves to her name, the way they acted.

We went to lunch at one o'clock. Lizzie ordered lobster. I began to fear for her. Red is an awful color to get on one's mind. I objected, therefore, when she ordered tomatoes and a strawberry ice. "Better have a neutral color," I murmured.

"Nell," she said sharply to me, "are you still thinking of decorations for the house?" But she ordered "café parfait."

In the afternoon we walked down Boylston Street to look in at the shops. "Perhaps we'll see something in red coats for the machine," Lizzie said to me. But I hustled her on to a car, and soon we were in the most exclusive shops where they sell autos. We knew it when we opened the door. A very cordial and polite gentleman ushered us to two chairs. I was spokesman, for Lizzie's facilities of eye and tongue were all directed in looking at the cars lined up against the wall.

"We want to see the models of your car,—"

"Something in red," interrupted Lizzie in an absent voice.

"Something that a woman can drive herself," I continued in a tone as cold as ice. My training with Aunt Edith began to show itself, when Lizzie failed to take the initial step. I was now buying the machine. We walked down aisle after aisle of the stock-room, the man talking volubly about cranks, carburetors, ignition, battery, and other equally unintelligible terms. An inspiration seized me. The blind way we were going at the whole affair suddenly showed itself to me. "What concern," I asked in a bored tone, causing Lizzie to start and look over her shoulder for Aunt Edith, "makes your car?" Never would I let him see that we hadn't had sense enough to look at the blazing sign over the door! He told me and I truthfully had never heard of "the concern" before. I didn't tell him that, however. After we had examined the cars, Lizzie burst forth impetuously, despite my warning glances:

"Haven't you any 'red-devils'?"

The man smiled politely and said that the color in fashion

now was blue or grey in their cars, but if a customer wished, the color could be changed. I thanked him and took his circular and business card. He looked at Lizzie curiously, as he ushered us gallantly out. She had hardly spoken and had acted as if she was walking up above this sphere of existence.

"Lizzie," I said when we were out on the sidewalk again, "we are crazy old maids, that's what we are. We ought to have a man with us."

"Pshaw, lot of good a man would do us! I want an automobile," she answered.

We walked on. I read the signs now. Lizzie was subdued a bit. I was the one to blaze the trail into the next store. Suddenly I caught sight of a sign that looked familiar to me. "The American Roadster Company," I read aloud. Where had I seen that before? "Come, Lizzie," I said decidedly, "*this* is where you find your devil, red, white, or blue, I don't care which." I remembered *now*. I had seen that sign on the Doctor's machine.

We entered. I asked to see a demonstrator. The attendant smiled and answered that they kept no supplies in their stock-room, only "show" cars. Very haughtily I informed him that he misunderstood me, *I* wished to see the *manager* of the firm. The man left us for a minute. Lizzie walked off alone. She was looking for a red car and I watched her. Suddenly she turned and sped quickly up the aisle. I couldn't see where she went, for the man was approaching me. It was a different man. Perhaps, I thought, *this* man is the manager. I began to tell him what I wanted, when I was rudely interrupted — and shocked, too—by a voice calling, "Nell! Nell! Oh Nell Grey! Come here!" I fled down the aisle, followed by the astonished man.

There was Lizzie in the car, a low, grey thing that looked all the world like a sleeping grey-hound! She was turning the big wheel around with fingers that were as loving as they were expert. I stared speechless!

She became aware of our presence but didn't look up. "Nell, look at the darling pedals, and the funny little tubes of shiny brass, and look at the nice brakes!" she cried breathlessly.

I stared at her.

The man broke the spell with a nice quiet, little chuckle. He sprang into the low seat beside her. "It is a beauty," he answered, "and it just fits *you*."

"I want it" said Lizzie. "I'll take it."

Then, we all laughed, and only *I* thought of Aunt Edith and Salem. The very idea of Lizzie and that little low-strung car which had a look of enormous power! I didn't think of the extravagance. I thought of the horror in Aunt Edith's eyes at the sight of Lizzie behind that wheel. Salem had lifted its eyebrows at our leaving the aunts; my assisting at Aunt Eleanor's tea set it wondering. The Doctor, I knew, would just sit down and laugh and laugh; then he would wipe his glasses and go out to ride with Lizzie. *I* would have to explain.

Lizzie broke into my thoughts. "I can have this very one," she cried, and turning to the man, "you *will* come down and teach me, won't you? I am sure it will be very easy to learn to drive."

"It is getting late, Lizzie," I said coolly, "and we must go." I turned to the man who was watching Lizzie's pretty face expressing all her animation and delight. He is a little too much interested, I thought. So it was agreed that he should bring the car over the road the very next day. I suggested that perhaps *he* couldn't be spared and that a mechanic might serve as teacher. To this suggestion, he replied courteously that it was *his* business to do the demonstrating and that he would be delighted to have such an interested pupil. To which I replied, in as business-like a manner as possible, considering how much like a sixteen-year-old girl my sister was acting. I gave him our cards and referred him to our bank. He was very polite, too much so to Lizzie, I thought. We left him, Lizzie in an exalted frame of mind, which bordered on the talkative state, and I, in a more thoughtful mood than ever I had been before. Truly, thought I, my training and habits of life are beginning to crop out.

When we got to Salem we met a friend of Aunt Eleanor's at the station. She offered to take us home in her limousine. I refused politely but Lizzie broke forth into a "Wait until you see my new roadster." I felt the cold astonished stare—right through my left shoulder—which answered this announcement.

"Lizzie," I said, horridly, "we are about to pass the office of the newspaper. Why don't you drop in and leave a notice about your new car?"

"Don't be cross, Nell," she said, "I'm so happy!"

"Who told you it was a roadster?" I asked her.

"He did, the man, and he said it was the *classiest* little car made," she answered.

What! could my eyes behold the truth and my ears hear it correctly! our Lizzie, flushing prettily and looking ten years younger, talking slang! We had reached our door. "I trust," I said in a cold voice, "that you will not take on any of these modern fashions of slang-talk with the acquisition of your roadster."

She dropped a curtsey and opened the gate. "No, Aunt Edith, I promise you, no." But she burst into merry laughter and I joined in with her. We laughed and laughed and both of us felt like naughty school children returning home from some mad prank.

After dinner, I sat down to read quietly. Lizzie began to play the piano softly in the next room.

"Nell," she called in, "you don't suppose Doctor will be jealous?"

"No, dear," I answered. "If it makes you happy, he'll love it."

Her fingers played over the keys in a soft absent-minded fashion.

"Lizzie," I called, "aren't you glad you didn't get the red things in the shops?"

She came into the room then and sat on the arm of my chair. She began to laugh. "Something in red?" I said softly, and then we both laughed.

"He *was* a nice man, wasn't he Nell?" she asked.

"I have never met the gentleman, Lizzie," I said, pretending to be stern.

"The Doctor has," she said after a pause. "Yes," to my astonished exclamation, "the man said that he was in his class at Harvard!"

"Harvard is a large college," I said quickly.

"And Doctor is a big man," she answered teasingly.

I thought for a moment. "How did he know who you were?" I asked suddenly.

"I dropped my handkerchief and he picked it up and saw my name on it. Then he asked me about the Doctor," she replied with a little blush.

"Lizzie," I said, and I felt, as if I were Aunt Edith and sweet Aunt Eleanor combined, "the Doctor and I will be the chaperones henceforth!"

I closed my book. My little sister was irresistible. Pride, honor, training, all, melted under the touch of the slim fingers that were caressing my hair. Let people talk and let my aunts gasp, I didn't care! All the haunting visions that ran through my head of militant women, suffragettes, mannish women, and so forth, chased themselves into the corner and were choked to death. Lizzie would never develop that way! I smiled. To think that an automobile could bother two old maids that way! We were children after all.

"Lizzie," I said, as I pulled her down nearer to me, "I hope that 'red-devil' of yours won't make too much trouble."

AT TWILIGHT

MARION DELAMATER FREEMAN

Dim ships against a twilight sky,
Gray-winged, drifting slowly home.
Over the still, pale sea they float,
Wanderers, wearily home they come.

Out of the dusk of the twilight sky
Seagulls, voiceless, drifting come,
Over the faintly glimmering sea,
Silently, wearily drifting home.

Out of the silent twilight world,
Out of the strife of the day I come,
Into your outstretched arms, dear heart,
Silently, wearily, I come home.

SKETCHES

MARY SARAH'S GLEE CLUB MAN

ELLEN ELIZABETH WILLIAMS

I

Five of "The Six" were congregated in Frances's room, discussing the Glee Club Concert. Outside it was snowing and one by one the friends had drifted in to dispose themselves in Harrison Fisher College Girl attitudes upon Frances's bed or on the floor. The choice of this particular room may be explained by the fact that their hostess was making fudge. No one knew Frances's receipt. She had a knack of throwing the ingredients hit or miss at the chafing-dish and of cooking whatever stuck there to just the right consistency. When the exact degree of perfection was obtained, she would beat the mixture on the window-sill. To be sure, such vigorous treatment whipped up great blobs of liquid candy, which dropped onto the side of the house and there left souvenirs of many a good time but this extravagance was justified by the success of the finished product.

"I wrote to Harry but he's in business now and didn't dare ask for leave of absence and Wallace is in training for the track team and so I had to ask Charlie after all," Catherine was saying.

"I don't know what I'll do about my dress," sighed Frances. "It's torn right across the front and I can't match the chiffon here or in Springfield. Now, Nell, it's your turn to beat the fudge."

"Whew!" ejaculated Nell as she obeyed, "I'm glad I'm not planning to fuss! None of this wild uncertainty about men or clothes for me, thank you! I'm going off to Springfield that day and enjoy myself."

"It's not a bother!" contradicted Catherine. "We've got everything planned and it's still two weeks till Glee Club. All our men are coming, our dance cards are filled out and Fran has plenty of other dresses besides the apricot chiffon."

"Here, Nell, dump the fudge in this plate. You may lick the pan if you like but promise to wash it afterward. Listen to that stamping in the hall. That's Mary Sarah coming home from basket-ball. When she bangs like that it means that practice has been bum—"

"Bum—bum—bum—bum—bum—bum," finished the others.

Mary Sarah appeared tragically in the doorway. She waved a white epistle in one hand. "Girls! what do you think has happened?" she moaned.

"What?" chorused the five.

"I've been asked to the Haughton prom and I can't go!"

"Can't go!" "Why not?" "When does it come?" "Is it because you're in training?" "Let's see the invite." "Who's the man?"

Mary Sarah shook the snow off her coat and sitting down on the floor, unbuttoned her Arctics. These she flung to the other side of the room as the outward and visible sign of her inward and spiritual rage.

"Listen, then," she said, spreading out the various engraved cards included in the invitation. "They're all bids to teas and fraternity dances and Germans and to think I can't go to one!"

"Well, why can't you go?" persisted Frances. "See, the first dance isn't till the eleventh and you'll be out of training then."

"Out of training, of course! but, goosie, don't you see the prom is the twelfth of March and that's the night of our Glee Club Concert and that hateful John Stevenson is coming up from Thrale as my guest!"

The blow had fallen and with its weight it crushed the five. Mary Sarah lay prostrate on the floor. The rest sat in dejected attitudes or silently admired the club and fraternity seals on the invitations as they passed from hand to hand. Nell poked the fudge to see if it had hardened.

"I'll write to John Stevenson and tell him you're dead," she suggested cheerfully.

"You're crazy," responded Mary Sarah ungratefully.

"Or sick," pursued Nell.

"Now I've got the man on my hands I can't back out, can I?" grumbled Mary Sarah. "It's all Edward Winslow's fault, anyway."

"I've never heard of Edward Winslow but I don't see what he has to do with it," protested Nell.

"Oh, don't you know about him?" exclaimed Frances. "He's the man Mary Sarah asked first and when he couldn't come—"

"The tall, handsome one?" Constance interrupted.

"If you'll just be quiet a minute," suggested Nell, "maybe Mary Sal will tell the story herself. As she seems to be the one most concerned, she'll be more likely to get it straight."

"It was this way," Mary Sarah explained, grateful for the restored quiet. "Ed lives across the street from us at home and we've 'paled' together ever since we were that high. After he went to Thale we rather lost track of each other but he asked me out a lot when I was at home Christmas and so I thought I'd get back at him, as it were, by having him up here for Glee Club. Well, everything was arranged, when about three days ago came a letter saying he had just been elected to Shell and Beans, or some such society, and the initiation comes the twelfth of March. Of course it would just kill his reputation if he weren't there."

"So you asked this Stevenson instead?"

"No, Ed suggested it. He said he knew how inconvenient it was to have a guest give out so late in the game and might he suggest his roommate, John Stevenson, as a substitute. I'd heard a great deal about 'Steve' and he about me, though we've never met, and he's splendid from all accounts. Besides I don't know any other fellows this side of Haughton and I was awfully pleased at Ed's thoughtfulness and wrote him that I'd be 'charmed to entertain Mr. Stevenson.' I can't go back on my word, can I, and telegraph him not to come after all?"

"Ed is a model of virtue to be so considerate," Catherine sighed from experience.

"Oh, Ed's all right," acquiesced Mary Sarah, without enthusiasm, "only I've known him too long to be crazy about him."

"Now if it were Colin MacDonald—" hinted Nell. (Colin roomed with Mary Sarah's brother at Haughton.) "Aha! he's the man who's invited you to the prom! Talk about your Sherlock Holmes!"

Mary Sarah blushed. "Yes," she acknowledged, "Mack has asked me and I want to go more than anything I've been invited to in my life."

Betty leaned over and kissed her. "No wonder you want to go, honey, and go you shall, John Stevenson or no John Stevenson!"

"How, pray? You're not going to poison him off instead of killing me as Nell suggested?"

"Listen to your fairy godmother," advised Betty. "You said John Stevenson has never seen you—how is he going to recognize you then? Nell, here, wasn't going to have a man. Now can you add two and two to make four?"

"You mean—" gasped Mary Sarah.

Betty nodded gravely. "Nell takes your dance program, your concert tickets, your man. You go to Haughton."

"Betty!" cried Nell reproachfully. "This from you of all persons!"

"It staggered me a little when I thought of it myself," confessed Betty, "but it works out very simply." Then she outlined her plan.

Mr. Stevenson, knowing Mary Sarah only through the descriptions of Edward Winslow, could never tell the difference between his proposed hostess and any other girl, especially as Nell and Mary Sarah were so nearly alike in height and coloring that a description of one might easily fit the other. Nell was to be crammed with information concerning Edward Winslow, his character and career, in order, by mentioning various childhood escapades, to cap the climax of reality. The plan was to be revealed to only the most necessary persons and a second member of The Six was to be constantly near to ward off the uninitiated. They all agreed that Nell was just the one to make a success of their plan.

"I won't do it, I won't do it!" she reiterated. "I can't dance! I hate men—can't talk to them! I'd let slip some awful slang and disgrace Mary Sal for life. It's a crazy idea, anyway. Why, suppose I should meet the man afterwards!"

"It wouldn't happen once in a hundred years," pleaded Mary Sarah. "He lives in Golddust, Wyoming—or somewhere out West. You've never heard of him before and you'll never see him afterwards. And, oh Nell, I did think you were a true sport!" She had hit Nell's tender spot.

"All right, I'll do it!" she agreed suddenly. "I'll be as like you as I can be. I'll convince 'Steve' I'm you. Only don't you blame the consequences on me!"

Nell went out and banged the door behind her.

II

The Glee Club concert came as usual on a Wednesday and Mary Sarah left for Haughton Monday night. She felt very happy and calm. "The Plot," as the six conspirators called their plan of substituting Nell for Mary Sarah, yes, "The Plot" was advancing perfectly.

To be sure, a letter from Edward Winslow to Mary Sarah had at first considerably discomposed Nell. He had written: "I wish I had a photograph of you to show Steve but I've painted such a beautiful portrait of your character to him that he's just waiting for the 'on-your-mark-set-go!' signal to make tracks for Smith next Wednesday." The fear that she would not fulfill 'Steve's' expectations had so frightened Nell that it required all Betty's persuasions to keep her from breaking down completely.

"You must be as Mary Sarah-ish as possible. Why, Nell dear, you're an awfully good actress, it ought to be easy for you. You're the only one in our crowd who could do a thing of this sort." Thus they wheedled Nell into a half-fearful anticipation of "fussing Glee Club."

"Steve" was to arrive a little early on Wednesday in order to get acquainted, so at half-past two that afternoon, when the maid announced that a young gentleman was waiting for Miss Frothingham in the parlor, "Mary Sarah," morally bolstered by her encouraging friends, descended the stairs. She was wearing her first train dress, for she was not planning to dance and as it dragged a little at every step it made her feel very grown-up and theatrical. On the landing she paused and peeked through the railing towards the parlor. For a moment her heart stopped beating and she clutched the banisters with a little gasp. Alone in the great parlor, leaning nonchalantly against the mantel in a typical Gibson pose, stood the handsomest man Nell had ever seen. He was tall and dark, with perfectly-fitting shoulders and an Arrow-Collar expression. Nell's heart had long been founded on man-hating principles but now that the only man was come—well, perhaps taking

Mary Sarah's place would not be such an unpleasant ordeal after all.

With a self-conscious start to compose herself, Nell trailed down the stairs into the parlor. The man did not seem to notice her. Nell advanced, her hand outstretched, and began the little speech she had prepared :

"Mr. Stevenson, I believe? Yes, I am Mary Sarah Frothingham. (Shades of George Washington!" thought Nell.) "It was very kind of you to come here this afternoon to take Ed's place. I hope we shall be able to give you a good time."

John Stevenson stammered, "I assure you the pleasure is entirely mine, Miss—er—Frothingham." His sentence had a queer, questioning turn.

"You've never been to Smith before?" purred Nell.

"Positively first appearance," rejoined the other but he didn't seem quite sure of the fact.

There was an awkward pause. Nell was sure she was being examined from top to toe and she objected to such a procedure from any man, even from this Adonis.

"I'm afraid I don't come up to Ed's description," she said coldly. "Ed has too smooth a tongue, I am afraid, perhaps it's because he kissed the Blarney Stone—yes, he really did, you know. Didn't he ever tell you about that? His family and our family went abroad together when we were about twelve and I remember being so jealous of Ed because his mother would allow him to be let down by the heels and my mother said I couldn't."

As Nell talked she gained assurance. She remembered how Mary Sarah had told this story and she now embellished it with one of Mary Sarah's characteristic gestures and a little of what was familiarly termed "Mary Sal's Pittsburg Patois."

John Stevenson stared. "You are like Mary Sal—like Mary Sarah's description," he hurried on, "only I don't think even Ed with all his Blarney did you justice."

"You know," laughed Nell, leading the way to the Inglenook, "I think Ed is a bit blasé don't you?"

John Stevenson looked taken aback. "Oh, do you? I never thought so but of course," this rather slowly, "I know Ed so well, I guess I see beneath the surface more."

"Oh, I know Ed through and through," Nell assured him with unnecessary vehemence. "Why, we've 'paled' together ever since we were that high."

They were joined by Catherine and an Amherst youth. "Is that you, Mary Sal? Please let me introduce Mr. Kensington. Miss Frothingham—Mr. Kensington."

"And Mr. Stevenson—Miss Chase—and Mr. Kensington."

The four now esconsed themselvss in the Ingle-nook to await the opening of the dance. They were soon joined by the other members of The Six with their guests and by skilfully shielding Nell from the chaperone, they avoided the embarrassing situation that might have arisen had that lady addressed the girl by her rightful name.

The afternoon passed like a dream to Nell. It was really marvellous how smoothly "The Plot" unrolled itself. The men were all very attractive, Mr. Stevenson was appropriately attentive and, all in all, Nell was nervously happy in piloting Mary Sarah's guest through the intricacies of a Smith Glee Club Concert. It was only when the men left to dress for dinner and she went slowly up-stairs that she realized how tense had been her fear of making a break. She threw herself down wearily on the bed.

"Go away, girls," she told her friends as they crowded in. "You know 'most as much about it as I do. I'll come in for you to fasten me a little later!"

"Jack Stevenson is good looking," sighed Constance. "He must run the far-famed Edward Winslow a close second."

As for Nell, during the evening the strain began to tell. At supper, she was strangely silent and found herself gazing abstractedly at Jack Stevenson when she thought he was not looking. She was feverishly flushed and, had she known it, looked better than ever before. Jack watched her admiringly and when she caught him staring at her she became rapidly self-conscious and wondered if she had done anything that could cause him to suspect that she was not the genuine Mary Sarah. Then she would throw herself into her rôle with redoubled vigor.

It was strange how frequently their conversation returned to Ed and Nell blamed or praised him according as she remembered points from Mary Sarah's instructions against him or in his favor.

She was glad that she was not obliged to talk a great deal at the concert. It was nice to lean back and listen to the music and feel the eyes of a very stunning man fastened on her with

an expression which showed that—well, that she was not repulsive to him. They walked home from the concert across the star-lit campus in silence. It was only when they were again on the steps of Craven House that they spoke.

“Good night, Miss Frothingham,” he said. “You have given me a very enjoyable day.” Then he added in a curious tone, “Will you let me come and pay my party call before your spring vacation? Please don’t say you think that Ed should be the one to come, just because you invited him first and I was playing second fiddle. Why not let us both come?” As if struck by the desirability of that idea, he pursued it. “Yes, let us both come. How about a week from Saturday?”

Awful thought! Suppose Ed should arrive too and find out the deception that had been practiced on them. No, she must keep Ed away but would ‘Steve’ come without him? She did want to see ‘Steve’ again. After a moment’s hesitation she laughed. “I’m afraid Ed’s too lazy to want to come all the way to Hamp. just to see me, especially as he will be at home when I am this spring, but if you—”

Jack seized her broken sentence eagerly. “Then I may come, Miss Frothingham? I’d like to know you better. You are—er—one of the most unusual girls I’ve ever met. And—er—tell me, do you really think Ed is blasé, lazy, conceited and all the other things you said about him? I’ll swear he’s not too lazy to make that long trip up from New Haven to see you.”

“You needn’t tell him what I said,” remarked Nell. “I gave him some very pretty bouquets as well. Didn’t I say he was good-looking?”

“Au revoir, Miss Frothingham.”

“Good night, Mr. Stevenson.”

Mary Sarah returned Thursday night, brimming over with excitement. “How did it work, girls?” was her first question.

“Like a clock,” responded Catharine. “No one let the secret out and Nell says he never suspected. I think she’s quite crazy about him, too, though she hasn’t said anything. She’s in your room now. Here, let me carry your suit case up-stairs and we’ll tell you about it on the way.”

Mary Sarah was triumphant over the success of “The Plot.” “Here we all are, hale and hearty!” she said. “Didn’t I say it would come out all right? You’ve had a good time, I’ve had

a good time and it was very simple after all." Then she swore eternal gratitude to Nell.

"There are some letters on your desk that we didn't forward to you," said Frances during a pause.

"Here's one from Ed," murmured Mary Sarah, opening the topmost envelope. She read it, she paled and, in a voice of mingled hope and dread, she said, "Girls, what did you say John Stevenson looked like?"

"Tall—" "Dark and handsome—" "Blue eyes, Roman nose," chorused the Five.

Mary Sarah sank in a little heap on the bed. "Oh Nell, you are sure he thought you were me? He didn't say anything queer, he didn't look funny? Oh, tell me, tell me quickly."

"Why, we told you all that happened," said Nell, a little frightened. "Mary Sal, what is the matter?"

"It's dated Monday and reached Hamp the morning after I'd gone," moaned Mary Sarah. Then she re-read the letter: "'There's an epidemic of scarlet fever here at Thrale, so our initiation is postponed for a week. I've told Steve he's got to take a back seat—' and, Oh girls!" she finished tragically, "it was Ed Winslow who came after all!"

"O CHANGING SWALLOW"

DOROTHY LILIAN SPENCER

I'd love to be a bird and fly
Away up, up, so high, so high.
I'd sniff down at the tiny world
That 'way beneath me twirled and twirled.
I'd love to light up in the air,
And then swoop down without a scare.
I'd make my path a wave of blue,
And I wouldn't even think of you!
On the very topmost branch I'd swing,
And sing a thrilling, trilling thing.
I'd peek in windows where there'd be
Things I had no right to see.
But after years had passed—well then,
Maybe I'd come home again.

PASSERS-BY

LEONORA BRANCH

You sit just at twilight in your room,
And the firelight gleams on your burnished hair,
And the shadowy fancies come and go
As you dream and dream by the fire there.

*But down in the cold, dark street below
Other shadows pass to and fro!*

You're dreaming, perhaps of the years to come,
Of living and loving that is to be,
And the delicate gossamer of your thought
Is fashioning, haply, your destiny.

*But what of these others in the street,
That pass and re-pass with weary feet?*

Down 'neath your window, if you looked,
You'd see a beggar, old and blind.
"Impostor?" It's likely, yet you, perhaps,
May be an impostor of your kind.

*How often you've heard it, upon your knees,
Those words, "As ye do it unto these!"*

And there where the lights shine clear and bright
There's a ragged urchin at his trade,
Calling his papers right manfully,
Cold, perhaps hungry, but undismayed.

*You who dream of your future sons,
What have you thought of "these little ones!"*

And there is a woman with painted cheeks,
Devoid of beauty and youth and grace,
You would turn aside from her in the street,
Or glance, half-curiously in her face.

*Yet the ministers in the churches tell
The tale of the woman at the well!*

But you sit at twilight in your room,
 With the firelight gleaming upon your hair,
 And the shadowy fancies come and go,
 As you dream and dream by the fire there.

*And down in the cold, dark street below
 Those other shadows pass to and fro,
 And little you heed of their want or woe!*

I would that your clear young eyes could see
 The load of your common humanity!
 I would that their sombre lives could seem
 A part of your glad, prophetic dream,
 Or that dream be shattered by their cry,
 "Are we nothing to you, we passers-by?"

LAST NIGHT

JEANNE WOODS

Last night in my dreams you came to me,
 Sweet and star-eyed as of old;
 And we walked together under the trees,
 Down the moonlit pathway under the trees,
 And you drew me down to meet your lips,
 And you kissed me then—as of old!

And then I awoke; but a question burned on
 Till my heart was aching and sad,
 For why was all of this only a dream?
 What was once sweet reality now but a dream?
 Oh, I was careless, and you were careless,
 And we let things creep in between.

We let new faces and interests creep in
 Till we, both of us, forgot.
 But now, at the fates I hurl a challenge!
 At mere circumstance I hurl a challenge!
 For dreams are fleeting, though sweet they be;
 And to-morrow shall bring the real you back to me
 In the pathway under the trees!

THE ETERNAL FEMININE

ANNIE PRESTON BRIDGERS

She was only eighteen, fluffy-haired and charmingly frivolous, with dancing blue eyes and the most fascinating dimples in the world. He was twenty-two, just graduated from Yale; he thought his only interest in life was Margaret. Now Margaret's latest fad was the novels of Scott and a matter-of-fact, foot-ball playing youth with a recently shaved head did not accord with her idea of a lover. They were sitting out a dance in a secluded corner of the hotel porch.

"Oh, Dick, this moonlight makes me think of some of the nights in *Ivanhoe*." Margaret clasped her hands and leaned back in her chair with a satisfied sigh. "Wouldn't it have been marvelous to have lived in those lovely times when men were so strong and brave and warlike and—"

"Look here, Margie, when are you going to stop raving about those fool books of Scott?" interrupted Dick.

"Why, Dick, aren't you ashamed to talk like that to me?"

"No, I'm not!" Then repenting, "Margie, dear, you are too pretty and have too much intelligence to lose your sense of proportion in this way," adding to himself proudly, "Now, how did I ever get all that out? That ought to bring her around."

"Dick, you are such a flatterer! Who could get mad with you, you dear boy?"

"Boy," thought Dick indignantly, "I'll show her!"

"But, Dick, now don't you think it would be fun if I had lived in a huge castle with dungeons and things and my father had threatened to make me marry a fierce lord like Brian de Bois Guilbert and when I had refused he would lock me up in a tower room and you would come some wonderful moonlight night like to-night and play on a harp beneath my window and—"

This was too much for Dick. "A harp! For goodness sakes, Margie, if you are going to put me in your story, at least let me be a man." And then he laughed.

"Well, that's my point, Dick," rather nettled this time. "Men were *men* in those days — instead of going to pink teas

and rah-rahing at ball games they journeyed abroad to prove their valor and to win their lady's love by deeds of bravery."

"Let's stop talking about the Middle Ages and talk about ourselves. When's our wedding to be, dear?" Sentimental this time.

"Dick, I have told you a hundred times in the past two years that our wedding wasn't going to be." Then in a dignified manner, "The man I marry must have proved his love for me by some deed of bravery in which he risked his life for my sake. Since you insist on being unpleasant to-night, take me back to the ballroom." Then in a different tone as the orchestra began another dance. "Um-m that's a peach of a onestep!" And down the porch they whirled to the tune of "Too Much Mustard."

Two nights later they were sitting in the same place.

"Dick, wasn't that tennis match fun to-day? You know you played a splendid game; I was proud of you."

If Dick had been a woman he would have said, "Why should you be proud of me?" and Margie would have asked herself why and become angry; but being a man he said, "You know that was a good game, Margie," and in his enthusiasm he stood up and swung his arm around in the motion of tennis playing. It was quiet at their end of the porch and Margaret, to whose nature quiet was offensive, was jumping up to join him in a mimic game, when a piercing howl came to them from the forest.

"Oh, Dick," said a frightened little voice, "let's run," and Margie caught his hand and started towards the ballroom.

Dick was pulled a half dozen steps, then he stopped short. "You think I'm going to enter that ballroom running from a noise? It's just that mountain lion that's been prowling around here lately. He's not coming up on a hotel porch."

In spite of Dick's protestations Margie was pulling him along the porch. "Oh, Dick, come on! He might jump up here on the porch and you haven't anything to defend yourself with."

This concern on Margie's part pleased Dick hugely. "You silly little girl. He's not going to hurt me. But if you really are afraid we'll go in and dance." And the affair ended that night without further disturbance.

But that was not the end of the mountain lion. He prowled around the hotel at night, howling, until the women almost had hysterics and the men looked secretly for their revolvers.

Numerous tales were circulated, of how the lion appeared one night in a farmer's fold and killed two sheep; another night he actually killed a cow. The peculiar part of it all was that nobody ever saw the lion, until one night he attacked a mountaineer! After that the mountaineer was the hero of all the meetings held around the stove at the Crossways Store. He even came up to the hotel and told his story to the guests. He was unarmed when the lion attacked him, he said, but he was carrying his big mountain stick, and when the lion sprang at him he swung his stick and struck him a mighty blow across the nose. This stunned the lion and the mountaineer made his escape before the animal recovered. "How big was the lion?" asked a round eyed little girl.

"Well, I didn't take time to exactly measure him," answered the mountaineer, "but I reckon he was quite some size. When he sprung at me he was taller than I be because when my stick swung round it cracked him on the nose up above my head; and he was quite some bigger around than I be because it were a moonlight night and he hid the light from me entirely."

This was too much for the excited minds of the Hotel guests, especially when they considered the size of that giant of a mountaineer. Several of the assembled company slipped upstairs and began to pack, and the rest talked excitedly of the carelessness of the Hotel management in allowing a man-eating lion to prowl freely around the country. This reached the ears of the management and a mesenger was dispatched immediately to the newspaper office of the neighboring village. Fifty dollars was offered to the man bringing in the dead body of the lion. Then the famous hunters of all the surrounding region began to appear. So interesting were the stories which they told that the guests stayed from day to day fascinated. Each day the hunters went out and each day came back defeated, but with more and more exciting tales about deeds of former days.

Margie and Dick listened to their stories. Margie's attitude toward Dick became more aloof than ever. Here were men who did brave deeds, even if they were rough old mountaineers—their hearts were worthy of *Ivanhoe* himself. Such was the credulousness of Margie.

Still the tales came in of slaughtered sheep and disastrous midnight prowls. After several days of this exciting existence, Dick had an idea: since the lion could not be found by day,

trap him by night. The management entered heartily into his plan and all the men cleaned their guns.

The preparations were finished by nine o'clock that night. The women and children cowered together in the hotel parlors with every door and window locked and bolted except one and toward that one they looked with fear and apprehension. Outside the men, hunters and guests, stood with guns in readiness, a throng to fright the heart of the boldest lion. They kept their eyes on the forest beyond, and talked in whispers. A huge bonfire lighted up the picture and cast mysterious shadows along the edge of the forest. Before the fire stood a spit upon which roasted a piece of bacon sending out into the air an odor so appetizing that not even a man-eating lion could resist it. The stillness was broken only by the crackling of the fire. Then a noise was heard : the hungry-sounding shriek of a mountain lion off in the distance. The men clutched their guns. Nearer and nearer came the sound and the men, some of them, looked furtively towards the door. Nearer and nearer the lion approached and knees began to look suspiciously stiff. And then with one dreadful, ravenous howl the lion bounded from the forest toward the fire. That last howl was too much—hunters and guests, clinging madly to their guns turned and fled into the parlors, deadly serious in their efforts to escape death and live to prove their manhood.

As Dick came in he stumbled over his gun and fell into the arms of Margaret who was waiting for him. "Oh Dick, Dick!" said a tearful voice as she clung to him desperately, "how could you risk your life against that dreadful lion. Promise me you'll never do such a foolish thing again."

And outside a brave young wild cat was walking innocently off with a luscious piece of roasted bacon in his mouth.

ABOUT COLLEGE

APPLIED LOGIC

BARBARA CHENEY

Mary was returning from Christmas vacation in the 5.02 from New York. As usual the train was crowded and, as usual, late. She gazed gloomily at the blank windows and reviewed regretfully the past two weeks. One incident recurred unpleasantly to her mind. It was a speech delivered by her father.

"The trouble with you," he had said, "is that you don't apply what you learn. You study your lessons for the day and then forget them. It doesn't seem to occur to you that knowledge may be useful outside the class room."

At the time Mary had been rebellious. She had recalled with secret amusement her father's disgust when a cousin of her mother's had entertained the family with such interesting questions as: "What is America's greatest effort?" She had even imagined his recitation of the "Decline of the Birth Rate" if introduced by herself. Now, however, it was different. The train had left Springfield and father seemed the personification of all good things.

"I'll try it," she resolved. "I'll apply everything I learn to everything in sight."

In the excitement of getting herself and her suit-case into Mr. Kieley's hack before anyone else and in meeting Lucy, her dear roommate from whom she had been separated for two weeks, she forgot her resolution, but next morning the chilly breakfast room and the arrival of the mail "stabbed her spirit broad awake." She went to her room full of determination. Ten minutes later her roommate bristled in.

"Hurry up, Mary! I've been waiting downstairs for ages. We'll never make chapel if you don't come this instant."

Mary gazed at her helplessly.

"Shall I wear rubbers?" she asked. (To tell my readers that it was raining is, of course, unnecessary. It is enough to say that this was the day after vacation.)

"Why, yes, if you want to; it really doesn't matter, only do hurry—"

Mary grew dignified. "Such hasty decisions are worthless. You must go at it logically. Now: all prudent people wear rubbers in the rain. I am a prudent person. Therefore I wear rubbers in the rain. That won't do, you see, because I'm not very prudent. And I can't say everyone wears rubbers, because they don't. What shall I do?"

Lucy was surprised, but she was a placid person and adapted herself to the situation.

"You are timid.
All timid people are cautious.
All cautious people wear rubbers.
Therefore you wear rubbers.

That's a Goclenian sorites. Put on your rubbers and come!"

Mary obeyed meekly. She allowed herself to be led down the stairs while she hastily resolved the sorites into its component syllogisms, but a further test of her new mode of life awaited her in the hall. The House Matron greeted her with a smile.

"Is your cold better, Mary?" she asked.

Mary rallied her failing forces splendidly.

"That's a complex question," she returned icily. "I refuse to answer."

The walk to chapel was uneventful. Lucy, fearing for her reason, clung tightly to her roommate's arm, while that young person contented herself with wondering how one could walk logically. Professor Ganong and her idea that a straight line was the shortest distance between two points seemed cruelly contradictory. Once in chapel, she sank wearily into her seat and prepared to enjoy the rest which President Burton had assured her could be found here. But cruel Fate! The lesson read was the Beatitudes and the task of completing each enthymeme before the next was read left her limp and exhausted.

There is a limit to human woes. Mary's release came as unexpectedly as the appearance of Raffles from the clock, through no less a person than Mr. Creighton himself. She was reviewing Chapter I and came upon these statements:

"I do not think that logic can be regarded as an art, in the sense that it furnishes a definite set of rules for thinking correctly. Students whose only interest in the subject is the practical one of finding some rules that may be directly applied to make them infallible reasoners are likely to be disappointed."

She closed her book with a joyful slam which caused a twenty minutes' discussion in the next council meeting.

And so ends my story. Lucy's peace of mind was restored. The House Matron returned to her theory that college did not destroy the good manners of young girls and Father received a letter which convinced him that his daughter had an active if misguided mind.

EXPERIENCE AS TEACHER

MARION S. WALKER

"And some have greatness thrust upon them." I have always heard with incredulity of this third class of the great. It has been my lot in walking up and down upon the earth, and in peeping into its written records, to meet a few of those who were born great. More familiar to me are those who by "painful steps and slow" have achieved greatness—but this matter of having it thrust upon one is quite beyond the range of my experience. If however, I become at any time a famous playwright, my doubts will be resolved, and I shall pack myself without hesitation into the third compartment of the great.

For be it understood at the outset, I have never had any intention of writing a play. Not even in my optimistic days, when at the age of ten I wrote a Masterpiece of the World's Literature, and thought how future generations would thrill to read its concluding sentence "and her footprints died away in the distance." Perhaps it was due to the influence of stern Presbyterian ancestors, to whom the theatre was the abode of Satan, and the play his amusement, that my youthful ambition never turned toward dramatization. Perhaps, too, the lack of brothers and sisters to serve as audience, held me back: I realized with some bitterness that my cats, entirely satisfactory though they usually were as companions, could not be relied upon to be fully in sympathy with my literary aspirations. So up to the time when I came to college, the idea of writing a play had never entered my head.

When during my freshman year, a prize play was written by a senior, and all the world went to the Academy of Music and marvelled, I too was thrilled, and I remembered with a feeling akin to awe that I had walked home from the Browsing Room

one night with that very senior, never dreaming that she was a genius. After the production of "Purple and Fine Linen" its author was the object of my reverent admiration, but no presumptuous thought of emulation arose in my mind.

Toward the end of sophomore year a notice was read in English thirteen class of a prize of ten thousand dollars offered for the best play submitted by an American playwright before August fifteenth. We were told that there was nothing whatever to prevent one of us from getting the prize. Thus assured and allured by the promise of golden reward, I turned to the friend of my bosom and whispered "Let's write a play. You can have five thousand and I'll have five thousand."

"Yes, let's. And I'll buy a Steinway Grand."

"And oh, do you suppose" I break in excitedly "that I can buy an island for five thousand—a little rocky island in the Atlantic, with a house on a bluff, and some books and a fireplace?"

Straightway we are lost in the contemplation of the Steinway Grand and of the island, and the play—a minor detail, after all, sinks into oblivion.

It is only this year that the matter has taken a serious turn. Let me reiterate here, before it is too late, that I am still of the same mind, now as always, whatever else I may plan to perpetrate, I have no inclination desire or ambition to write a play. I am taking this opportunity of saying so in order that if anything should happen, my friends may know that I am not entirely to blame—that I am acting against my better impulses, because circumstances have been too strong for me.

First, a month or so ago, came the offer of a prize for a one-act play. It was brought to my notice one evening at the dinner-table, and Isabel suggested that I write a play. I explained carefully that I couldn't possibly do so, having neither desire, time nor ability. But my friend persisted.

"For the honor of the house, you know, someone should try. And my dear! If you should get the prize, wouldn't it be *wonderful*?"

"What do you want us to give you, if you get the prize?" This from Ethelinda, our cheerful giver.

"That gorgeous Chaucer-book of Percy MacKaye's?" I paused, enraptured at the vision.

"Will you lend it to me?" comes a little voice from the foot

of the table, where Ellen, our bookworm, sat. I was deeply interested in this turn of the conversation, and if left to myself would doubtless have stopped with the Chaucer-book, even as the year before I was stranded on my island. But Isabel, she who proposed that I write a play, is of a capable and practical nature, so she insisted upon bringing me back to what she considered the main issue—I didn't think it was, at all. When Isabel makes up her mind that I'm to do something, I usually acquiesce at once. It saves so much useless effort. So almost before I knew it, I found that I had purchased by proxy—Isabel was the proxy—two tickets for the model play. When Ellen and I had made use of the tickets, I came home of the same mind as before, with the single difference that my resistance, previously a general state of mind, was now developed in outline form, with a proposition and four main heads, as follows :

PROPOSITION

I cannot write a play.

for 1. I cannot write a romantic comedy
because A. I am unacquainted with the
nature of man.

and B. I am proof against the ro-
mantic appeal of a waste-
basket.

2. I cannot write "A Study in Psychology"
because A. I don't know enough.
and B. We don't have it until next
semester.

3. I cannot write a tragedy nor a melodrama
for A. I earnestly desire to sleep
the sleep of the just.
and B. I have a sense of humor.

4. I cannot write a farce comedy for the
thought is unthinkable.

"And the moral of that" would seem to be that I cannot write a play at all. Not so convincing was my reasoning to Isabel the Practical. I rise at the sound of the breakfast-bell to be greeted over the coffee with "How's the play getting along?" and of late "You really must get down to work on that play."

I could have survived this, for one *can* avoid Isabel. Be prompt, and you will never meet her at the breakfast-table—her motto is “It is vain to rise up early in the morning,” and she abides by it religiously. But a new peril drew near, when there was posted on the bulletin board a request from the Lend-a-Hand Dramatic Society, for a three-act play. The girls in the house knew better than to approach me on the subject, early rising had not improved my temper. But there are others. I will not dwell upon this second danger, however, except to hint darkly that deliverance is in sight.

A graver menace is impending, and from a most unexpected quarter. In the few frantic pre-Thanksgiving days, a series of accidents happened in our house. Among other things, Ethelind's window lost two panes, Ellen's radiator ceased to radiate, and my bed suffered what my roommate (who is majoring in biology) describes as a compound fracture of the anterior appendage. So the campus surgeon of broken beds and of incapacitated radiators was much about our house in those days. He came among us glowing with a great enthusiasm, and as he labored to restore Ellen's radiator to its radiation, he demanded, “Can you write a play?”

“No, indeed,” said Ellen the unassuming.

“Well, do you know anyone who can? I have a corking story for a play—entirely original, too.”

“One act?” inquired Ellen, mindful of the house ambition.

“Oh no, no. Complete four-act play. Business the main interest—scene in the stock exchange—that'll take with the men—a love-interest woven in—got to have that; a humorous scene somewhere—that's always good—” and the enthusiast held forth at length over the still-suffering radiator, concerning his marvelous plot. I will not tell the story, that is *his* secret, but suffice it to say that Ellen—wretch that she is—nominated me to write the play.

“Well, who is this girl?” demanded the Enthusiast. “Is she qualified to write it up? What does she write?”

“Well,” drawled a voice from the hall, where the carpet-sweeper was being trundled vigorously, “she writes for the *Springfield Union* reg'lar.”

Down came the fist of the Enthusiast on the radiator with a thump. “She's the girl I want! If she can write for the *Springfield Union* she's the one to write my play. It needs to

be worded up good y'know—I can't do that. She can. I'll be the silent partner. She gets all the credit and half of the money, five hundred dollars down, and four hundred a month in royalties for six or seven years if it makes a hit—and it's bound to. But if it don't take on the stage, we're sure of a hundred and fifty at least from the movies, though there, of course, the wordin' don't stand. Where is that girl? When can I see her?"

My faithless friends searched high and low, but "the ladie isna seen." The Enthusiast was nothing daunted. "I'll keep coming till I see her. But I know she'll do it. There's no doubt about it."

"She's pretty busy," suggested the voice from the hall.

"Oh, that may be. But Christmas vacation is coming—there's her chance. She won't be busy then. I must see that girl."

Since then my life has been spent in dodging the Enthusiast by day (he has called six times) and in writing plays by night. I always awake with a start just before the end—and with a terrible fear that the end is going to be in the movies—where, thank goodness, "the wordin' don't count."

From my earliest menace, the one-act play, and its less menacing successor in three acts, as I have already hinted, deliverance is at hand. The time-limit for both of these is December first, and even as I write in the radiance of my light-cut, the last day of November is drawing to a close. But I could almost wish that I had yielded, and had written one of these, if by so doing I might have averted the greater calamity which impends. Christmas vacation! Alas! For me no youthful merry-making, no hope of calm repose. But double, double, toil and trouble, with the movies at the end of it all. I feel a numbness coming over my spirit, and it bodes no good. Circumstances have been too strong for me; I know that I am going to yield. But when in ages yet to come, further generations shall spell out from a tomb-stone my movie-immortalized name, may they never know the depths of tragedy concealed within its epitaph—"And some have greatness thrust upon them."

HEARD ON THE TAR WALK

Bread may be the staff of life but I am sure
EXCITEMENT excitement is the arm chair—nothing else re-
vives our weary minds as does a few moments
spent in this delicious state. I don't mean hectic, wild excitement, but just the nice, respectable kind. If President Burton knew what pleasure he gave by whispering to Professor Ganong in chapel, if he realized how many delighted eyes were following his every move during the mysterious proceeding, he would do something of the sort every week. Perhaps the faculty would join in the good work, too. A wheeze from the organ at the wrong time is very nice, but suppose several members were to sit with their backs to the students, or Miss Jordan were to sit on the other side of the platform I really think an improvement would be noticed in our work that day (and probably in the attendance of chapel on the next day). I've often thought of screaming out loud during one of the pauses, but I haven't arrived at a degree of enthusiasm quite high enough yet to offer myself as a martyr to the cause. The consequences of such an act seem enchanting, it must be admitted.

And now they say we must not be excited over exams. Really this is too much. What would be the use of that trying period without excitement? Sometimes I am not worried at all; I feel sure that I shall pass and life seems very dull. Then I go down to breakfast; some one appears and says "Oh I'm just petrified. I don't know a thing!" I begin to have a little creepy feeling. Someone else assures me that "It's sure to be a fright. They always are." By the time breakfast is over "Life is real and Life is earnest." A shivering group of ignorant friends who haven't "a single thought, my dear" await me on the steps of Graham Hall at nine o'clock, and so the work goes on.

Now I insist that without this prelude those two hours spent in writing my views in a horrid little yellow book would be unbearable. But to be raised from the depths of despair to blissful relief in the same period is an experience.

Then if you are scared, the element of chance is so much more interesting. You have time to look over one more chapter, shall it be six or nine? and the inevitable remark "Such luck!" is uttered as you drink chocolate after the fray. The remark is always the same whether or not he asks about your chapter, but the tone is different.

I suppose I shall have to be outwardly calm and not scare others, but I hope, yes I really do, that I'll be scared to death inside during all my exams.

BARBARA CHENEY 1915.

BEDTIME

Come heah yo' li'l' darky chile, an' res'
 Yo' tired head upon yo' mammy's breas'.
 She gwine to hole yeh 'til you'se fas' asleep.
 An' then she'll hole yeh longer jes' to keep
 Away the ghosts, an' the boogey-boos.
 An' the great big, awful debbil in his long-toed, squeaky shoes.
 An' if yo' is a bad chile when it's dark you'll lie awake,
 An' mos' prob'ly you'll heah him comin' fo' to take
 Yeh, whar' it's always col' and gloomin',
 An' quare, white things come a-loomin',
 An' all the time yeh don't git nothin' fer teh eat—
 But the great big, awful debbil call fo' darky meat.
 An' li'l' hump-back men with beards and piercin' eyes
 Comes a-snoopin' roun', until they spies
 Yeh hidin' in the corner, shiverin' an' scared,
 An' they laughs an' sez they wonders if yo' is white when yo' is pared :
 Or if yo' mammy'd know yeh, if she seed yeh in a dream,
 As you wus bein' served up on a platter all a-steam.
 An' then li'l' souny you'll sho wish yo' wus hyar
 A-rockin' with yo' mammy in this good ole rockin' cheer ;
 An' you'd vow yeh wouldn't play no mo' when yo' mammy's tuckered out.
 An' don't feel like chasin' naughty chiles about.
 So leave off a-foolin', honey, now it's time to go to bed,
 An' yo' mammy's gwine to hole yeh til' yo' li'l' sleepy head
 Jes' naturally go a-noddin' agin her breas'.
 An' then she gwine teh pray the Lord teh bless
 Yeh, and to let yo' stay right hyar,
 A-rockin' with yo' mammy in this good ole rockin' cheer.

RUTH HAWLEY RODGERS 1916.

Sometimes I wish I had what old Hiram
THE GIFT OF GAB Baldwin used to call "the gift of gab."

With Hiram it was a term of contempt, to be applied to a man addicted to too many "fish stories," or to too highly colored religious experiences, and to women continually scolding or constantly using the neighborhood telephone line. Since then I've heard it applied to sewing machine agents, promoters of mining stock that was rank fiction, and to anyone who monopolized conversation.

The gift which I desire is a smaller edition, one that would enable me to speak well, to add my contribution to whatever was being discussed. Yet there are many times when I am glad I have not even this. In a company of girls, all of whom are well able to express themselves and take the same time in which to do it, it would only be one more wave which I could contribute to the ocean of sound. When I hear a person unfavorably spoken of, although I may think volumes on the subject, yet what I think does not harm the person and what is said may, unless it is said to a stone wall. If a person is holding forth at length on a subject about which I know very little, instead of side-tracking that person by trying to show what I do know, I can either ask questions or go to sleep, according to the time, place, and circumstances.

But sometimes, as I have already said, I want this gift very much. Once in a great while I long to overwhelm with a flow of words, a torrent of phrases, and a cataract of well-related sentences any person who dares to suppose that my silence betokens a lack of gray matter. Also in entertaining some callers, I need the "gift of gab." If a young man is bashful (which happens about once in a blue moon, but I always seem to have a partnership with that blue moon), my tongue never stimulates conversation to a bright and ruddy glow, but barely keeps it from going out entirely. Only the calls of the minister do not bother me. It's a minister's life work to talk and I am a good subject to practice upon. In some classes I desire this gift. If I know the answer to a question I usually put it into a dozen words when there is need of a paragraph. And if I don't know it, I say so, when by starting in at random I would in time arrive at the proper answer and give much information on the way. Others do it, but I can not. People are not equally gifted in this world.

Although practice will do much along lines in which we are deficient, my series of lectures to myself seem ineffectual. But if by practice I should obtain the "gift of gab," I intend to keep it in proper training so that it will be a benefit to me and a source of enjoyment even among those who have such gifts of their own. And as a last resort, if it becomes uncontrollable (and only when it does), I shall endure it as gracefully as possible and make my living by it like the college students who work their way by selling "Paths to Heaven" or patent pancake turners through the summer. ELSIE GREEN 1916.

THE GARDENER

He stood one morning at the garden gate,
His trowel in his hand, for he had come
To tend the garden's pride, a wondrous rose—
That graced the distant wall, with promise rare
Of lovely blossoms. At his feet he saw
A tiny floweret drooping its limp head,
So choked with weeds it was. He bent at once
And nursed and cared for it until it smiled—
And then beyond he saw a daisy pale
That cried for water, and behind it stood
A bed of pansies, that had grown too thick—
A vine had fallen and was creeping now
Upon the tender sprays of mignonette;
He cared for all—and all in turn revived,
But when at last he reached the garden wall
The sun was set, the wondrous rose was dead.

ELLEN VERONICA McLOUGHLIN 1915.

EDITORIAL

Of late we have heard much about the relationship of the student to the outside world. We are told that we are being fitted for the outside world. But exactly what is this outside world towards which we are being led? How may we know if ever we reach it? May we not be in it now?

To most of us the term *outside world* signifies the place where people *do* things, the world of business and politics. It is a place in which life shows all its varied and complicated aspects; a place of broader view where events and circumstances show their relative importance or unimportance.

We are more or less intimately in touch with this so-called outside world during vacation. And most of us doubtless felt its effect in the readjusting of our standards and the shifting of our emphasis. Certain college honors, the attainment of which had seemed to us essential to our happiness, were seen, when away from the glare of college light, to be trivial enough. We were unexpectedly exuberant when the children clamored "Tell us one of your stories," and "tell it again." The honor of writing the Ivy Song seemed far away.

But we also saw that merely to live in this so-called outside world does not mean necessarily the acquisition of "outside world" qualities. For side by side with men and women who are occupied in seeing problems and in coping with difficulties in a large way are those whose lives are shallow and narrow, those who seem asleep to the activities around them. So we may infer that the outside world is not a matter of geography or dwelling therein depends upon our own attitude towards life and our point of view.

In one sense there always must be an outside world. For we cannot live everywhere at once. We can only strive to know more phases of human interest. To the business man or the

politician, the world of art and letters may be an outside world, although if he would, he could find it in the heart of his next-door neighbor. And to the city-bred man the farmer's probably is an outside world, — the world farthest from his familiar knowledge and comprehension.

In another sense we create outside worlds for ourselves. Our chief interest should center not so much in what is done as in the attitude of mind and in the qualities of character that made achievements possible. We begin to see that college activities in and for themselves are not all important. But their value lies in the training in loyalty, earnestness, perseverance, tolerance and thoughtfulness for others, which they afford. These are the elements important in any world—the world outside of pettiness and selfishness and shallowness. And these are the qualities that we can have with us now and always, wherever we are and whether our occupations are important or trivial.

We are told that we are being prepared for the outside world. But is not the best preparation our effort to develop now and here those qualities that are found in the ideal outside world? In coming into closer touch with the community in which we are college residents for four years we are given the opportunity to enlarge our horizon, if we will. If the college students would be alert to the interests that surround them it could no longer be said that the college atmosphere is narrowing and leads to self-centered interests and misplaced emphasis. It is possible for us to make the college interests coincident with those of an *outside world*.

EDITOR'S TABLE

All the signs of the times show us that Smith College is steadily pushing ahead to the realization of her careful plans. The Million Dollar Fund was completed last June and when we returned in the fall the ground was already broken for the new biological building. The speakers this year have been exceptionally fine and we have profited by a series of well chosen art exhibits. And last month a committee of Smith College Alumnae met here to consider how their association could best further the interests of the student body. And yet, in spite of it all, we feel that we have a certain kind of need that is being overlooked. It is like the need for a direct route between the Pennsylvania and Grand Central Stations in New York. There we duly enjoy the little twinkling stars that shine down from their azure setting, and the marble columns, and the broad stairs, but we cannot help feeling that we would prefer humbler stations if it meant a more convenient transit. We waste so much time and energy—all for the need of a perfectly obvious convenience. We wish to express a feeling somewhat akin to this about the college house.

Hygiene is always the first consideration and we met our screens this fall with joyous gratitude. Now the thing that we need most is a downstairs cloak room for the house. It should have plenty of hooks, set basins and a well lighted, full length mirror. It has been said that the Smith girl is known by a peculiar misjudgment concerning the bottom of her skirt. But we feel confident that there would be no further ground for such criticism if she were only given a chance to inspect it for herself. Perhaps the record of promptness for lunch would also be improved by such an addition. Among the smaller accessories it goes without saying that every tub should be supplied with an appropriate bath mat. A dumb waiter and a clothes shoot from

the fourth floor down are thrown in as suggestive possibilities. It would be pleasant, too, if the parlors held seating capacity for the whole house. On formal occasions it is not from choice that we sit on the tables and the floor. Corner seats and window seats built in might prove an economical solution for this difficulty.

Perhaps the boon that we most often wish for is what may be broadly termed a tool room. In this room must be a sewing machine, a guillotine paper cutter, letter scales, a simple carpenter's kit and a large table—or even wooden horses and a smooth board to be set up at will. One end of the room might be kept for electric appliances. Many a time we would gladly save half a dollar by pressing our own skirt. And some of us would be grateful for the chance to do for ourselves what the college laundry list must needs leave undone. An electric cooker, used with discretion, would be invaluable for those whose infirmity will not allow them to partake of the usual fare. We do not by any means expect to have all these desires satisfied at once, but we feel more and more the need for a few domestic conveniences.

R. C.

It is possible to compare college magazines with standard publications of the larger world, and this method of criticism may be of advantage, in that it shows clearly the limitations and defects of the college magazines. But the limitations are as a rule unavoidable, and the defects are apt to receive undue emphasis by this method of criticism, so that the real worth of the college magazines is lost sight of. And we must be optimistic as well as just. A more constructive method of criticism is to be found in the comparison of college magazines with each other, for in this way the real merits of the magazine may be discerned.

We were greatly pleased with the college magazines of late December and January; very few of our exchanges contained much poor work, and many of them contained literature exceptionally good. And the best literature of our exchanges is for the most part that in which the subject or theme is a little unusual; it is for this reason more interesting to the average reader. This is particularly true of the short stories.

In the *Normal College Echo* "The Four Brides of Aunedal-shoren" is exceedingly good. The title itself arouses one's

interest. The quaint atmosphere of the place is enjoyable, and the undertone of pathos throughout the story appeals to the sympathy of the reader. "In the Dato's Harem" in the *Harvard Advocate* is a well-written and interesting story; it seems to us a trifle improbable, however. "Cayotte Falls" in the same magazine is exceedingly good; the story is cleverly told and the incidents well chosen. There is a story in the *Sepiad*, "The Making Over of Dante Ventione," the scene of which is familiar to almost everyone. The theme of the story is not unusual; indeed, the adoption of a little boy by two maiden ladies may be termed a commonplace theme. But the incidents are a little out of the ordinary, and the characters are very well drawn.

The "Two Gipsy Songs" in the *Radcliffe Magazine* are excellent, particularly the first one of the two. An ambitious poem in the *Minnesota Magazine* is entitled "Warum"; seldom do we find poems in the college magazines written in any language other than English, and the attempt is praiseworthy. In the *Williams Literary Monthly* for January, there is a long poem, "The Battle of the Reuss," which is much longer than the usual poems in the college magazines, and well sustained. These poems in particular are a little above the average.

The editorials this month are for the most part personal and of no great interest to outsiders. The essays are, as usual, good. We have space only to mention "The Psychology of Book Binding" in the *Williams Literary Monthly* for December, "The Isle of Solitude" in the *University of Texas Monthly*, and "Georgian Poetry" in *The Ridge*; these essays are especially good. This month there is not quite such a wide variety in the subject-matter of the essays as one usually finds, while the contrary is true of the stories.

D. O.

AFTER COLLEGE

LETTER FROM MISS de LONG

Pine Mountain Settlement School, Harlan County, Kentucky,

January 2, 1914.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—Just before Christmas * * we decked our windows with holly wreaths and tied the posts of our narrow little porch with spruce, pine and ivy and one of our little school boys referred to our house as "The Christmas House." Crowded as that little five-room cottage was through all the holiday season, it was overflowing with Christmas cheer and had the happiness to be a center for such a Christmas time as never had been in all our country. For our neighbors, December twenty-five has in other years been a day of drinking and shooting, uncelebrated by any tree, any Santa Claus, or any telling of the story of the Babe at Bethlehem. So when we planned to invite every one to the first Christmas tree on the "fur side of Pine Mountain," we tried to "norate" it about that we did not want any drinking or shooting. When I went to the last day of school exercises at the Big Laurel Schoolhouse the week before Christmas, I asked one of our local advisory board to let it be known that we wanted folks to "be nice," which with us always means to be sober. To my surprise, after I had made a little speech inviting everyone to come, he rose up for what proved to be a speech on Proper Manners for Christmas Time. He said, "Hit's been put upon me to tell you folks you that the school women don't want no whiskey on Christmas day. Now, know Christmas is a great time for drams for us, but we want to try to do what they say. Let us drink none on Christmas day, but we take our drams the day before or the day after, and then we will make Christmas twice as long." So almost total abstinence was the rule of the day out of courtesy to us, and all the Christmas drams were consumed at home.

We began to practice Christmas Carols early in December, and since our new organ had not come then, we learned the melodies by the aid of the old English dulcimer which suited well the ancient song of "The First Noel." Every night we played on our Victrola, Madam Schumann Heineck's "Stille Nacht," and the children sat around the supper table as quiet as mice, learning to love the beautiful song. The post rider came in three times a week loaded with parcels post bundles and had to take an extra nag every time he went across the rough mountain road to the railroad. We hardly see how Pine

Mountain or Hell-fer-Sartan, could have had any Christmas at all without the parcels post, which brought us safely "play pretties" of all sorts, poppets, gum balls, horns, the "prettiest tricks you ever did see."

On Christmas Eve just at dusk our entire household made a pilgrimage a mile one way to Uncle John Shell's and then a mile the other way to Uncle William Creech's. To each household we carried a tiny tree gay with tinsel and shining things, and stockings full of presents for Uncle John and Aunt Sis, Uncle William and Aunt Sal. Silently we crept up to Uncle John's house, lighted the tree, and then sang, "O little town of Bethlehem," "Noel," and "It came upon the midnight clear." At the first note Aunt Sis opened her door and stood, a quaint, stoop-shouldered old figure in old-time linsey-woolsey, listening in absolute silence. When our songs were done we turned and went away, while she stood there looking at a sight such as she had never seen before. While the others went on to make ready the tree for Uncle William and Aunt Sal, Miss Petitt and I stood by the road to watch. Not knowing what to do with so bright a wonder, the old woman went in and closed her door. Some neighbor men, just finishing their day's work on our farm, came by, and we told them to tell her to take the tree in before the candles burned it up. We still stood watching while they walked around the tree and said, "Ain't that the prettiest sight you ever did see?" and "I'd love to see that by daylight." We heard Aunt Sis tell them she just didn't know how to behave when we all come, how our doin's was quare to her, and she didn't *know* to take the tree in. We heard the men advise her, "No, don't set it on the bed, you will have to sit it on the floor"; but she told us afterwards that she had "sot it on the bed" and locked her door (a most rare proceeding in our country), so as nothin' shouldn't bother it, and how everybody had come from all over to see her tree, folks she had never known, folks that had never been in her house before, and she had unlocked the door to show it to them. We had to make our way to Aunt Sal's by the aid of fatty pine torches, and after our carols there, we were asked in. The house was full of Aunt Sal's grandchildren come to "take the night" with her so as to be ready for our big Christmas tree on the next day. You could not imagine a more interesting sight than Aunt Sal, her bandanna over her head, her pipe in her mouth, sitting on the side of the bed, pulling little packages out of her stocking with her grandchildren all around her, and she like a queen in the midst.

That night thirteen stockings were hung by our chimney, but the unlucky number did not scare our Santa Claus, who put a doll in the toe of every one. He must have heard our eighteen-year-old Will saying that he would like a doll to play with on Sunday afternoons.

In the morning our little boys, Charley and John, promptly sat on the floor to pull out their presents. Each had five little toy cavalymen down toward the toe. When Charley had pulled out three he exclaimed, "Gee! Oh, if there ain't a terrible sight of mules!" John, absorbed in his own stocking, was setting his up one behind the other, and suddenly he called on us, saying, "Lookie here, the three wise men a follerin' the star." He had been learning in school, "We Three Kings of Orient Are," and had sung it with the greatest delight coming home in the starlight from Aunt Sal's Christmas.

tree. Each little boy interpreted the cavalrymen after his own fashion and imagination.

We had to put away our play pretties long before we wanted to, to get ready for our Christmas tree. Because we had no room large enough for it, it had been set up out-doors the day before at the foot of a little hill near the cross roads and not far from a big cliff so that people could find shelter under it if it rained. The young folks for miles around got a "soon start" that morning, and "gathered in and help" make ready the tree. I suppose it was a beautiful tree to us all because we all had a share in trimming it with baubles that looked as if they had come from fairyland. All the while neighbors were coming from far and near, men with their wives behind them holding wee little babies, and some mules carrying little folks plumb down to the nag's tail. We had a busy time writing the names for Christmas presents that people had brought to put on the tree. It hardly seemed possible that our neighbors could have been as pleased with their sacks of candy and the gifts the school put on for them, as we were with the pokes full of chestnuts, the fresh eggs, the big sweet potatoes, the "Sasifras" root, and the old-time hunter's pouch that were put on for us.

Nobody had any idea how Santa Claus would come, but when we heard the sounds of horns and bells way off behind the laurel thickets people rushed to the cliff, the hillside, the fence post so as to get a first glimpse of him. All we could see at first was a jolly red figure that seemed to be riding a mighty slow mule, but as it disappeared and reappeared from the ivy thickets, we discovered to our intense joy that he was astride an ox. Never did Santa ride a more deliberate steed, and he himself seemed the most leisurely creature in the world till you discovered that the proverbially swift old saint was impatiently prodding the ox's side with his heel. I am sure that the people who live on Greasy Creek will always believe Santa Claus had all the time in the world. Never was such laughter as greeted him or such mirth over his unavailing efforts to hurry up the ox. When he got up to the tree everybody called out with one accord, "Christmas Gift, Santa Claus, Christmas Gift!" Fortunately his pack was so full that he had a gift for everybody, but before he could get everything distributed the rain that had been threatening for days came down. Some people took shelter under the cliff, some people hastily rode home, thinking they might as well get wet early as late, others came to see us. We learned that day how to make three chickens do for more than thirty people by the aid of dumplings, gravy, and rice.

The young people spent the afternoon in their favorite way, running sets whose very names suggest hilarity and merriment of the figure, Boxing the Gnats, Caging the Bird, The Wild Goose Chase, and Killie Crankie is My Song. Of course we could not send them home in the rain, for some of them came from eight or ten miles away. So our little house with only one extra single bed, let out a reef and kept eleven guests that night. They said on leaving the next day, "We've had the best time. We did not know you folks were so clever."

On Saturday Mr. McSwain and I started for our fifty-mile trip to Hell-fer-Sartan. We felt like knights of Malory's time going forth for adventure, for

people predicted that Cutshin and Middle Fork would be up past fording, but we said if we could not have a tree in one place we would in another. We filled our pockets with tiny gifts in case we found children on the way, and down the length of Cutshin we found them a plenty. Children with bright, eager faces, not shy, but with the prettiest ways of saying, "Thank you." I wish those of you who sent us things to distribute could have seen the pleased surprise of the many little boys and girls who had a Christmas trick dropped into their hands by us unknown strangers, and the way they held the "play pretty" like a little bird in their hands as if they were afraid it would get away, and then ran with it to show Maw and the Younguns in the little gray house back up from the road. Cutshin is very remote and the homes on it are most of them very old-fashioned little log cabins. No one would take any money from us for meals or lodging, but said, when we asked what we owed, "Nothin' but to come again." I am sure no home could look more inviting than the one we reached on Sunday night, a great old log house with glowing firelight shining on the snow through its open door and its two windows. As we stopped our mules, the widow Begley came out to the gate and bade us "light and stay all night."

Next morning when a great party of us rode over to the little house near Devil's-Jump-Branch that is near to Hell-fer-Sartan, we found the tree set up and the room garnished with spruce pine. We turned everybody out while a dozen or more of us decked the tree, and asked everybody please not to look in the windows. You would be amazed to see how even the curiosity did not overcome their wish to do as we asked. The tree was the prettiest one we have ever seen, just the sort children dream about, with dolls and drums and horns and ribbons hanging from every limb. Yet in spite of the joyous laughter with which everyone hailed it, there was the utmost quiet in the close-packed crowd while we told the Christmas story, and while the school teacher made a speech of welcome. "These folks have come a long way to show their love and friendship for us, and we want them to know they are welcome. They are welcome, we are welcome, and everybody is welcome."

Mr. McSwain as Santa Claus had to shake hands with grown women as well as little boys and girls, and enjoyed immense popularity. People wanted to know, when the presents were off the tree, if they might have the ornaments, and in no time the tinsel and the red balls were stripped off, to go into a dozen or more homes, so that the younguns who didn't know there was going to be such a "tree or they'd a come," might draw up some notion of it, the prettiest sight that was ever in these parts. People wanted to take us home with them as much as the tree trimmings, and could not imagine why we would not spend a week with them; but we started on our two days' journey back up Cutshin as soon as the tree was over.

Yet with us the festival season extends over to Twelfth Night as it did in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and our last Christmas tree, to be held over on the head waters of Line Fork, will come on old Christmas Day, January the 6th. It is the common belief in our country that on midnight the night before, the cattle mourn and low, and kneel down to worship our Lord. Perhaps nobody knows for sure, because they are scared of the solemn feel-

ings they would have—as one eighteen-year-old boy put it, “hit would make you mighty solemn to see them kneel,—you wouldn’t feel like beatin’ on them no more.” It seemed to us fitting that the holiday season should close with a tree in this remote neighborhood on old Christmas Day.

The girls and boys are mending toys that have come to us broken, fixing eyes in dolls that have been badly shaken, gluing on arms and legs so that the children over on Line Fork will have as fine a Christmas as anybody.

We are sure that our little house can never forget the happiness it has held during our first Christmas season on Pine Mountain.

Sincerely yours,

ETHEL DE LONG 1901.

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month’s issue, and should be addressed to Eloise Schmidt, Gillett House, Northampton, Massachusetts.

The Committee of Five of the Alumnae Council met at Northampton, January 15 to 16, to confer with the president, faculty and undergraduates in regard to efficient lines of service open to the Alumnae Association. The Committee for this year consists of Mrs. Alice Lord Parsons 1897, president of the Alumnae Association; Miss Ethel Gower 1898, secretary pro tem. of the Alumnae Association; Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes 1881, Alumnae trustee; Mrs. Charlotte Stone McDougall 1893 and Miss Helen Forbes 1912.

’11. Ruth Barnes has announced her engagement to James Carvel Gorman of Baltimore, Maryland.

Irene Bishop is Reference Librarian in the State Library at Springfield, Illinois.

Lesley Church. Address: 3334 Holmes Street, Kansas City, Missouri.

Virginia Coyle is teaching Gymnastics at the Bennett School, Millbrook, New York.

Mary Dickinson. Address: 35 Claremont Avenue, New York City.

Genevieve Fox is Assistant in the Editorial Department of the Silver, Burdett and Company Publishing House, Boston, Massachusetts.

Mary Gottfried is teaching in the Misses Hebbs’ School, Wilmington, Delaware.

Miriam Gould is teaching in the University of Pittsburgh. She is also working for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Paula Haire has announced her engagement to Robert Ray Van Valkenburgh. She is now acting as accompanist for Madame Jane Osborn-Hannah of the Chicago-Philadelphia Grand Opera Company and will go abroad with Madame Hannah in May.

Agnes Heintz has announced her engagement to William H. Kennedy.

Marguerite Lazard is acting as Recorder at the Psychological Clinic of the University of Pennsylvania.

Arlyle Noble is doing Bacteriological Research for Parke Davis and Company of Detroit, Michigan.

Gladys Owen is doing Graduate Work in Political Economy at the University of Wisconsin.

Maude Pfaffman is acting as Secretary in the Yale Forest School. Address: 331 Temple Street, New Haven, Connecticut.

Ruth Segur has announced her engagement to Clinton Burke of Plainfield, New Jersey.

Rebecca Smith has announced her engagement to Buckingham Chandler of Chicago, Illinois.

Winifred Wentworth is acting as bookkeeper for her father.

ex-'11. Isabel Howell has announced her engagement to William Jay Brown of Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

'12. Helen Houghton has announced her engagement to R. J. Shortledge of Wallingford, Connecticut. The wedding will take place in September, 1914.

Ruth Watts has announced her engagement to John Newman.

CALENDAR

February 16. Concert by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

" 18. French Club Play.

" 23. Rally Day.

" 25. Open Meeting of Greek Club.

" 26. Lecture by Miss Ethel de Long.

" 28. Alumnæ-Student Rally.

Group Dance.

Dickinson House Reception.

March 4. Orchestra Concert.

" 7. Meetings of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
Big Game Day.

" 11. Glee Club Concert.

" 14. Division A Dramatics.

The
Smith College
Monthly

March - 1914

Owned and Published by the Senior Class

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THE
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

VOL. XXI

MARCH, 1914

No. 6

EDITORS:

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DOROTHY LILIAN SPENCER

RUTH COBB

DOROTHY OCHTMAN

ELOISE SCHMIDT

BUSINESS MANAGER AND TREASURER

RUTH HELLEKSON

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

ESTHER LOYOLA HARNEY

BERTHA VIOLA CONN

"THE OTHER MAN" ACCORDING TO KANT AND
TO MILL

MARGUERITE DANIELL

The other man is a delightfully comprehensive term, for it embraces a three-fold signification, namely, a special person as one's mother, any person as a college student, and an aggregate of persons as one's townsmen. The other man in Philosophy differs from the plain, every-day other man only in that he is an object of philosophical study, therefore by using this term as a title for my paper I can correctly bring in several phases of the Kantian and Millian doctrines. These phases of the Kantian and Millian doctrines are to be treated in the way that I treat many subjects, for instance sociology and mathematics.

If in mathematics I am endeavoring to find by calculus the dimensions of a cylinder that will hold a certain volume of liquid, instead of working with meaningless figures I mentally construct a percolator that will contain the required volume of coffee. If in sociology I learn the various effects of certain influences on mankind I find living examples if such a thing is possible. Living examples are possible in the ethical subject which I shall now begin with the Kantian significance of society.

Kant emphasizes the significance of a society in which every member is at once sovereign and subject; sovereign because he helps make the laws and subject because he obeys them. Thus the college girl whose council member helps make the college rules and who herself obeys them is both sovereign and subject. We cannot understand this significance until we know the basis upon which the treatment of society rests.

The true basis of all phases of the Kantian doctrine is, "Duty for duty's sake." Wordsworth expresses this idea in his "Ode to Duty," the first and last verses of which I quote.

"Stern Daughter of the Voice of God !
O Duty ! if that name thou love,
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring and reprove ;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe ;
From vain temptations dost set free ;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity.

* * * * *

To humbler functions, awful Power !
I call thee : I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
O, let my weakness have an end !
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
The confidence of reason give ;
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live !"

This principle is the motive of all social actions. An illustration of this is the girl who despises receptions but goes for duty's sake alone. Having given the motive of social action let us see if there are any rules that guide the Kantian individual in his social actions.

Kant has two famous maxims which should always guide man's social self. The first is "Act as if the maxims of thy action were to become by thy will a universal law of nature." The girl who will not take two note books in a written lesson where there are only enough to go once and a quarter around is illustrative of this maxim. Kant's second maxim is, "So act as to treat humanity, whether in thine own person or in that of any other, in every case as an end withal and never as a means only." The girl who refuses to call on another merely because the latter has an automobile, is following this principle in her relations with society. Now turning from the other man as society let us study him as an individual.

Kant maintains that the good for any man as a social element is that in which the welfare of others counts just exactly as much as his own. The girl who refrains from opening a window lest someone feel a draught is a Kantian, if she does it for the above reason. When Kant is thinking of the welfare of an individual he also lays stress on the moral code of an action.

The Kantian emphasis of action is laid on the "how" a thing is done. A girl passes in a written lesson which has many mistakes. It is the best that she could do under the circumstances. She unintentionally had seen the answer to one question on another girl's paper and could have changed hers to agree with it, but she did not. She passed in her own work done in a fair and honest way. This example may help us in the question of consequences. Kant never appeals to consequences. Had an appeal been made by the above Kantian girl she might have copied from her neighbor and saved herself from a low mark.

Having briefly but satisfactorily dealt with consequences, let us consider a moment the real ends to which men's special acts are directed. Virtue is the means to which all special actions are directed. Miss Kant never casts a vote for any girl unless the latter seems in every way worthy of the office for which she is a candidate. Let us now turn to Mill's treatment of the other man.

In the case of an individual as the other man Mill says, "Man never conceives himself otherwise than as a member of a body"; "He identifies his feelings more and more with the good of others"; "The good of others becomes to him a thing naturally and necessarily to be attended to like any of the physical conditions of our existence." "The social state is at once so natural,

so necessary, and so habitual to man that except in some unusual circumstances or by an effort of voluntary abstraction he never conceives himself otherwise than as a member of a body, and this association is outlined more and more as mankind are farther removed from the state of savage independence." We find similar ideas in this quotation from Charles F. Dole, "Be a good comrade. Learn the secret of good comradeship. Many men do not know it at all. Be just, strong, frank, fearless, independent, but add your strength to the strength of your fellow. Do not stand aloof, or sulk, or be unsocial. Do not jeer at other men and find fault with them. Learn to do 'team work.' Learn to coöperate. Give and take in friendly conversation. Be generous." This sympathy and desire for the happiness of others cause the Millian girl to neglect her own lessons, personal health, and comfort. She is always ready to do any errand for others, to help them, and give them a good time. In her zeal for this happiness of others upon what moral code does she lay her emphasis?

Mill says that the "what" in an action is the moral code. If a girl offers a member of the faculty a chair just to create a good impression, Mill maintains that the deed is all right. Here again we are brought to the question of consequences. The appeal to consequences is an important factor in the Millian doctrine. The Millian girl who is proctor refrains from quieting noisy pupils in the halls lest they dislike her. Thus we can see to what end her special acts are turned.

Mill thinks that the special acts of men are a means to happiness. Miss Mill votes for a certain girl because she thinks her action will bring happiness to others. Speaking of others let us change our meaning of "the other man" from an individual to society.

In Mill's society the interests of all are equally regarded. The Millian girl who is taking on a bat sandwiches enough for ten others will consult each one of the party as to the kind which she prefers before she makes them. This principle reverts to the basis of social actions.

The true basis of all phases of the Millian doctrine is "Happiness for happiness' sake," where happiness means the happiness of the greatest number. This is plainly seen when a girl is told that she may bring home one girl for two weeks or ten girls for

several days and she chooses the latter. This girl believes in the little verse by an anonymous author.

“ If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word,
And take my bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale
To set the echoes ringing. ”

This happiness principle serves as one of the motives for all social actions.

The other motives of social actions are sympathy and the idea of a good end. Taking an example of these motives we have a girl inviting several freshmen to a party in her room not only to make them happy but also because she thinks they are lonesome and because she wants “to get in right” with them. Does the Millian person have any definite rule to guide her in her social relations ?

The Millian rule for social guidance is not punctilious. It may be stated thus : “ Be in unity with your fellow beings. ” The girl who goes with an unchaperoned evening moving-picture party rather than be odd is following out this rule. Now I have reached my last Millian example. Let us recapitulate.

We have taken up “ the other man ” from the standpoints of Kant and of Mill and in each case have studied him as an individual and as society in general. Under the meaning of society we have discussed his significance, also the motives for social actions and rules for the guidance of man in his social relations. Under the meaning of the individual our topics have been the good of man as a social element, the moral code of actions, the appeal to consequences, and the final end to which man’s special acts are directed. In brief what do all these topics reveal ?

We find in the Kantian and Millian treatment of the other man a marked difference in the basis for social action, in motives for social action, in moral codes, and in the appeal to consequences. On the other hand a certain similarity of treatment is found. Mill maintains that in society the interests of all should be equally regarded. This is similar to the principle which Kant upholds when he says that the good for any man

as a social element is that in which the welfare of others counts as much as his own. Both of these principles involve the same general thought found in Kant's maxims. Two neighboring prisoners see the same wall and some of its same characteristics or qualities, but they can never see the same side of the wall. Thus while Kant and Mill see the same "other man," they can never see him from the same point of view.

DREAMS

GRACE ANGELA RICHMOND

The slim, sweet maiden, Sleep,
Has dreams for thee ; wilt buy her wares ?
Here's one that cost a faded rose ; here's one
That cost a tear ; that dream is calm and deep.
And here is one that cost a weary day
Of toil and strife and half-forgotten love.
This rainbow dream a pearl will buy ; and this
A mem'ry laid in lavender away.
The slim, sweet maiden, Sleep,
Has dreams for thee ; wilt buy her wares ?

LADDIE, YE LITTLE THOUGHT

MARION DELAMATER FREEMAN

Laddie, ye little thought on yesternight
That when ye took me in your big, strang arms
An' kissed me wi' your hot young lips
That ye could bring me sorrow wi' that joy !
But all at once I heard, somewhere 'way down
Within my throbbin' heart, somethin' that said,
" Ye've lost your girlhood, lassie, for a kiss !
An' womanhood is full o' grief an' pain."
An' laddie, I was sorry for a while,
For girlhood days are sweeter than ye know.
But laddie, then I looked into your eyes,
So true, so blue, so full o' love for me,
An' somethin' there said, " This is sweeter yet !"
An' with my lips on yours, I knew t'was true !

AFTER ALL

KATHERINE BUELL NYE

Have you ever prepared a surprise for yourself? This may sound paradoxical but it is nevertheless possible, and one of the easiest ways of doing it is this: allow yourself a definite allotted time for which you plan nothing. Refuse all alluring invitations for that time and at the appointed hour place yourself among congenial surroundings and take a vow that you will follow the first opportunity for adventure. If you wish to be successful in this form of self-amusement you must be in that frame of mind in which you choose a book with your eyes shut, open it at random, and above all you must stick by your first choice. If you give in once and promise yourself three out of five chances it will grow to thirteen out of fifteen and even seventy-seven out of one hundred and twenty-three—then you never can stop and doubtless you will waste all your time casting about for an opportunity. So, I say if you wish to be successful abide unswervingly by your first choice.

John Dillingham closed his desk promptly at twelve-thirty. It was Monday and business was slack.

"Nothing ever happened on Monday," he told himself and rather admired his own courage in choosing this day to court "Adventure."

It was raining and there were few people on the street. He hurried to his club and found the lounging room full of blue smoke perforated by long white bored faces.

"Serves them right," thought Dillingham, "they never give themselves a chance. Work all day and sit around in a room like this. Heavens!"

He ran his finger over the list of members, which hung by the elevator. He described a circle on the glass and then stopped with his finger on the name—John Dillingham!

"Of all the—!" he muttered and started again, but realizing that it was a breach of rule, he lunched alone.

Lunching alone is not unusual but it was unusual for Dillingham, and he avoided several animated groups, enjoying the solitude of a little table by the window from which he looked out on the busy street.

He found himself in a mood to enjoy the noise and hurry of it. He watched one man until he went out of sight around the corner; then another and another. A stranger or at least an unfamiliar figure stopped at the entrance of the club, and then passed under the huge projecting door-way. Dillingham wondered idly who it was and then returned to his reverie.

Automobiles whirled by, street cars clanged, feet shuffled and scuffed. There below him were hosts of unknown faces hidden beneath black shiny hats and bobbing umbrellas. He became lost in the tangle of weaving figures—each going heaven knows where and each an adventurer. Countless numbers of—"Good morning, Dillingham! They told me I'd find you here. I—a—wanted to talk over that advertising scheme with you. You see it means a lot to me to fix it up today. Now if you could just—"

"Sorry Bingham, I was just going out. Appointment at the dentist's at two," said Dillingham, whose mind was so thoroughly made up for adventure that he left his favorite dessert untouched and hurried out with Bingham's words still in his ears—"means a lot to me to finish this deal up to-day."

"Business, business, business," muttered Dillingham as he shrugged himself into his coat and lighted a cigarette. "Why, they can't think past their waste-paper baskets! I'd rather be an office-boy with a lot to do outside the office, and one afternoon a week to do it in than any old advertising man who works like a mill six days a week and gets a big commission once in a blue moon. I say, take a day off once in a while. Forget yourself. Get in with the crowd—let yourself go and—see what happens."

He stepped into the street and was carried on by the passing crowd; he loitered on the edge of the stream and watched the people. To trace something, to follow someone! That is what he would do. He added to his sleuth-like mood by turning his hat down, and his collar up, and once more stepped into the throng.

An arm was thrust through his. He found himself led to the curb and pushed into a taxicab. His companion's face was as invisible as his own, and he admitted that he was thoroughly dumbfounded.

"He's got the wrong man," he mused, "but I'll work him for the plot and then spring the surprise."

Dillingham kept his head turned from his companion, wishing

to disclose himself at a dramatic moment, and after the purpose of the abduction had been discovered.

"Never saw anything so quick and effective in my life! Always wondered how they could make a fellow do something that he had absolutely no notion of doing. Easy as punch—it is. Hook him, lead him to it, stick him in, and there you are! Pretty neat. Quickest connection I ever made. Pretty cocky and confident, this fellow. This kind certainly has more ability and enterprise and nerve than those boys who plug away at a desk all day. Hundreds and hundreds of them with their noses in books, counting up the money they have or want to get. What do they know about anything like this? And me riding, Lord knows where, with—"

"It's about that advertising scheme, Dillingham. You see, it means a big commission to me if I fix it up to-day. Now if you'll just come up to the office we can go through those plans again and—"

AMERICA'S IDEAL

MARION SINCLAIR WALKER

When Washington, preserver of our land,
Through gloom of dark oppression's brooding night,
Uplifting Freedom's torch with dauntless hand,
Set it on high to be the beacon light
Of all the world; that liberty's fair goal
Was not in freedom loosened bondsmen know,
But perfect liberty of mind and soul,
And room to grow.

'Tis said that though the fast-revolving years
Have brought our nation growth from sea to sea,
Mere mind a vainly glorious kingdom rears
While soul is prisoned in prosperity.
Never to worship God were men more free,
Nor have we sold our birthright, Liberty,
Nor reared unto ourselves a golden god,
Nor kneel to worship him on Freedom's desecrated sod.

Ah no ! Still Freedom's never-failing light
 Illumes afar this consecrated strand.
 For hark ! What glad shout breaks the gloom of night
 As eager pilgrims hail the " Promised Land " ?
 Their tongues are many, but they speak one mind.
 " America ! Thy torch shines o'er the sea !
 The old world, spent and weary, left behind,
 We come to share thy perfect liberty—
 And thou canst give. Shining from pole to pole
 Thy gleaming torch bids struggling nations know
 That thou hast Freedom—yea, of mind and soul,
 And room to grow ! "

The liberty they seek in faith and love
 They find ; there passes unregarded by
 A long procession, bearing gifts above
 To where God's altars rise to meet the sky.
 It matters not. The " alien on our shore "
 Turns from the pomp ; he seeks, nor fails to find
 Freedom's broad road ; beyond, an open door
 Reveals to him the " city of the mind. "

Because from distant lands the pilgrim throng
 Has borne the dream of Freedom in its soul,
 The vision real, most radiant and strong,
 Springs forth to meet them as they reach the goal.
 Because they loved, with love that can endure,
 The beautiful of body, soul and mind ;
 Because they loved things noble, high and pure,
 'Tis these they seek for, and 'tis these they find.

Freely receive, ye who so freely give !
 We turn from yonder gilded idol's hill.
 And may the common life we learn to live
 This nation's wondrous destiny fulfil.
 Ye bring us treasures from the storied past,
 High deed of valor, noble thought of truth,—
 Ye bring us dreams ; our treasure—guard it fast !—
 Is Freedom and a Nation's glorious youth.
 We owe no barriers of tongue or race,
 Our common country's destiny we trace,
 And, brothers in her service, we shall find
 Guided far-seeing by the beacon's glow
 Freedom complete, of body, soul and mind.
 And room to grow !

HOW NEW AMERICANS ARE BEING MADE

MARION SINCLAIR WALKER

We hear a great deal about the immigrants who are pouring into this country at the rate of twenty thousand a day, and about the problem of how they are to be Americanized. Our ministers preach about this problem, our learned men discuss it learnedly in books, our college students settle this, along with the rest of the world's questions, in sociology classes, and the good ladies of our churches hold missionary meetings to consider, with prayerful attention, "the alien on our shores." But just what is it that we think we can give these foreigners when we Americanize them, and what *are* we giving them? Are we quite sure that our civilization is something that is well worth handing on, and if so, what are the American ideals on which our faith rests?

There are some of us who have never gotten over the belief of our childhood—the belief in America as "the land of the free." Freedom, which means not only the negative absence of thralldom, but positively, the time, the room and the opportunity to grow, in body, in mind and in spirit—this is to us the great American ideal.

There are, however, pessimists in our midst, who say that the only American ideal which exists at the present day is the money-making one, that all interests of body, of mind and of soul are passion for the "almighty dollar." "And," these low-spirited individuals continue, "since the sum and substance of our so-called civilization is this passion for money, why are we so sure that we have something worth giving—why our firm conviction of the advantage of being Americanized?"

A great many of the immigrants are claimed by the industry concerned with providing our food. One branch of this industry is to be found in the kitchen of a summer hotel. Here, though the third of the trio may be absent, you are sure to find his associates, the butcher and the baker, with their numerous assistants; then there are cooks who roast and cooks who broil and cooks who fry in deep fat, with the mighty chef presiding over all. The store-room has its force who, like slot-machines, respond to "two-on-the-orange-marm'lade" or "five on the

demi-tasse," and shove out the desired articles with clock-like precision. There are the dish-washers, too, but they are in a class apart, and somehow don't count—perhaps because their industry is not a creative one, like that of cooks.

The hotel of my experience had almost as many nations as occupations represented. A huge square kitchen was presided over by the prince of chefs, a Frenchman, big, capable, calm, and the possessor of patience, that virtue rumored never to be found in a man, and let me whisper, more seldom still in a chef. To the left was the door of the bake shop, where Joe, the baker, was never too busy to discuss Home Rule for Ireland, as he rolled out his piecrust, and Alec, the Greek boy, his handsome young assistant, sent melting glances in your direction as you came in to demand "three-on-the-baked-Indian-pudding-with-brandy-sauce." It was remarkable, too, how quickly Alec found out just where those glances were and were not effective. If he saw that you were interested in certain other things, and not at all in flirtation, he could talk very entertainingly about his travels, for Alec in his four years in America had seen a great deal more of your United States than you had yourself.

Next to the bake-shop door you could usually find Prudence (French, and accented on the last syllable), very hot and irritable, as you would be yourself if you had to make toast and fry griddle cakes for a living. At the range was Chester, true son of Italy, with more melting glances, and a tendency to try to hold your hand as he placed in it "one-on-the-baked-potatoes." This, too, before he knew you, for Chester, like all the others, changed his tactics very soon. Then there was the deep-fat-man (bewildering term!) and presently the broiler man, with whom you had to contend periodically for "two-on-the-sirloin-steak-very-rare." Just about here you were sure to find Hannah, the vegetable woman, watching over her "p'taters, boiled 'n' mashed," which she cherished tenderly, and could with difficulty be induced to part from.

In the butcher shop was Peter, the Greek, of whom more anon. Alphonse, too, must not be forgotten—little Alphonse who scoured the kettles and pans till they shone like his own dark skin. He was just seventeen years old, and newly arrived from Italy, not knowing a word of English.

This then is some of the material out of which new Americans are being made. A place and occupation less favorable

for their development could not perhaps be found. The heat of the kitchen, especially for those who work at the ranges, is almost unbearable, and is likely to work havoc with health and temper. The constant nearness to and emphasis placed upon food is by no means uplifting, and moreover, the spirit prevailing in a hotel kitchen is a distinctly commercial one. The outside world (represented by the guests) is judged by its varying degrees of "fussiness," and even more sure criterion, its tipping propensities, as reported with more or less accuracy by the waitresses. Here "the almighty dollar" is being held up to "the alien on our shores" as an American ideal. His ideal of American womanhood is not likely to be a high one, with the average waitress as material for its formation. There is nothing in the religious side of life to hold his attention. A clatter of rising at five and trooping to early mass betokens the arrival of Sunday morning, but that is all. The holy names are used as carelessly after mass as before; with not even a shock of transition, the early church-goers have slipped back into their habitual sordid and slipshod lives.

And yet, strangely enough, "the alien on our shores" is not taking America at this, its face value. He is not taking the average, the prevailing, the predominant, but is far-seeing and persistently choosing the best. The explanation of this surprising fact may be found in large measure in the answer to a question, one which it would seem we consider too little when we deal with the immigrant problem; namely, "When the immigrant comes to us, what does he bring with him from his native land? What are his antecedents, what his background?"

Every one of the hotel "help" presented a different aspect of the problem. Alec, though just nineteen years old, had, like his countryman of long ago, "seen men and cities." He had not been in school very much at the time when he left Greece, but he had a keen, alert mind, of the kind that makes over experiences into knowledge. The wanderlust, perhaps, had led him to travel far west in these four years, until, having tried many cities he chose Boston and decided to call it home. "It is to me almost like Greece," he said with shining eyes. Alec cannot go to evening school, for his work, that of baker, lasts until eight o'clock at night. His education, however, is not suffering. He reads the newspapers, both Greek and American, and knows very well what is going on in the world. More

significant still, he realizes the value of education, and there he has advanced a step beyond many young Americans, who, living in the shadow of the school, look lightly upon its opportunities.

Alec's companion, Peter, who had been in America just four months, was a high school student in Greece, and had studied French there. Without Alec's eagerness of mind, Peter had a certain quiet interest in things, a persistent studiousness, which will accomplish like results. "I am going to look for work that stops at five o'clock," said Peter, in slow, careful English. "Then I can go to evening school."

Both Greek boys had a keen interest in the events taking place in Greece. When Alec found out that I could read Greek, he ran to Peter, and after a five minutes' excited conversation they came to me with the day's Greek newspaper, and listened with beaming faces while I read to them in my careful college-Greek. They pointed out to me very courteously that I read the same things as they, but produced a slightly different result, and although amused, still they rather liked the precision with which I pronounced words that they slurred together. They came to me often after that, to tell me the news from Greece. It made them feel at home to find an American who knew their native tongue, even in the rude way that I did. But my privilege was the greater one; it was stirring indeed to talk with a person no older than myself who had lived within sight of the Parthenon, and with another whose cousin was even now recovering from a wound which he had received while fighting for the liberty of Greece.

With Alphonse, the little Italian, it seemed harder to make connections. He knew no English whatever, his work brought him little into contact with others, and moreover, his was the hardest work in the hotel. He was very young, yet he had to get up before four o'clock every morning, to start the fires in the range. From that time on till afternoon his work was constant—scouring pots and kettles, running hither and thither with his noiseless, hoop-rolling motion, to do the bidding of the chef. He had no easier lot to look forward to, for he had engaged to do the same kind of work in Boston during the winter. Chester, the other Italian, was the only person Alphonse had to talk to, and he had none of the native refinement that was easily discernible in Alphonse. There was something

very sweet and wholesome about the boy ; it was marvelous to see how quick he was to respond to real interest in him, while all the coarseness of the hotel passed quite over his head—he was not looking for anything of the sort, so he did not understand it.

I used to wonder about Alphonse, and what was to become of him, with his singularly bright and attractive nature, and so little opportunity for development. Very early in the season, however, Alphonse was ably taken in hand. Two teachers of wide experience were at the hotel as waitresses that summer. They noticed little Alphonse, his possibilities and his limitations, and for the rest of the summer they devoted most of their afternoons to teaching him English. Sometimes his mind worked slowly ; small wonder for he had already had an eleven-hour day of work when the lesson began—but he struggled on manfully, and at the end of the summer could talk with us quite a bit. Of course he cannot go to the evening school—his work does not permit that—but the teachers have his address, and are going to send him books. In short, we all felt that there was a ray of hope for Alphonse, that he had taken the first steps toward making the connections with his “Promised Land.”

With the girls who represent “the alien on our shore” the situation is a little different. I did not find one of them who was interested in education. They apparently did not feel the need of it. Prudence, the French girl, was not at all disturbed because she could not write in English. She came occasionally to one of our teacher friends and asked her to write a letter for her, but showed no inclination to learn to write. With her the matter of personal appearance, in its bearing upon a certain innocent coquetry, was the main issue. With little Bessie who had just came from Ireland, the situation was practically the same. Yet these girls were open to influence, and America was doing something for them. Although much in the hotel life was unwholesome, with them, too—and all this tends to contradict the people who believe in the original depravity of man—the influence of things better and higher in the end prevailed. The majority of the waitresses were addicted to cheap flirtation, one form of which was calling out from their windows to loungers who sat on the fence, and little Bessie began to do likewise. The teacher who had helped Alphonse went into Bessie’s room one evening and said, “Bessie, I wouldn’t call from the window. It isn’t nice. The men out there aren’t the right sort.”

"All right," said little Bessie. "I don't care. But I heard the others, so I thought I'd just 'jine in.'"

The French girl, at the opening of the season, brought art to the assistance of nature, often and obviously, in matters concerning the rosiness of cheeks and the brightness of eyes. She was quick to see that this type of adornment was not practised by the best of her associates, and before end of the summer, her natural really beautiful coloring and her soft brown eyes were allowed to show themselves.

Though perhaps as in these instances, we contributed something to the here and there, to the development of "the alien on our shores," yet here, as always, the benefit was mutual, and I think we received much more than we gave. To hear little Bessie talk, and to see her dance the strange, intricate dances of her country, was more illuminating to us than many volumes of folk-lore. Prudence, too, represented a type different from anything we had known, and not at all negligible. Her femininity, her gentle coquetry, spoke of maidens as we had read of them in romances concerning the France of long ago.

This it is that strikes the keynote of the relation to us and to our America, of "the alien on our shores." He receives much from us, because he has much to give. To those only who have an ideal in their hearts is the ideal made manifest. Because these pilgrims who are coming to us from many lands have a background of the high and glorious, they are drawn to that which is high and glorious in our civilization; because they have something beautiful in their souls, they can see the beautiful in ours; because as patriots they love the lands of their birth, they can join with us as loyally in loving our America. When we recognize our common humanity; when we realize that these are other human beings, with lives, with interests like our own and where different, of like significance; that we are not benefactors, but that those whom we would Americanize have a definite contribution of their own to bring, and are ready to be co-workers with us in building up a more glorious America; when we have grasped this, the true situation, then and then only will our activities be turned in the right direction, for as soon as we stop thinking about differences, and, emphasizing the one great similarity, work together as brothers for the glory of our common country, then there will cease to be a problem of "the alien on our shores."

A MODERN FABLE

KATHLEEN ISABEL BYAM

Venus was feeding the Turtle Doves when Cupid came fluttering into the Home Bower with a broken wing.

"What *is* the trouble, Cupid, dear?" Venus cried in alarm as the little fellow sank to the earth, quiver and bows forgotten. She dropped her pan of dove-feed and ran to take the sad little son in her arms.

"Tell mother, dear," she said. "Who has hurt you now? It wasn't the suffragettes again, was it?"

She watched him anxiously as he wriggled his head deeper into the hollow of her arm. Her face was troubled; life had been discouraging of late. All her slender income went into Cupid's arrows; but almost every day the erstwhile happy little fellow came home, bruised and tearful, with arrows broken or lost.

His sobs quieted after a few moments and he straightened up, digging his fists into his eyes.

"There's no use in trying to do anything for people nowadays," he stormed. And then he told how for days he had been shooting arrows at a Girl, all to no purpose.

"And she wasn't a suffragette, either," he said, "I don't bother with them any more."

He said he wouldn't have used so many arrows on the Girl if it hadn't been for the Man. You see, he had hit the Man only once, real hard, when the Man had noticed the Girl. Then when the Man noticed her, he wanted to talk to her. And when the Man talked to her, although she made him talk about *her* career he loved her. But Cupid said it wasn't the Man's fault. He really was a nice, sensible Man, as men go; but, you see, he still had a primitive susceptibility to Cupid's arrows. Of course, Cupid didn't say exactly that—but that's really what it amounted to.

Cupid continued in his story. The Girl, he said, talked about her great, big, beautiful career. And the Man said:

"What is a Career? Is it work?"

The Girl simply looked at the Man. She said:

"My Career? It is the Inspiration of my Life!"

When Cupid told his mother what the girl said about her Career, Venus looked puzzled. Then she smiled.

Cupid said that he didn't see how the Girl's Career could be the inspiration of her life. He had seen the big ugly thing. He wasn't sure whether it was a great watch dog or a sort of clumsy hobby-horse. Anyway she always had it with her. Whenever anyone came to see her, she unchained the awful thing and let it walk all around and step on everybody's toes. And finally, that very day, while Cupid was hiding in a corner, the Career had walked over one of his wings and now he was hurt and unhappy.

But Venus said to "never mind." She had a plan. She told Cupid not to waste any more arrows nor time; she had had experience with Careers before. So she bound up Cupid's sore wing and while he slept she mended his broken arrows and polished them and made some new ones barbed with a brand new bard.

And meanwhile the Girl was happy and the Career grew and made itself heard and everybody came to stroke its head until it grew glossy under the many caresses. And the Girl built a splendid place for it to live in; rather, she cleared a broad expanse in the place that she cherished most, swept out all the old-fashioned things that cluttered it. And she loved the Career more each day.

And the Man was the only one who did not come and purr over the Career. When he did come, which wasn't very often, he tried to be agreeable but that Career-thing got on his nerves. It kept on growing and taking up more room all the time; in fact, the Girl was the only person whom it did not crowd. Everyone else had to move when the Career began to walk about. And whenever the Man tried to look at the Girl (he never tried to talk any more!) its big blundering hulk got directly in front of him. And even then he tried to be agreeable. But once he was just getting a good look and thought perhaps he would have a chance to tell the Girl again how miserable he was, when that Career's great big hulk walked straight between them. And the Girl smiled at it and forgot about the Man. He did not say anything—but he was not trying to be agreeable. He just went out and on the way across the broad expanse that the Girl had cleared for the Career, he met the beast again and this time he forgot to be afraid, he forgot to be agreeable for

the Girl's sake ; he kicked it. And the Career snarled and chased him over the hedge. And the Girl watched him do it.

Now, don't think that the Girl was cruel or unusually selfish. She was not. She was naturally a nice girl but she loved her Career so much that she expected everyone else to do likewise. And that was because she did not know any better.

When the Man did not come back the Girl was relieved. And she gave still more attention to the Career. And everyone said, "What a Remarkable Woman !"

All this time Cupid had not been very far away although he often became cold and longed for his cosy home and his mother. She had told him not to use any of the shiny new arrows she had made for him until she told him it was time.

When the Man was chased away by the Career, Cupid wanted to try a shot at the Girl and ran to his mother, begging her to let him.

But "Not yet," she said, smiling.

And when the Girl became relieved and happy because the Man had gone he ran to Venus again.

But "Not yet," she said firmly.

And when people called the Girl a Remarkable Woman and the Career grew larger and glossier, Cupid curled up in his cold little corner and cried. Venus comforted him but still warned him, "Not yet !"

Then one day a Friend came to see the Girl. And she talked and talked about the Career, because everyone knew that was the thing to do. And when the Remarkable Woman had told her all about it, how she loved it, the Friend said :

"Oh, my dear, how I admire you. You are wonderful ! If I could only raise a Career—but that wouldn't do for me, I'm afraid. You know, I—well, can't you imagine *me* handling a Career." And then she kissed the Remarkable Woman on the tip of her nose (which had no powder on it !) and hurried away.

Now Cupid was surprised for Venus said, "Now's the time, dear." She had come to him and selected an arrow from his quiver.

"Use this one first," she said.

So Cupid, happy to shoot at last, let it fly whirring, swishing straight at the Remarkable Woman as she stood patting the Career absent-mindedly. And that arrow was barbed, not with Love like the old-fashioned ones, but with Reflection. Cupid

had never heard of such an arrow before ; he waited to see what would happen. The Remarkable Woman stood still a long while, as if looking at something a long way off ; but she did not forget to give the Career his supper. And Cupid was disappointed. But Venus smiled and selected another arrow from the quiver telling him to use it next but not until she bade him.

“Wait and see,” she advised.

Many times the Remarkable Woman seemed to be looking across the hedge that enclosed the place set aside for the Career, at something far off. But she always turned back to the Career with an extra pat.

One day the Friend came again ; this time with a sample copy of herself toddling beside her, clinging to her hand. The Remarkable Woman was delighted with the toddling little one ; she picked her up and loved her and quite forgot about the Career even when it nosed about her to be petted. Then the Friend went away with the little Girl holding fast to her hand. And the Remarkable Woman watched them till they disappeared behind the hedge—and looked a long, long time at something far away. And Cupid was bored.

But that night the Remarkable Woman forgot to give the Career his supper ! And Cupid let fly his brand new arrow tipped with “Might Have Been ;” and hugged himself while he waited to see what would happen. But nothing more happened—except that the Remarkable Woman finally heard the pleading of the Career and gave him his supper without seeming to see him.

Then the next day mother Venus came to Cupid and said :

“You can shoot your third arrow to-day, it will be the last. You won’t need any more.” So when the Remarkable Woman came out and gazed across the garden where her Career was sleeping in the sun and over the hedge around it, Cupid slyly let fly the last arrow. It was barbed with Loneliness. And when it went home, straight to the Woman’s heart, she only shivered a little and went inside. And Cupid threw down his bow in disgust. “This world is too much for me. If they’re going to have Suffragettes and Careers and things, I’m going to give notice.” Just then Venus arrived.

“Just wait, dear,” she said. “The Man will come back now and you’ll see what this modern method of slow doses of mine has done.”

But the Man did not come back. Venus forgot that he was not still waiting beyond the hedge. And she forgot that even one of Cupid's strongest arrows could not be expected to retain its original effect when a man had a Career to contend with. So they waited and he did not come. And the Remarkable Woman seemed to be waiting, too. She made a note of the Career's mealtimes, so she never forgot. But the Career started to get thin and moth-eaten and peevish because people did not pet him as they had. But the Remarkable Woman kept him alive and working. And Venus was so ashamed that she hurried back to her Home Bower and resolved to have nothing more to do with her son's business—unless it were to do modest mending. But her son went out of business, too; he left his bow and arrows right where he dropped them. He vowed he would not touch them again—but I'm afraid he did.

And the Remarkable Woman went on caring for her Career. Her friends went on saying "My dear, how wonderful you are!" And the Remarkable Woman knew in her heart, where Cupid's barbs of Reflection, Might-Have-Beens and Loneliness were lodged, that she was not wonderful. And all this came about because she had allowed her Career to wander around until he bruised poor Cupid's wing.

MORAL:—Be careful about pet animals, particularly Careers; don't let them step on other people's toes.

NIGHT

HELEN WHITMAN

Far o'er the eastern wave doth queenly Night
Sweep forth from Pluto's ebon battlement
In shimm'ring, shadowy robes of purple light,
From whose soft folds there falls a fairy scent
Of dewy flowers and Orient perfumes blent;
Clusters of pearls above her temples gleam,
And quiv'ring at her breast the pale crescent
Of the new moon casts its silvery beam
O'er starlit summer seas that silent lie and dream.

LOVE IN A HURRY

HESTER GUNNING

Frances Brayton powdered her nose with more than usual care, secure in the knowledge that a caller who had waited twenty minutes would wait the extra two necessary to produce the proper shade on her most prominent feature. It would be good for him to wait, she reflected.

"Good evening," she greeted him cordially as they shook hands. "Have I kept you waiting?"

"Why—er—yes—I mean I'm always impatient to see you," he adapted himself clumsily to the situation. Why did girls ask such questions? No man would. He was used to men.

"You men are always impatient and in a hurry," said the girl mockingly. "It's your business, or your lunch, or your train, something you've got to catch in the wink of an eye. Some day you'll miss everything you're hurrying for. I'm sure I'll outlive you all; I never hurry."

"Yes, and some day you'll find yourself in a position where you have to hurry," replied the man with a quick appreciation of her last statement. He had not waited twenty-two minutes without discovering that Frances Brayton did not hurry.

"But hurry is the great American evil and I'm sure you'd never countenance evil," Frances teased. "You're not that kind of man."

"Nothing but a necessary evil, there are enough of those to sink the rest of the tribe into insignificance."

"I suppose I'm an evil," said the girl with sudden maliciousness. "I keep you waiting and you hate to wait; I disagree with you and you hate to be disagreed with. Why do you come here at all?" She fingered the books on the table nervously, almost wishing her question back.

"You are a necessary evil, then, Frances," he said slowly. "Very, very necessary to me. Do you realize that? I want you to marry me, to help me do the things I hope to do. Will you?"

The color mounted into the girl's face. The suddenness of it all took her breath away. She wasn't ready to answer that question yet.

"Do all you Westerners do things that way?" she asked.

"What way?" said Burleigh, stung by the lightness of her answer. "Honest and straight and true? Yes. Can't you play the game that way? Can't you get away from the artificial forcing of your hot-house culture and come down to real facts and live issues? Won't you answer me directly?"

The girl shook her head. "'Twouldn't be natural. You can't expect a hot-house plant to enjoy a snow-storm, can you? Besides, you get too much that you want. If you want something else to-morrow you'll forget what you wanted to-day."

"But I'll always want you," Burleigh asserted earnestly.

"Supposing I wanted you to give up all your political ambitions, would you?" She looked at him directly for the first time. "Aren't those ambitions about the dearest things to you? It's your turn to be honest now."

"What would you make of me—a household ornament? The only thing I have to offer you is myself and my desire to make good at whatever I undertake. I'm not rich,—no man who mixes in politics has a chance to get rich on the road to success,—and I haven't any of those social graces I notice the young men of this town cultivating so carefully. Wouldn't I make a fine figure at a pink tea juggling a plate of cake in one hand and spilling tea over the surrounding company with the other? Would you have a man or a puppet?"

"You haven't answered my question—why should I answer yours?" retorted the girl wickedly. "You boast of your Western frankness, your innate fairness. Is it any fairer to ask me to transplant myself to your atmosphere, to merge myself in your interests, while you do just as you please? Come now, Tom, do you call that playing the game?"

"You'll play, no matter what the game is, or how serious it is, won't you? Can't I make you believe my sincerity? It's only by playing together we'll ever get anywhere, don't you see?"

"Tom, we're not getting anywhere—just wasting perfectly good energy—and you're getting all excited. Too much hurry, Tom, always. I told you that was your trouble. Now you're trying to hurry things again and this time maybe you won't get your train." Her eyes sparkled. "Tom, we can be awfully good friends—why do you want to tumble things topsy-turvy like that?"

She wandered across the room to the French window and gazed out. "Come look at the moon," she invited him. "It's a glorious night and I really think you need cooling off. I don't wonder Jessica eloped with a moon like that encouraging her. You know, I think that's the nicest part of elopements—the setting is so much more romantic than ordinary weddings."

"I wonder you ever thought of elopements at all," Burleigh said slowly. "Is there any opportunity for such things in a hot-house?"

"You're awfully fond of that figure, aren't you, Tom?" replied the girl, somewhat nettled. "It seems to me you over-work it."

"But I want you to feel the real air, the sunshine, not to wilt away in a hot-house. I want you to stand under the stars with me and know the real meaning of life. Haven't you any desire to get out and breathe again?"

"I'm afraid I'd gasp like a fish out of water," she laughed. "Tom, why will you be so serious to-night? How do you suppose I could ever stand such persistency all the time? Why, I'd never have a moment's peace. I believe you'd even try to convert me to your absurd idea of hurry—now wouldn't you?"

"No, I'm afraid that would be hopeless. Converting you to anything is hopeless," he replied dully.

A knock on the door interrupted them.

"Telephone call for Mr. Burleigh," announced the butler.

The girl looked at Burleigh and laughed. "You see you can't get away from business even when you're with me," she said.

"You do like to rub it in, don't you?" Burleigh said as he turned toward the door. "Have I your highness' permission to answer my call?"

"Yes, my full permission, since I know you'll answer it, anyway."

"Thank you, Frances," and he was gone.

Left alone, Frances sank into an armchair, relieved that she could have a moment to collect her thoughts. He was so persistent and took things so seriously. Yet, in spite of that, or perhaps because of it, he interested her. Certainly he was different from the other men of her acquaintance. He knew his own mind and he never flattered. There was much about him to be admired. Frances found herself wondering if living with a very admirable person would become monotonous.

The opening of the door aroused the girl from her reverie. In response to an ungovernable impulse she turned sharply. "Well?" she queried. Something must have happened, she felt sure. A strange nervousness, a sudden tenseness took possession of her. "Anything wrong?" she managed to say.

Burleigh came and stood in front of her without speaking and looked down at her steadily.

"For pity's sake, Tom, what's the matter? You stand there like a wooden Indian and glare at me."

"Frances," said the man, "you must promise me that you'll marry me. Tell me now, right now, that you will."

The girl recovered her poise. "Is that what your telephone message was about, Tom?" she asked.

Burleigh kept his temper with difficulty. "Be serious for a moment, please. I mean it. I've got to have your promise to-night."

"Always in a hurry, Tom. Why this—let us say—precipitancy?"

"At 10.06 I leave for the West on business. Something's gone wrong with the mine: they need me. It may be six months before I'm back. Won't you send me back with something to work for?"

"Don't you think what's worth working for is worth waiting for? You go out there and get absorbed in your precious business. How about me in the meantime?"

"There isn't time to quibble. My train goes in twenty minutes. I must get it. One word from you will make me the happiest man in the world."

"You're too sure of your success, Mr. Burleigh."

"But I can't go till I'm sure some day you'll come with me. I don't ask you to come now; I only ask you to send me out knowing you care for me and will wait till I come back."

"If you cared more for me than for your business, for material success, you wouldn't go. I must have time to make up my mind. You're asking too much. How do you know *I* love *you*? Or hadn't you thought of that?"

Burleigh was silent. After all, how did he know she loved him? Conscious only of his love for her, he had never doubted that it would be reciprocated. She was worth winning, he thought, worth more than his business success, future wealth, political preferment. He decided quickly.

"Frances," he said quietly, "I'm not going. You're more to me than the mine. I am going to settle this before I undertake anything else. Are you satisfied?"

"No," replied the girl with suddenly flashing eyes. "I'm not. What kind of a man would you be to leave your duties and play Jack-in-the-box with a girl? You said you were a man; would you become a puppet?"

"Why, Frances—" began Burleigh, astonished at this change in her attitude.

"Stay here, leave your men in difficulties, neglect your affairs, to dance attendance on a girl? How much respect could she have for a man like that? She might fare no better when a new fancy turned his way."

"But it's only because—" Burleigh tried to explain, utterly baffled.

"Do you think I would ever marry a man I couldn't respect thoroughly?" she rushed on.

"You're unfair, Frances." Burleigh reddened as he spoke. "You don't understand—"

"Yes. I do understand," she retorted hotly. "You're willing to sacrifice your duty to your desire. You can't see yourself balked. You must always win. Do you think I'm going to see you do that?" She looked him straight in the face, her cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkling.

"Frances!" cried the man, a light breaking on him, "I am going West to-night with your promise. Only ten minutes for that train. Tell me quick—you will, won't you?" He took her in his arms.

"Do hurried people always take a lot of things for granted?" came a choking voice. "I haven't said anything about it yet."

"But you will, you know you will. Now I can get that business straightened out in half the time; then I'll be back to get you and we'll be married right off. Now for that train."

Together they hastened to the motor waiting at the door. When they reached the station, he silently helped her out of the motor to the platform and they almost ran to the train. At the foot of the steps he turned. She looked up at him and smiled. "Good-bye," she murmured, "and hurry back!"

SKETCHES

LITTLE THINGS

ANNA ELIZABETH SPICER

Madly rushing torrents and precipitate mountain streams carry force which the clear depths of the inland lake can never hope to know. After reading the startling, crashing articles in which the modern magazine abounds, one turns in search of quiet peeps at life to the gentle backwater of the Contributor's Club. And here, as never in the eternal unrest of the more powerful waters, one may see reflected the blue sky, the white clouds, all the most characteristic paraphernalia of a summer day.

In the Contributor's Club of the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1913, is to be found an article on "Little Things." The writer show us how important are the little things in life. "We love little things, we hate little things, we fear little things ; our lives are knit up with little things from the time we are born to the day we die." "It is the little things that count." (Here one thinks instinctively of a dinner-table, around which sit mother, father and three "little ones" and on which is, amongst other things, a plate with eight pieces of cake). And the writer's conclusion of the whole matter is a summary of the supreme importance of "these same insidious little things which so often pretend to hide themselves away in the background, when in reality they are the most important part of the whole picture."

Here then, in the quiet lake, we would seem to have a reflection of that which is a very important part of the aspect of life to-day. In other places we hear the same thing. Edward Fitzgerald says that he wishes we had more biographies of obscure person ; *quo obscurum, quid divinum* is become, forsooth, a motto for many brave hearts. The flower in the cran-

nied wall is yet, and ever more, an epitome of the mystery of God and man. And down through the years come dancing forms of the Little People, whose part in the history of the world has assuredly been no small one.

Edward Fitzgerald is right, I think ; and the flower surely is an epitome of that sacred mystery. But the danger lies in thinking that obscure men are enough ; that the flower needs not God and man to complete it, to make it of any meaning at all. As Alfred Noyes recently reminded us, this is a day of specialists. The mechanic proudly leads us through his shop and to many of us, according to our new-found philosophy, the most notable thing is the tiny screw that enables a massive steel machine to do its work. The chemist assures us that the most trivial mistake in composition will enable a hitherto apparently harmless mixture to make of our surroundings little things indeed ! In our psychology laboratories we learn that the droop of an eyelash, the patter of an autumn leaf on the ground may mean destruction to a nation, the course of the world has been changed by the beauty of one woman ; the rulership of the world lost because one road was not where an emperor supposed it to be.

But each of these statements is a perfect poem ; if only we will read it aright. What makes the tiny screw so wonderful, if not the results which, on account of it, the machine can produce ? The possible mistake of the chemist is important for its consequences, not in itself. There is a true relationship which must not be lost sight of.

Biographies of obscure person let us have, by all means. They may clear up many points for us. But for them would we give up our knowledge of Julius Cæsar, of Alexander, of Charlemagne, of Napoleon I, of Washington, of all other truly great men whose influence has changed the very courses of the stars and added new melody to the music of the spheres ?

We may "turn but a stone and start a wing," but to us the matter of greater importance is, not that we have moved a stone, but that we have come upon an angel. If we "cannot pluck a flower without troubling of a star," the flower is the agent by which we perform a miracle, and we love the flower for the star's sake more than the star for the flower's sake.

I had thought to have found a clear reflection in the lake ; but overhanging thickets with their tiny, interlaced twigs oftentimes make of the sky in the lake a queer confusion of lines.

May we not hope that the final purpose is to discover the exact relationship between flower and star? Perchance some things which we call little, we shall find ourselves obliged to re-classify; perchance when we have searched long and diligently we may find the flower as important as the star. But we shall not pride ourselves on loving things, fearing things, hating things for their mere littleness. And perchance we shall find that the picture is not important because it is made up of little things; but that the little things are important because they make up the picture.

SELF-RECOGNITION

MADELEINE MCDOWELL

One day, with sudden sight, I saw at last
The part I play, the garb I really wear,
The lowly rôle to which I have been cast,
The cap and bells, the dress at which men stare.
The motley of a fool!

I want to sing of life and death and love,
Of dreams and visions, glorious, half-glimpsed truth,
Of shy, half-formed beliefs in Him above.
Of truths to Age so old, so new to Youth.
Not prattle of a fool!

But when to voice my thoughts I do my best,
My blundering crudeness makes men hiss me still,
"Nay, nay," they cry, "thy part is but to jest,
And make us laugh until we've had our fill!"
The duty of a fool!

And so I crack my jokes and tell my tales,
And make each trivial doing yield a jest,
I play my part, for wailing naught avails,
And, secretly rebellious, do my best,
In this dull rôle of fool.

BARRIERS

MIRA BIGELOW WILSON

If I were a soul and you were a soul,
And we met in some lost land,
And you had left off your scarlet cloak,
And I, my hat with the golden band ;
If I met you there alone,
Would you love my soul as you love me,
Would I love your soul as I love you
In your garb of flesh and bone ?
Crimson is crimson and gold is gold,
Without them our love might be cold.

And you whom I may not call my friend,
You have lived by me and I by you
For summers not a few;
But the backyard fence is a picket fence,
A fence without a gate.
You sing the songs that I do not love,
I plant the flowers you hate ;
And behind the songs and the crimson cloak
And the flowers, all barriers great,
Two souls are lost, will they yet be found
Under or over the ground?

TEA FOR TWO

MARION DELAMATER FREEMAN

Snug and warm in a twilight room
After a tramp through the falling snow,
What could be cozier, Polly dear,
Than tea for two in the fire's glow ?
While the dancing firelight's a-gleam
On the shining silver and cloth of snow,
Over the teacups you smile at me,
Polly, my heart, in the fire's glow !
Over the teacups you smile at me,
Smile, as you make the tea—just so !
And I laugh back, I'm so happy, dear,
Just alone with you in the fire's glow.
Snug and warm in a twilight room
After a tramp through the falling snow,
What could be cozier, Polly dear,
Than tea for two in the fire's glow ?

THE GIRL WHO DIDN'T CARE

BARBARA CHENEY

It was after ten but we had taken a light cut to talk. Somehow I like to talk to Mary. I don't know her well, in fact I almost never see her, but once in a while on Sundays or at night we have a chat and she always leaves me something to think about. To-night she was more serious than usual. She sat huddled on my cot almost lost in the folds of her big gray bath robe, her queer little face pillowed on her hand.

"You're tired," I said.

"No, just pensive. I've had a good day. Did you ever wonder why you were here?"

This was abrupt but I waited. I knew she would go on and she did.

"It's a privilege to live in this world and it's a special privilege to live as we do here with all the advantages. We worry about unpaid bills but we have one most of us will never pay and it's so big we forget about it. What do I do to justify my living at all?" She smiled her queer, sunny, wondering smile. She was not in the least gloomy or morbid, just thoughtful. "I always feel," she went on, "that I'd like to do something big but there really isn't an opportunity for a person with no ability."

I murmured something platitudinal about little things counting but she only smiled again.

"I've never seen a little thing that was worthy of the name 'thing,'" she said.

Next day she came into my room uninvited, a thing that had never happened before. Her eyes were shining and I could see from the expression of her usually plain face that something unusual had occurred.

"Do you want to know something nice?" she said. "I'm going to Springfield to see the 'Russian Dancers.' Oh you just can't know how much I want to see them!" She chatted on about dinner at the Kimball, her own in spending the money, etc. I knew what the treat meant to her. She had been unable to go home for Thanksgiving and her Christmas had been spent in caring for an invalid aunt in the country. Moreover, she

was not bright and had had to work hard and steadily through the year.

"I didn't know you liked dancing," I said.

Mary blushed. "I don't dance myself," she said, "but I love to watch other people." Then after a pause, "I—I watch æsthetic almost every time."

"When do you go?"

"Next Wednesday. Oh I can hardly wait!"

On Tuesday I dropped into Alice's room. She is a gloomy soul, chiefly because her main object in life is to take care of Alice, but I was feeling cheerful and had hopes of dispelling her gloom. Mary was sitting on the window ledge and as usual no one seemed to notice her. Alice held the center of the stage.

"It's the monotony of this life that kills me!" she was saying. (She really looked very healthy.) "Nothing but bells from morning to night; eating and classes, eating and study. Each day just like the day before. If only something new would happen."

She seemed to ignore the fact that others led the same life, but that was characteristic of Alice. Suddenly I noticed Mary's face. It was cheerful and thoughtful as usual but something in her expression told me what was coming. I wanted to run from the room, to hear her do it would be unbearable and it was bad enough. She was so nice about it. She was tired, ought to study, needed the money. Of course Alice accepted the ticket. I knew she would before Mary began.

The worst came after Mary left the room. Alice smiled placidly.

"I wouldn't take it," she explained, "if I didn't realize that she doesn't want it. I can't imagine her caring for such things; I really think I'm doing her a favor."

ECHOES

LEONORA BRANCH

I wonder whence they could have come,
These flitting, faery thoughts of mine,
That hang my heart's dim, empty rooms
Like cobweb curtains, frail and fine,
Wrought, maybe, on some magic loom,
Of rainbow lights and sunshine gleams,
A tapestry of fancies fair,
The fragments of my dreams.

For often through my thoughts there steal
The clear, soft love-notes of a bird
That sang, long since in Arcady,
Whose liquid tones Pan, haply, heard
And caught upon his magic pipes,
And then breathed forth a mystic strain
Sweet as the laughter of the breeze,
Soft as the drip of summer rain,

Or else there pours a sudden shower
Of perfumed splendor o'er my sense,
Like dim rose-gardens, warm, wine-sweet.
Throbbing with odor, rich, intense
As all the spice of Araby,
Or keen and cool as woodland pine
On forest hill-tops carpeted
With leaf and moss and trailing vine.

And sometimes in the firelight's glow
A host of proud white cities seem
To rise, dim, stately palace halls
Where burnished gold and ivory gleam,
And there at eve sit ladies fair,
And noble knights, a merry throng,
To hear brave tales of loves and wars
That live anew in minstrel's song.

And sometimes, too, I feel the strange,
Exquisite thrills presaging birth
Of love in hearts of man and maid.
And sometimes honest, carefree mirth
Sweeps through me or my eyes are wet
With tears for some forgotten woe.
Or else my heart throbs with a joy
That died a century ago.

And so I wonder when they come,
These fitting, faery thoughts of mine,
That fill my heart's dim, empty rooms
With visions mystic, half divine.
I wonder shall I ever know
The real from this that only seems,
And must my soul be satisfied
With these dim fragments of my dreams?

A PAIR OF GLOVES

CONSTANCE CAROLINE WOODBURY

The soft spring twilight was slowly descending over Versailles one April evening in the twenty-fifth year of Louis the Great's reign. In that part of the vast gardens—known as the Salle des Marronniers a young girl was walking up and down accompanied by an officer clad in the blue coat of the king's body guard. Deep silence reigned among the trees, broken only by the occasional chirping of a late bird.

"But, *chérie*," the officer was saying, "why should I not? Not only are the gloves thy gift but thou hast 'broidered name and crest thereon with thine own fingers." He looked down at the white gauntlets on his hands.

The girl answered him in perfect French but with a faint, lisping accent. "I could not tell whether thou wouldst care for such a gift but I had naught beside." She paused and for a moment they walked on in silence.

"Thou knowest that a gift from thee is thrice welcome," said the officer. "Be not so sad, I marked that thou sat mournful through the play. Thou shouldst be merry, now that we are all come home safe from the wars—though, indeed, the campaign in Flanders could scarce be called a war." His laugh echoed through the darkness.

"But thou," the girl complained, "thou wert wounded and did not tell me. I must needs learn it from another. O, *Léon*," she burst out, "they told me that thou,—that thou—"

"That in the skirmish at Lille a horseman rid me of hand and sword at the same time? There, *chérie*, do not weep. Thou seest I came to no real harm."

"But, *Léon*, thou hast both thy hands."

He laughed again, "Nay, then, give me thine." She placed her fingers in his right hand but it was hard and motionless. "'Tis of iron," he said; then seeing her look of amazement, "I do not jest, sweetheart. A one-handed man would not be a welcome sight at court. Thus—I wear gloves and soon 'twill be forgotten. When thou gavest me these I thought that thou hadst heard—or else the fates guided thee."

He felt her hand tremble on his arm. "Come," he went on, "let us sit here." She sank onto the bench and Dubois seated himself beside her.

"How didst thou come to the fête, little Puritan?"

"Ah, Léon, my uncle would have it so."

"Four years in thine uncle's house have not taken away that puritanism of thine. Thou'rt still as demure as the quaint child that came overseas from England. France has not changed thee, nor the life at court, save that thou canst dance the 'branle' and the 'courante' with the best. Thy father must have been a stern old puritan. But, tell me, has the fête pleased thee not all?"

"'Tis indeed a brilliant assemblage and a magnificent sight, but yet—"

"Thy tastes lean not to such things? When thine uncle consents that we two wed, thou'lt be better pleased with my château at Béarn than with all the splendor of Versailles."

"Would that he might consent soon. I—that is—" She stopped suddenly.

"What is it, chérie?" asked Dubois, taking her hand. "Thou'rt trembling! Has anyone annoyed thee?"

"I—I think mine uncle would fain give me to the Duc de—". She could not bring herself to speak his name but added, almost in a whisper, "to the king's favorite."

"No need to name him. I know. Before that man should have thee I—. How can his majesty endure the fellow? He is a scoundrel, a turncoat, a——"

"To me," said a cool voice behind him, "It seems that you speak treason against his majesty—you and this-er-person."

Dubois turned sharply. "You lie in your teeth," he cried and, springing to his feet, struck the duke a sharp blow across the face. The favorite staggered, tried to recover himself and then, with a strange, choked cry, fell forward.

"Now you have provocation," the captain went on. "You would not fight before but surely no one who even pretends to be a man of honor could now refuse. 'Tis quiet here. No other will come by. Rise, man, and draw your sword." The duke lay motionless on the grass, huddled together as he had fallen.

"Do you fear the king's wrath?" cried Dubois, angrily. There was no response from the man on the ground, not even a movement.

"Léon," cried the girl, "What hast thou done? Now he will be doubly thine enemy."

The captain stood still for a moment, then bent slowly down.

"Come," he said, in slightly altered tones. "Let me help you to rise." There was no answer.

"Perhaps he has fainted," said Dubois, although the horrible truth was forcing itself on him. "Go, walk up the allée until I come to thee."

She had gone but a few steps from the bank when she heard him stumbling after her. She turned, a question sprang to her lips but it died there for, at a little distance, the captain threw himself on his knees before her. The moonlight, shining through the chestnut branches, flickered on his upturned face like the wraith of a fire long since dead. The silver lace on his coat gleamed frostily. In the silence around them she heard his labored breathing and, very faint and far away, an echo of laughter. He bowed his head.

"Thou must know," he murmured, "He is dead."

"Dead! Dead!" It seemed to her that the sunshine had gone out of life and that she had been standing forever in the ghastly light of the moon. She looked at him again while the shadows leaped and danced about them. She found herself trying to say something, anything, but the only words her stiff lips could form were, "The blow was but light."

His voice was low but the words penetrated even her numbed senses, "'Twas my *right* hand." She stood motionless, her thoughts in a whirl; then she took a step forward and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Thou canst not stay here."

"But if I flee all the world will judge me guilty." She struck her hands together.

"What wilt thou do? If only he were not the king's favorite! I cannot tell—is there none to advise thee? Not Jacques?"

"The very man!" cried Dubois, springing to his feet with almost a return of his old-time vivacity. "Not only is he my staunch friend but he can tell me what it is best to do. Come."

She hung back a moment. "I pray that Duval may not come hither. He is ever spying about for somewhat to raise him in favor. If he should discover—"

"He is with all the world at supper. Come!"

He hastened on and soon they gained the Allée de l'Hiver

and passed down the Allée du Printemps until at last they reached the branching of the way where, in the bosquet, was the ballroom constructed by Levan.

The girl spoke for the first time. "I must leave thee here, Léon. His majesty will soon come hither from supper." Steps were heard in the allée and moved by a common impulse they stepped inside the room. It was open to the sky and was lined with orange trees in silver tubs. Lights were everywhere. The steps died away. The girl exclaimed "Thy gloves!"

He looked down in horror. The white gauntlets were smeared and spotted with blood. They were both silent while he stripped off the gloves. Then he said slowly, "Art thou lost to me?"

She burst into tears. "I know it is not right," she sobbed, "but, whatever thou hast done or may do, I love thee still." He took her in his arms and kissed her on the lips.

"I am not worthy," he said, for even at this moment the lifelong habit of the courtier did not forsake him, "but it may be adieu rather than au revoir." In another moment he had gone and she was left alone among the myriads of twinkling lights.

Carefully avoiding the salon of verdure where the court was at supper, Dubois had reached the Allée des Trois Fontaines when the sight of a guardsman a short distance before him caused him involuntarily to grasp his sword hilt. As he did so a sudden thought forced an exclamation from him. "Jésu Maria! My gloves!" They were gone. For a moment he stood motionless but the new misfortune had cleared his mind. Of course he must have dropped the gauntlets as he bade her good-bye in the ballroom. Name and crest broidered in gold thread marked them for his. He turned and ran through the gardens but when he reached the bosquet it was too late. The court had arrived and to him it seemed as if the whole assembly rang with his name.

"Ah, my friend," said a voice at his elbow, "I have been seeking you." Dubois turned, hand on sword.

"Let us go in to the dance together," and the young noble caught him by the arm. The captain suffered himself to be drawn along in silence but, once inside, he hastened to rid himself of his unwelcome companion and set out to find the girl. It was better to know the worst at once. At last he found her and, pushing through the surrounding circle, "Mademoiselle," he said, "you promised me the next 'branle' did you not?"

She was pale but her voice did not falter as she said, "I had begun to think you were not coming to claim it, captain."

"Hast thou the gloves?" asked the captain, in a strained whisper.

"Yes, I have them," she returned, smiling as if he paid her a compliment. Then, with a quick movement, she lowered her fan and passed him the gauntlets which he thrust into his doublet.

"Come," he said, "we can still have our 'branle.'"

"No, no," she replied in a vehement whisper. "For God's sake, Léon, do not wait. I fear evil will come of it."

"But I have promised," he answered, laughing and leading her to her place, "and I could not miss a dance with thee."

So occupied was Dubois with the stately steps that one of the gauntlets slipped unnoticed to the floor and few saw a little man pick up a dusty glove, glance at it and then, concealing it with a furtive air, seek the king where he stood among his courtiers.

Some time later the dance ended and, under cover of the loud applause, the girl whispered to Dubois, "It is indeed time thou wert gone."

"Farewell chérie," he said, "be brave. I will surely return."

"Adieu, Léon," she answered, "and may God guard thee."

She watched him as he crossed the ballroom, pausing here and there to accost a friend. At the door he turned, a handsome figure in all the bravery of his blue coat, and looked back at her, smiling. Then he passed out. The cool breeze fanned his heated forehead refreshingly. The door closed behind him. As if it had been a signal a hand was laid on his shoulder.

"I must trouble you to come with me, monsieur," said a voice. The light glittered on the muskets of four soldiers. He followed the officer and in another moment they had reached a closed carriage. At last Dubois found his voice.

"What is it?" he cried. "Where are you taking me? By whose authority?"

"By the king's order," returned the soldier, entering the carriage after him, "and we are going"—the carriage door slammed and the horses dashed forward—"to the Bastille."

FRITZIE'S "FAUX PAS"

ANNE ELEANOR VON HARTEN

With a sense of importance, tempered with an air of well-bred reserve, which became his nineteen years, Fritzie settled himself in his chair. He felt happy. Behind him lay a year of satisfactory achievement, and the many friends whose abundant good wishes had followed him to college in the fall, had not been disappointed. For Fritzie, as the common expression goes had "made good." Not that he had deliberately set about such a thing, his disposition was too sweet to harbour that uncomfortable guest, personal ambition, but Fritzie had always been gifted with that unconscious art of doing what was required of him without making a "fuss" about it; he smiled at the world and the world smiled at him, that was all. Before him, at the present moment, lay one of the pleasantest events of the whole year. He was on his way to his first "Junior Prom," at Woodland College. "Sister Marie was a brick to ask me," he thought to himself, "for she might have had any one of six or eight fellows from home, who would have been pleased enough with the invitation, I can wager."

This soliloquy was interrupted by the Conductor who asked for his ticket. Fritzie drew from his vest pocket the new suade case, wherein the ticket lay beside the perfumed handkerchief. (Do not laugh at Fritzie's perfumed handkerchief. He is a dear boy and that is one of his little failings. Time was, when he used alarming quantities of *Florida Water* on his hair. Fortunately we broke him of that habit.) With the business of the ticket over, Fritzie again leaned back in his chair, and sighed contentedly. The even rythm of the wheels had a lulling effect upon his nerves that had been somewhat over-wrought by the excitement of going away for three days. There was the packing of the suit case, and the choosing of the flowers for his lady's bouquet and all those millions of little trepidations that only "Prom Men" know.

As I said before, Fritzie was happy. The pleasant country landscape, clothed in the dainty garb of its first spring color, partly hidden by mystic veils of haze, appealed to him. For the first time he felt the beauty of Nature. Ordinarily the Italian

Lakes at sunset, would have had no more effect upon him than the clam-flats in Maine, with the tide out. But our highest flights in the aesthetic world are not protracted and Fritzie soon tiring of the landscape, began to cast about for more enlivening occupation. Suddenly he caught sight of his own reflection in the narrow strip of mirror, between his window and the next. The little smile died from his face and he regarded himself with solemn and earnest, though approving criticism.

It was a well-groomed person that he saw in the mirror, though perhaps with too much of that youthful rosy freshness, that makes one look as if he had not been more than half an hour out of the bath tub. The dark hair was combed with glossy precision back from the forehead. The conspicuously inconspicuous lavender necktie with its pearl scarf pin was being re-adjusted, when—dear me!—it is very disconcerting when communing with one's image in this fashion, to catch the laughing eyes of the stranger across the aisle, looking straight into one's own eyes, over one's own shoulder. Fritzie was abashed, but finally annoyance gave place to curiosity and he ventured to glance furtively at his opposite traveling companion.

"Nice looking chap," he mused. "Guess he must have thought he knew me."

During the next two hours, Fritzie had ample time to speculate upon the nature of this stranger, who for some unaccountable reason seemed to captivate his attention.

"Wonder if he could be the full-back on Yale," said Fritzie to himself. "Looks somethin' like him. Seems to me I remember those light eyelashes. Light eyelashes do give people a funny look. He's a big one, though—guess he's the full-back all right."

Several elderly and learned looking gentlemen, passing through the car on their way to the "Diner," stopped to talk to the interesting stranger. In the bits of conversation that floated in Fritzie's direction, he frequently heard the name "Woodland."

"Wonder if he's a Prom Man," continued Fritzie. "No doubt he's going to Woodland and what would he be going there for, if not to the Prom?"

A few minutes later the Magazine boy passed through the car and the auburn haired stranger as well as Fritzie bought an *Atlantic Monthly*.

"Our tastes are alike," thought Fritzie. "We read the same

magazines. He looks like my sort anyway. I'd like to know him—"

"Woodland, Woo-o-o-land!" cried the conductor at this point, and immediately ensued a stir and rustling of people collecting their bags, and making their way out of the car. In the general tumult Fritzie lost sight of his stranger—and I fear would have completely forgotten him in the excitement of his new experiences, had he not found himself seated opposite the auburn-haired gentleman in the cab that was to convey him from the station to the boarding house. After the cab had jogged slowly along for perhaps a hundred yards, Fritzie who found the silence unbearable, took fate in his hands, and said:

"I noticed you coming up from New York on the same train I did. Going to Prom?"

"Yes, indeed," answered the stranger, smiling.

"This your first Prom?" pursued Fritzie.

"No, indeed." The stranger smiled again, delightfully.

"It will be a jolly affair. Hope I'll see you there," continued Fritzie, warming to the conversation, for the stranger's smile was more delightful than ever. At just this point, the carriage gave a lurch and stopped before a white New England house, the house where Fritzie's sister had engaged a room for him.

"So long, old chap!" he called as he bounded to the pavement. "Awfully glad to have made your acquaintance—you and I seem to be the same sort. Oh—by the way, you haven't told me your name. Mine's Dobson."

"Ellis," called the stranger, as the cab drove away.

"So long, Ellis," cried Fritzie cheerfully, flourishing his suitcase at the retreating cab.

That night, after a gala afternoon spent at a garden party, which was followed by a dinner given at the chief restaurant in the little town, Fritzie found himself mounting the steps of one of the college buildings, where the long talked-of Ball had already begun. The night was very black indeed, but the air was soft, and laden with the woodsy odor of growing plants. The campus was dotted with the soft orange glow of many Japanese lanterns. Within, all was a blaze of light. Through the ball-room doors, Fritzie caught sight of the whirling maze of dancers. In spite of himself his feet began to tap the floor in time to the music. His eyes sparkled as he looked down at his pretty sister, a graceful little person in a pink gown and with a wreath of pink roses about her golden hair.

In the midst of their journey down the receiving line, Fritzie's usually deferential manner of attention suddenly changed and he seemed to be suffering from distractions to such an extent, that his sister found it necessary to reprove him. The explanation of this strange conduct was that Fritzie had caught sight of his auburn-haired friend at the end of the Receiving Line and was very impatient for the opportunity to speak to him. But finally he was near enough to rush at him in the rather unceremonious fashion that boys often use with each other.

"Hello, old chap," he said, grasping his friend's hand. "Guess we're some big bug, aren't we, standing in the Receiving Line!"

"Oh!" came an inarticulate exclamation at his elbow and he turned to see his sister quite pale with consternation.

"Oh Fritzie," she said. "What are you saying? This is our President—President Ellis of Woodland College!"

INSPIRATION

GRACE ANGELA RICHMOND

What I write—it was written for you.

Dear Heart.

My words took wings like the birds and flew
Over the land and the sea to you,

Dear Heart.

And your message came flying to me
On the western wind's bright wings,
Over the land and sea,
And your message within me sings.

Your courage have I, and truth,
Power that never tires,
And the eager hope of youth
Kindled at your hope's fires.
I weave them into a song;
They fly to you, happy things!
And my heart leaps all day long
Because it is you that sings.

ABOUT COLLEGE

A FALLEN STAR

DOROTHY THAYER

It all began with my being taken into Phi Kappa. Undoubtedly I was a deserving girl, but what did I have to recommend me? I was not a literary light nor a dramatic star but merely one of those girls who was awfully willing and did good work on committees. Little did I know what a career this entailed, but I was not long in finding out.

I did not realize what a serious moment it was for me when before the second meeting I was asked to be on "costumes" with a Junior. Later I traced back to this the beginning of the reputation which has been thrust upon me and clings persistently in spite of my efforts to escape it. At the time it sounded fascinating but in reality it proved prosaic and laborious. It involved frequent trips to Armstrongs and interviews with a youth of sub-normal intelligence, with a few seedy suits as the result. It involved getting wigs large and wigs small, wigs light and wigs dark, none of which suited the varied and particular tastes of the cast. It involved going early and staying late, keeping perfectly cool and collected when everyone else was demanding something which could not be found or had not been furnished. Worst of all it meant arising early Sunday and returning articles which I had borrowed right and left and which were so apt to disappear over night.

When I had recovered from this first experience, I took great satisfaction in the thought that my duty was done for a while. But oh, vain delusion! Within three short weeks the Senior manager approached me and said that since I had had experience working with a Junior on "Costumes" last time, I was now to break in a Sophomore. This time the costumes were eighteenth century, which necessitated a trip to Springfield and much fumigation. I gained so much new experience that it seemed to make me perfectly invaluable to the costumes committee the

rest of the year. Then too, many of the Sophomores who were tried out in plays proved to have such histrionic powers that they were taken forever from the field of costumes, bringing me into more constant demand.

My reputation thus established spread beyond the confines of Phi Kappa. One day, strolling late into a Division meeting, I was greeted with the news that I had been elected Chairman of Costumes. My one consolation after a week of toil was that I could not possibly be called upon to serve in more than one Division.

The real tragedy of the situation I have not touched upon. The fact is that deep in my heart lies the conviction that I have dormant dramatic ability which has never been given a chance to prove itself. Never once have I been called upon to take even the most minor part, and no one now expects anything of me but costumes. There is but one more height to which I may yet attain in my career. On the strength of my reputation I feel sure that I shall be costuming the Senior Dramatics cast while my inmost soul cries out in rebellion and whispers to me that in the leading part I would really have been "at my best."

COLD COMFORT FOR FRESHMEN

ROSAMOND HOLMES

I stood in line two hours
For a ticket to hear Taft
And then I only drew a blank
And everybody laughed.
I forgot to hand my ticket
To the old G. and F. A.,
So I can't sing in the contest
In the morning Rally Day.
I gave up hope two years ago
Of getting to a game,
And I don't see why so many
People do try just the same.
If Milton's right in what he says,
Some day I'll have good fate,
I mean his words, "They also serve
Who only stand and wait."
When I get to Heaven (if I do)
And see the gate so pearly,
Will Peter hand me out a blank
Or—perhaps—a let-in-early?

"SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS"

PHYLLIS EATON

Once upon a time there was a handsome young prince who lived in a far-away country on the very edge of the world. Now this prince, whose name was Fearless, besides being very tall and straight and good to look upon, was very, very rich, and so he might have had for his bride any of the noble ladies in the land. But the king, his father, who was as wise as an owl, issued a decree that his son should marry the lady who should prove to be more beautiful than all the others.

Mounted heralds rode about far and wide to carry the news, and they even penetrated to the heart of the great forest, where lived a little peasant girl named Modesta with her aged father. And, as the people heard of the king's decree, there was great excitement all over the land, and all the ladies began to make themselves as lovely as possible in order to win the hand of the prince. Princesses gave orders to their maids, but the maids were too busy making themselves beautiful to obey them, for the poor as well as the rich had entered the competition. Fat girls began to diet to grow thin, and thin, scrawny girls ate five or six meals a day to grow fat. Hair-dressers all over the land were kept so busy that they could sleep neither by day nor night, and as for the dressmakers, well, they all made their fortunes, but they were so cross and nervous that after all the excitement was passed they had to take to their beds for a whole year.

And in all this flurry and bustle only one girl remained calm and sweet, and she was the little maiden, Modesta. For she only laughed and said to her father, "A humble person like me could never hope to marry the prince." At last the great day arrived when all were to gather in the great field near the city. Modesta put on her little woolen frock and went with her father to stand with a few of the oldest women who knew they could never compete with the rest in beauty; for she thought it would indeed be a wonderful sight to see. After all had assembled the king stood up and said, "I have decreed that my son should marry the most beautiful lady in all the land, and indeed I see before me more loveliness and grace than I had

ever before imagined. But before I can choose my son's bride I want you all to come with me for a walk to the heart of the forest."

Now the old king smiled to himself as he said these words, and the ladies looked at each other in surprise. However, they gathered up their silken trains and started off, but before they had gone half a mile many were limping and tottering on their high heels, and many more had stepped on their long gowns and torn them, and by the time the first milestone was reached fully half had given up and sat sobbing by the roadside. Now all the way Modesta had skipped merrily along in her bare feet, for a mile was nothing to this little maiden, who had so often walked into the great city to buy food for herself and her father.

Meantime the black clouds had been gathering and soon the rain came pouring down in torrents, and then I grieve to say that the pretty color went running down the cheeks of many of the ladies in little red streams, and the curl began to come out of their hair so that it hung about their faces in wet strings. They shivered and shook in their wet silk and gauze and their pinched faces were far from lovely. Now Modesta's dress had known many rains, and her hair, which had never known a hairdresser's art, had only twisted itself into myriads of ringlets, which danced about her face and peeped from behind her ears. And so they passed the second milestone.

Soon the burning sun came out from behind the clouds and a great wind began to blow. Then away flew puffs and curls and every bit of false hair, and so many more were left behind defeated. Soon they came to a spot where a tiny brook crossed the path and the king said they must ford it. And here again they left many behind, for they cried out that not for all the kingdoms in the world would they put foot in the icy water. As the few who struggled onward crossed the stream a little field mouse ran out of the long grass on the other side. And at that seven of the contestants shrieked and lifting up their dragged skirts, rushed away and never stopped their mad flight until they had reached their own homes. And how merrily Modesta laughed at the sight.

And so it happened that when they reached the little hut in the heart of the woods there followed the king only three ladies, and pretty Modesta, who had come to look on. Out from the hut a half-grown puppy came bounding to welcome the newcomers, but as he frolicked about they cried, "Go away, you

bad dog!" "Get down!" and frowned and looked so ill-tempered that they were very ugly indeed. Then Modesta came forward to call her pet, and as she stood caressing him the sun lit up her golden curls, and her blue eyes shone with compassion for the poor women, while there was such a lovely pink in her cheeks and her lips were so red that they were all struck by her beauty.

Then the king took her hand, and leading her to his son, said, "She shall be your bride, for she has a beauty which the rain and wind cannot wash away nor the sun fade." And the prince smiled at the blushing girl for he already loved her, and so they were married and lived happily ever after.

For Moral see Students' Hand Book, "Freshman Don't," Number 14, and do thou likewise.

A MID-YEAR RESOLUTION

BARBARA CHENEY

Miss Jordan is reading my English thirteen

But I fear she does not like it much,

She has just frowned hard at a little detail

Which I thought quite a delicate touch.

She can't seem to read what I say very well,

Tho' really I can not see why,

My t's are not crossed but they're thinner than l's,

You can see that they're T's if you try.

Oh dear! Why is everyone looking?

I know they are tho' I can't see,

I'm staring as hard as I can at the floor

And my face is as blank as can be.

I always can tell who has written what's read,

For they're sure to look conscious and scared.

So I'm going to look calm and as bold as I can

Tho' I'd run from the room if I dared.

She has finished, and now with a puzzling smile

Is putting my paper away—

No comments are made. She goes on to the next—

One lesson I have learned to-day:

Hereafter, my papers I'll write when I can,

But I'll keep them at home in my drawer,

And I'll hand them all in just before the exam

On the very last day—not before.

WILL-'O-THE-WISP

MARY NEWBURY DIXON

I have stroked the golden fur of the will-o'-the-wisp. It was on a perfectly ordinary day, a narrow, slate-colored Monday. I had on ordinary clothes and I hadn't even curled my hair. I had missed out on breakfast, I hadn't had my dickey on in gym, in Math "She" had asked me to do an original and passed on. The only note I'd had on the note-board was a notice of a Church Club meeting. For luncheon we had mince on wet toast, and later I went down-town alone to pick out a copy of François' "Advanced Prose Composition" because mine had all the words written in and I didn't think it would be *right* to use it. Besides, it had belonged to a girl who had gotten a condition in French the year before.

I was walking along Main Street when suddenly in the Woman's Shop I saw it. I knew it that very minute; you must have seen it yourself. I felt that I must stroke it. I rushed boldly in and asked the man to take it out of the window. Could I get in a chance stroke? The man was kind, even deferential. I suppose he thought I would buy it. It wasn't really golden, only a sort of brilliant yellow. It looked thick and soft. I found myself wondering if they bite when they are caught. I guess they have little faces like rabbits and nose around in your hand. I wanted to know the price but I didn't dare ask. It must be very expensive! Just think of the risks taken to catch the little animals in the swamps. I took two long, deep strokes. It was very soft, yet it prickled. A tingling sensation swept over me. Two strokes, that was all. Very much shaken, I went out of the shop.

I felt that I must tell someone. I wanted to tell my roommate the way they always do in "Heard on the Tar Walk," but I haven't any roommate. I had to go 'way out on Henshaw Avenue to tell my only friend in college. I only know her because her surname and mine have the same initial.

"That yellow fur," she said coldly, "is fitch. They're wearing it a great deal this winter."

"But I know it was will-o'-the-wisp," I said. "I had a thrill when I stroked it. That proves it was will-o'-the-wisp."

I went home for the Christmas vacation and Uncle Brewster took me to "The Biltmore" for tea just before the Smith College Special left for Northampton. In my purse I had a twenty-dollar gold-piece. I was going to buy the will-o'-the-wisp set as soon as I got back. I would have so many thrills that I wouldn't have to take gym any more.

"Now," he said, "you can order anything you want."

"Mince," I said. That was the only article of food I knew. As he was giving the order to the waiter I looked around. There, across the room, drinking tea and eating a brioche, was a member of the faculty, dressed in will-o'-the-wisp and velvet.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE

(A rehearsal of any college play)

DRAMATIC PERSONAE

HE.—Trying to pretend that a red mackinaw and a blue serge shirt are a dress suit.

SHE.—In her room-mate's prom. dress with a train, for practice.

SCENE—A stage. Chair right; a sofa (i. e., two chairs side by side) left.

TIME—Seven P. M. The two leading characters have hurried through their dinner in order to have a private rehearsal before the others arrive.

Curtain rises (with a great deal of assistance from both characters.)

HE—(striding up and down impatiently) (the dimensions of the stage require that striding be done standing still—a difficult art)—Well, why don't you enter? What are you waiting for?

SHE (off stage)—My cue, of course.

HE—Oh yes (melodramatically)—Here she comes!

SHE (entering, also melodramatically)—I must be alone.

HE—Drop your fan! Drop your fan.

SHE (looks about wildly for a fan, he hands her a pencil which she drops)—I must be alone and think it out. (sinks into chair right)—Three years ago he left me and he has just returned. Will he speak to-night? (over her shoulder to him) Will he speak?

HE—He will. Give him time. (Picks up pencil) Pardon me Miss Gordon, I think this is your fan.

SHE (coldly)—Oh, thank you.

HE (passionately)—Mabel, I must speak. I can wait no longer. For three long years I have thought of nothing else. I—Oh hang it all! How can I sit down beside you when you are on a chair instead of the sofa. Get over on the other side of the stage. (They cross and she sits on sofa.)

HE—Now where were we?

SHE—Go back to “Mabel, I must speak.”

HE—You like that speech don't you? They're the most idiotic lines in the whole play. I think I'll cut them.

SHE (severely)—Please don't be silly and do go on or we'll never get through.

HE (mournfully)—Mabel, I must—

SHE (gives him a disgusted glance.)

HE (resignedly)—Oh well! (passionately as before) Mabel, I must speak. I can wait no longer. For three long years I have thought of nothing else. I love you (tries to sit down beside her) Move over! (she moves. He sits down.)

HE—I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you—How many times do I say that, anyway?

SHE—Three's enough. Go on.

HE (counting on his fingers) I love you, I love you, I love you. Mabel, won't you speak to me?

SHE—Oh, Jack, I—Oh, what do I?

HE—I don't know. You certainly don't expect me to remember your part as well as my own, do you?

SHE—Well, I don't see why not. I know yours a great deal better than you do—Oh, I remember what it is now. Oh, Jack, I am so happy I can't speak. I—I—Oh, Jack—

HE—Well, are you going to let me embrace you?

SHE—Oh yes, but don't walk all over my train.

HE (kicking it out of the way and embracing her fervently) Darling!

SHE—Don't knock my hair down. Dearest.

BOTH—Curtain! Quick!

HEARD ON THE TAR WALK

LOCAL COLOR IN RHYME

Everybody's writing verse,
It really has become a curse!
Julia toils o'er lines that limp,
Janet seeks a rhyme for "skimp."
Every subject, grave or gay,
Every doing of the day,
"Bats" or "writtens," math or gym,
In ode, in sonnet or in hymn,
Alike are forced to do their part
To give our Freshman poets a start.
"Local color is the way,"
So our elders often say,
"By which you will win your spurs."
But to them it ne'er occurs
That the task that they do set
Is one that's *very* hard to get!
"First find the spirit of the place,
Then put it into lines that race
And flutter gaily on their way,
Thus will you Freshman win the day!"
I, too, fain a poet would be,
And so I've tried and tried to see
What local color I could find
That should be of the very kind
In English Thirt. to win me praise
And me to lofty heights to raise.
I see the blueness of exams,
The scarlet of my friends' bright "tams,"
The greenness of my own mistakes,
The yellow "writtens" for whose sakes
We spend so many hours a day,
When we would much prefer to play,
But all these tints I cannot blend
To make them give me at the end
A picture vivid, new and true,
That brings me fame in each bright hue.
It's hard to write prose *all* the time,
When I would fain burst forth in rhyme.

MADELEINE McDOWELL 1917.

Moralizing is tedious ; besides, it's unbecoming for a college girl to usurp such a prerogative. We instinctively close our ears to it when we hear it, and hurry away from it when we see it coming ; but sometimes it takes us unawares, and we are unable to recognize it as such, till we find ourselves conning over the episode and, in spite of our unmoral-loving selves, drawing a lesson from it and attempting to apply it to our own lives and the lives of those about us.

The bell rang at 95 Rivington Street. It was not unusual for the bell to ring, for it was the afternoon on which the little girls were allowed to come and "scup" in the concrete make-believe of a back-yard. But the little group that came in did not ask if it was "girls to-day ?" Three youngsters, a boy and two girls, ranging between five and eight years of age, looked up into my face with a stolid, yet pleading look.

"What can I do for you to-day ?" I asked. "Did you come to play ?"

"We want to belong to the country," said the eldest, wriggling his grim thumb around in his left fist.

"We want to belong to the country," echoed the other two.

The children had come to us as to a fairy godmother who holds the key to the land of dreams. They had come to be admitted to a closed order, an order that possessed a privilege that could be enjoyed only by members of its favored fraternity.

That sentence has meant more to me than all the pleas for contributions to Fresh Air Funds that I have ever read ; it means more to me than anything I will ever read about housing conditions and congested neighborhoods ; it was the greatest plea I have ever heard,— "We want to belong to the country."

JANET WEIL 1914.

Few people realize just how important a waste basket really is. One item of its importance is the completion of the furnishings of a room. A waste basket of a striking color can be a very jarring note in an otherwise harmonious color scheme of a room. A waste basket ought to fit its surroundings as to its size and shape. Accordingly, one of the Dutch wind-mill type does not belong in an office, nor does one of the sturdy, small wash-tub variety be-

long at the side of a desk which measures eighteen by twenty-four inches. Truly it lies in the power of a waste basket to make or mar a room.

The uses of a waste basket are much more extensive than is commonly supposed. It will receive and cherish all the unkind words ever written to you ; it will furnish you stationery for a note to your roommate ; it is a fine place to dry gloves ; it will conceal from public gaze the contents of a box from home until you wish to display them ; it will hide the mouse-trap, thus aiding and abetting murder (if the mouse happens to be an imprudent one) ; for the substantial part of a ghost, a waste basket is entirely satisfactory.

As an index to the characters of their owners waste baskets are interesting. In the selection and placing of them is shown artistic temperament or the lack of it. A fondness for mathematics finds expression in the possession of a severely cylindrical or prismatical waste basket. My own waste basket shows my liking for English History—it is the image of a Norman castle with windows near the top. A fastidious person never has a waste basket which is running over full ; a methodical person does not use a waste basket for anything except waste paper ; an ingenious person uses one on all possible occasions. Therefore, look well to your waste basket !

ELSIE GREEN 1916.

I love to sing,
I love to sing,
I love to sing!
And when I'm perched up on a cloud,
A-puffin' and a-feelin' proud,
When then I won't do anything
Excepting just
To sing and sing !

DOROTHY LILIAN SPENCER 1914.

THE LITTLE BIRD—AND I

Little bird upon a tree,
Looking in my house at me,
Dost thou wish that thou were I?
If thou wert, thou could'st not fly;
Though the windows open be,
Though thou feel'st so blithe and free
Though the spring sky calleth thee,
Little bird upon a tree,
Though the spring sky calleth thee,
Thou could'st not fly, if thou wert I.
FRANCES MILLIKEN HOOPER 1914.

THE TREASURE HOUSE

My mind is full of the loveliest things!
If anyone could see,
I'm sure he'd say 'twas a treasure house
And want to explore it with me.

My heart has its store of treasures, too,
And anyone who knew,
I'm certain would like to steal from it
A precious jewel or two.

But my tongue is the blackest ogre,
That guards the door to my mind,
And has hidden the key to my heart in a place
That no one could ever find!

MARY L. WELLINGTON 1916.

EDITORIAL

It is not striving to make a universal appeal,—this editorial ; nor does it expect even to arouse keen local interest. Yet it seems so eager to be written—yes, wistfully eager—that perhaps we may pretend its subject is of vital importance. For there are some editorials that are like the squirrel on our street. He is really a very mediocre squirrel of the commonplace red variety, quite undersized, with a tail much too large for the rest of him and eyes so boldly inquisitive that they mark him at once as one of the Commoners—not a gentleman at all. Yet the airs that squirrel assumes are quite unbearable. To see him scurrying along the wire, stopping at every telephone pole to sit up on his haunches and survey the country and then hurry on his way from St. John's Church—that is where his place of business seems to be—to Haven House—his residence is in a tree in their yard—one would think him the most important person on Elm Street. It is plain that he thinks his daily supervision of Haven House and St. John's Church are necessary for their welfare, but we know if his route were changed he would be missed only by the few of us, who become foolishly attached to unimportant things and who take a sort of happiness in our self-deception.

He is not clever, seldom is he even interesting. Yet he is our neighbor and evidently he thinks he has an aim in life. And judging by the regular intervals at which he scuddles along those telephone wires to the next block, he even thinks he has obligations to fulfill. Conceited little squirrel !

But to return to our editorial,—this editorial that would write itself and from "The Land of Unborn Children," clamors to set sail. We were in the "Browsery," tiptoeing around the room, reading the books "through their backs," and feeling calmly happy and free,—yes, and wishfully expectant. Why is it,—none of us can be boisterous or self-assertive or heedless even in our thoughts "in the room where the books live."

Quite suddenly we came to "The Lost Art of Reading." It is an intimate friend of ours, but now we could not get beyond

the title, which had become a sort of challenge. Its very abode was a denial of the implied assertion. For the Browsing Room is the retreat of girls who feel that they must, for a few minutes at least, escape from prescribed reading and in books of their own choosing rediscover the world for themselves. They have been tunnelling deep through the earth, following a route that is only too precisely mapped out for them. They must come to the surface to breathe and to get another glimpse of mountains and flowers and babies and blue sky.

The art of reading is not lost were there only a handful of such readers, but they are many. They have the "eager attitude" towards reading. We know them,—these quiet girls who delight in wandering among the stacks, discovering for themselves treasures folded between the covers of slender books. We come upon them in unexpected corners curled up on the tiny, low stools of the library, a shy book of poems on their knees. And very often, especially if we have an understanding heart, we tiptoe away as quietly as we came. But if we disturb them these travellers look up at us from their pages with unseeing eyes, their thoughts but half arrested and reluctant, eager to return to their dreams,

"To sit upon the shore of some warm sea,
Or in green gardens where sweet fountains be."

Or when we see in the rooms of various girls among the books at the right hand well-worn copies of Dante and Swinburne and Thompson, slender Mosher editions of Fiona Macleod or William Morris, we cannot think the art of reading is completely lost.

In under classman days we went to make our first call on a certain senior. There were in her room not many books, but carefully chosen, books that she had near her because she had made them her friends. She spoke quietly and naturally of her favorites and read to us passages from them,—books in French, Spanish and Italian. They were her companions whom she would have us know and love as she did. We went away almost in awe, impressed not so much by the breadth of her reading as by her quiet air of considering such reading but natural and normal.

We know that this girl is the exception. But there are others who read as intimately and richly as she. And while there even a few with such appreciation the art of reading is not wholly extinct.

EDITOR'S TABLE

Plato believed that reason must be directed
PLATO AND and can not be created. And so he calls nurture
EDUCATION the essence of education. With the modern
scientific tendency to emphasize the evolution of
all things organic, we are able to appreciate the value of this
view. We study our arboreal ancestors and understand why
we have such a highly developed prehensile appendage as the
hand. We consider the mind in its original capacity as an
organ for material gain in a world of concrete fact, and we no
longer wonder that it is such a poor tool for the investigation
of the abstract and the unknown. We no longer wonder at its
impotence in subjective realms, at its illogical confusion of time
sequence with causal sequence, at its defensive self-justification
and self-magnification and at its keen delight in the improbable
wonders that gratify its vanity. We know now that the mind
is not an empty vessel into which we may pour a quantity of
facts, but a poor, struggling, evolving thing with splendid
possibilities ahead of it for the individual and the race.

The aim of Plato's education is to nourish citizenship and
character in the individual. Education must begin with the
mind in its youthful stage and exert upon it the best influences
of an ideal environment. The stories of the nursery must be
true in idea though there be no historical basis for the facts.
All the heroes must act as heroes should, for imitation is one of
the mind's inherent characteristics. The songs that the children
hear shall be such as inspire courage and gentleness, the art
that surrounds them shall be noble in proportion and of worthy
subject. So the best principles of life will be assimilated
through the senses and the emotions from childhood to youth,
and the way laid for their permanent appeal to the reason at
a later stage. This is a piece of sound psychology, and one

to which we pay altogether too little heed. When sensuous dancing, slit skirts and gossamer gowns become the rule rather than the exception in an institution of higher learning there is something wrong somewhere. There must be influences abroad that Plato would never countenance.

One of the hardest influences to get away from is the cheap magazine. It enters boldly into public meeting places and private homes. It flaunts its red cover, its blue cover and its hectic page on every news stand. It even sneaks into the college room. The *Saturday Evening Post* sows a weekly crop of exaggerated feeling, uncontrolled emotions and false standards over our land. The cheap magazines create an atmosphere of unnatural excitement for the mind, they exert a degenerating influence upon the taste of their readers and they waste time that might otherwise be spent in more profitable reading. They have a strong confederate in the moving-picture rolls that are shown in many of the cheap centers of amusement. Imitation may be unconscious but it is steady and resistless, and the habit of frequenting these places is bound to tell in the long run.

R. C.

It is with some hesitation that we announce as our topic this month "Plays and Dramatic Criticism," for the average reader may be surprised at the idea of plays appearing in the college magazines. But in our exchanges this month we found three one-act plays. We were pleased, because the play is a form of literature that seldom appears in the college magazines, probably because college students as a rule seldom care to spend the time and thought necessary to the construction of a play, and because plays are too long for publication in the college magazines.

"The God Mars," in the *Harvard Advocate* for February 6, is one of the three plays this month. The chief characters are a King, a Financier, and a General. The latter two persuade the King that for one reason or another it is necessary to have war. The King does not really want war; he does not appear to care very much what happens as long as the General and the Financier are suited. The two other characters in the cast are a Sentry and a Woman; the Woman shows the attitude of women toward war, and the Sentry the attitude of soldiers toward the government. The characters are all, of course,

symbolic, as is clearly shown at the end of the play where the stage is fully lighted and the King is seen to be really a scarecrow stuffed with straw. The end is very effective, and the play is well constructed.

A one-act play of quite another type is "Beyond," in the *Occident*. The Oriental setting is attractive; the lure of the unknown and the supernatural are usually of interest. The story centers about an Arab who is a healer and magician, and his influence over a girl. The characters are well drawn, those of the girl's husband and his friend, the doctor, who are sane, well-balanced men, standing out in bold relief against those of the girl and the Arab. That the story is fantastic and improbable cannot be denied, but the play itself is good as far as action, plot, atmosphere and character drawing are concerned.

"The Oath," in the *Yale Literary Magazine*, is a play which contains little action, being dramatic chiefly in the conflict between the man and woman, shown by means of dialogue except in the places where the child enters in. The essential differences in the characters are well brought out. There is a certain degree of dramatic irony throughout the play, particularly at the end, which serves to relieve the monotony that is apt to attach itself to dialogue.

These three plays are very different from one another and very interesting. In some of the college magazines there are good criticisms of modern plays, which are of some value in showing popular opinion concerning the drama of to-day, as far as the college world is concerned. Besides these, there is in the *Minnesota Magazine* of this month an essay on "The Technique of Modern Dramatic Dialogue," which is excellent, and an article on "The Drama in the Schoolroom" in *Goucher Kalends*. This last may not of course be termed dramatic criticism, but we mention it inasmuch as it has a bearing on dramatization.

D. O.

AFTER COLLEGE

SENIOR DRAMATICS 1914

1914 presents "The Tempest."

Applications for Senior Dramatics for June 11 and 12, 1914, should be sent to the General Secretary at 184 Elm Street, Northampton. Alumnæ are urged to apply for the Thursday evening performance if possible, as Saturday evening is not open to alumnæ, and there will probably not be more than one hundred tickets for Friday evening. Each alumna may apply for not more than one ticket for Friday evening; extra tickets may be requested for Thursday. No deposit is required to secure the tickets, which may be claimed on arrival in Northampton from the business manager in Seelye Hall. In May all those who have applied for tickets will receive a request to confirm the applications. Tickets will then be assigned only to those who respond to this request. The prices of the seats will range on Thursday evening from \$1.50 to \$.75 and on Friday from \$2.00 to \$.75. The desired price of seats should be indicated in the application. A fee of ten cents is charged to all non-members of the Alumnæ Association for the filing of the application and should be sent to the General Secretary at the time of application.

COMMENCEMENT ART EXHIBITION BY ALUMNAE

It is proposed to hold an exhibition of the work of alumnæ, in painting, sculpture and decorative art, at the college during Commencement. President Burton, on behalf of the college, has offered to meet the expense of such an exhibition. Mr. Tryon, Mr. Churchill and Miss Strong of the Art Department have offered their assistance and the exhibition rooms in the Hillyer Art Gallery. A jury of professional artists will pass upon the exhibits, and it is planned to have the standard of the exhibition as high as that required of Smith alumnæ in other fields of professional work.

A cordial invitation is therefore extended to alumnæ and former students to exhibit their work in the plastic and decorative arts. Exhibits must be in Northampton before May first. The expense of transportation will be paid.

It is hoped that many will accept this invitation to exhibit their work at Smith College. Those who are willing to do so are asked to communicate with the alumnæ committee *immediately*, that they may receive exhibitors' blanks. The names of any former students who are doing professional work in art would be greatly appreciated by the committee.

Committee: Elizabeth McGrew Kimball 1901, Chairman; Julia S. L. Dwight 1893, Elizabeth Olcott 1913, Florence H. Snow 1904. Address: 184 Elm Street, Northampton.

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be addressed to Eloise Schmidt, Gillett House, Northampton, Massachusetts.

'87. Mrs. W. J. Moulton (Helen Shute). Address: 331 Hammond Street, Bangor, Maine.

'02. Mrs. C. K. Benton (Ednah Burton). Address: R. R. 1, No. 55, Hood River, Oregon.

'04. Carrie A. Gauthier is now in charge of the Hampshire Branch of the S. P. C. C. Address: 18 Franklin Street, Northampton, Massachusetts.

'05. Lillian M. Trafton. Address: 124 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts.

'11. Marian Ditman has announced her engagement to Frederic Baylis Clark. Clara Franklin has announced her engagement to Enos S. Stockbridge of Baltimore, Maryland.

Mrs. William W. Hay (Helen McManigal). Address: 1608 Second Street, Northwest, Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

Mrs. Roger Hinds (Nancy Bates). Address: 31 Washington Street, East Orange, New Jersey.

Mary Mattis is making a tour around the world, and is at present in India.

Mary McCarthy is teaching in Derby, Connecticut. Address: 36 Fourth Street, Derby, Connecticut.

Jane Swenarton is teaching English and Psychology in Erie, Pennsylvania.

Gertrude and Marguerite Sexton sailed February 24 for Europe. They expect to motor until July through Italy, France, Switzerland, Germany and England.

Marian Yeaw is acting as chairman for the Day Nursery at her home in East Orange, New Jersey.

'12. Edith Gray has started on a trip around the world, going by way of Russia and Siberia. She expects to visit for several months in China and Japan and return by way of the Canadian Rockies.

Marguerite Hickey is Principal of the Meadow Grammar School, East Hartford, Connecticut.

Helen Marcy has announced her engagement to Oliver C. Lombard.

Cyrena Martin is assistant in the Social Service Department of the Psychological Clinic of the University of Pennsylvania.

Marion Tanner has been appearing lately in Baltimore, Springfield, Brooklyn and Providence in a one-act play of Paul Armstrong's.

Mildred Wagenhals and Mary Hanitch are taking courses in Agriculture in the University of Wisconsin.

ex-'12. Emilie Auten has announced her engagement to Raymond Zabriski Clarendon.

- '13. Marian Adams is teaching Latin and Drawing in the High School at Morris, New York.

Helen Bidwell is acting as teaching governess in the home of Mr. W. G. Langford, Fort Myers, Florida.

Hazel Gray is acting as Preceptress in Crown Point High School, New York.

Vodisa Greenwood is at home. Address: Farmington, Maine.

Dollie Hepburn is attending the New York Library School.

Marguerite Knox is studying for the degree of Master of Arts at Columbia University.

Mally Lord is studying Domestic Science at Teachers' College, Columbia University.

Ella Mathewson is at home. Address: 81 Cliff Street, Norwich, Connecticut.

Helen McLaughlin is teaching Mathematics and Biology in the Fort Edward High School, Fort Edward, New York.

Annie Mather is teaching History and Mathematics in the High School at Skaneateles, New York.

Elsie Robbins is working in the Bacteriological Laboratory of the Bureau of Health of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Elsa Schuh is teaching German in the High School at Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey.

Madeleine Thompson is teaching English and History in the High School at Stonington, Connecticut.

Mildred Tyler is doing Graduate Work in Latin and Greek at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut.

Gertrude Walch is at home. Address: 14 Hillside Avenue, Amesbury, Massachusetts.

Margaret Woodbridge is soprano soloist in the Park Congregational Church of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

MARRIAGES

- '97. Anna Casler to Thomas Upson Chesebrough. Address: Burnsville, North Carolina.

- '04. Fannie Stearns Davis to Augustus McKinstry Gifford, January 24, 1914.
Anna Frances Rogers to Charles F. Callahan. Address: 30 May Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.

- '05. Mabel Chick to James Owen Foss, January 1, 1914. Address: 226 Bay State Road, Boston, Massachusetts.

Lucy E. Macdonald to Herman C. Pitts. Address: 48 South Angell Street, Providence, Rhode Island.

- '07. Margareth A. Pitman to Henry Gale Chamberlain, December 13, 1913.
Address: 339 Charles Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Anna Reynolds to Bradish P. Morse, January 26, 1914.

- '08. Ruth Dunbar to Edward May Tolman, January 17, 1914. Address: 1028 Cathedral Street, Baltimore, Maryland.
 Florence Adelaide Howe to William Strobbridge, February 7, 1914.
 Edith M. James to Samuel Frederick Monroe. Address: 75 School Street, Manchester, Massachusetts.
 Margaret Kingsley to Omera Floyd Long, February 3, 1914. Address: 1229 Judson Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.
 Lucile Parker to Eugene Leavens Mersereau, November 12, 1913. Address: Doty, Washington.
 Alvara Proctor to Richard R. Williams, August 29, 1913. Address: Grant, Washington.
- '09. Mildred Hill to John Lowry, January 29, 1914.
 Mary Leonard Palmer to R. T. Fuller.
- '11. Katharine Ames to Robert George, January 29, 1914. Address: 170 Brookline Avenue, Brookline, Massachusetts.
 Blanche Buttfeld to Harlan Pratt, January 28, 1914.
 Marjorie Gilmore to Carleton E. Power, November 27, 1913. Address: 201 East Jay Street, Ithaca, New York.
 Dorothy Hickok to McClain Reinhart, February 11, 1914.
 Rebecca Smith to Buckingham Chandler, February 21, 1914.
 Alice Thompson to James Swasey Currier, February 21, 1914.
 Florence Watters to Clyde Bronson Stuntz, November 25, 1913. Address: Farley, Iowa.
- ex-'12. Rose Colcord to Richard Nicks Weibel, January 21, 1914. Address: Claviton, Pennsylvania.
- '13. Helen Laughlin to Emory Miller Marshall, January 1, 1914. Address: Yerington, Nevada.
- ex-'13. Carolyn de Windt to Harlan B. Hays, November 27, 1913.
 Mary Yardley to Frederick Garfield MacLeod, December 20, 1913. Address: 956 Park Avenue, Auburn, Rhode Island.

BIRTHS

- '05. Mrs. Chester L. Whitaker (Louise Dodge), a son, Spofford, born February 5, 1914.
- '09. Mrs. Harold Gilmore Calhoun (Dorothy Donnell), a son, Donald Gilmore, born February 8, 1914.
- '11. Mrs. Amos Rogers Little (Ednah Hilburn), a daughter, Mason, born November 30, 1913.
 Mrs. Murray Seasongood (Agnes Senior), a daughter, Janet, born September 25, 1913.
 Mrs. Alexander B. Timm (René Hubinger), a son, Alexander, born December 26, 1913.
- ex-'12. Mrs. Winfield Potter (Ruth Riley), a daughter, Dorothy Frances, born January 30, 1914.

DEATHS

- ex-'79.* Mrs. Frederick N. Kneeland (Adelaide Edwards), February 9, 1914,
at Northampton, Massachusetts.
- '82. Theodate L. Smith, February 16, 1914, at Worcester, Massachusetts.
- '87. Rose M. Bodman, January 13, 1914, at Rutland, Massachusetts.

CALENDAR

- March 18. Concert by Mme. Teresa Carreno.
- “ 20. Lecture by Professor Giroud under the auspices
of the French and Music Departments.
- “ 21. Gymnasium Drill.
Group Dance.
- “ 25-April 9. Spring Recess.
- April 10. Lecture by Professor LeFranc.
Subject: The Legend of the Giant in Rabelais
and Later Literature.
- “ 11. Group Dance.
- “ 15. Lend-a-Hand Play.

The
Smith College
Monthly

April - 1914

Owned and Published by the Senior Class

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Entered at the Post Office at Northampton, Massachusetts, as second class matter
Gazette Printing Company, Northampton, Mass.

THE
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

VOL. XXI

APRIL, 1914

No. 7

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ROSAMOND DREXEL HOLMES

FRANCES MILLIKEN HOOPER

MARGARET BLOOM

DOROTHY LILIAN SPENCER

RUTH COBB

DOROTHY OCHTMAN

ELOISE SCHMIDT

BUSINESS MANAGER AND TREASURER

RUTH HELLEKSON

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

ESTHER LOYOLA HARNEY

BERTHA VIOLA CONN

GERHART HAUPTMANN

ANNA ELIZABETH SPICER

In November of the year 1912, on his fiftieth birthday, Gerhart Hauptmann was awarded the Nobel prize in literature for the year, this being evidence that Hauptmann, by some of the most able judges in Europe, was considered the author of work of the most "idealistic tendency" in literature; and by this award he took rank with Carducci, Sienkiewicz, Kipling, Eucken, Selma Lagerlöf, Heyse and Maeterlinck.

Since then I have heard Hauptmann called the greatest living exponent of realism on the contemporary stage. When one comes to read his work thoroughly, he is surprised by the great versatility of the man; Hauptmann is by no means a "poet of

one mood." *Die Versunkene Glocke*? Yes, but also *Vor Sonnenaufgang*. *Hanneles Himmelfahrt*, and *Die Ratten*. And Der Armé Heinrich must travel far indeed before he come to see the *Festspiel* at Breslau.

Of all the Scandinavian dramatists, some half-dozen, such as Ibsen, Strindberg, Björnson are known to American audiences; so it is with Russian dramatists, with Irish, English, and those of every foreign nation. And of those names of German dramatists with which we are most familiar, that of Hauptmann probably ranks first—for Hauptmann is known above all for his dramatic work. Not only is he known in America, moreover, but his reputation is international; this last goes far to prove that there is, in some of his works at least, a certain universal element. Although his writings are, above all, German (the setting is Germany, usually his native Silesia) yet New York audiences have applauded heartily several of his plays, as *Hanneles Himmelfahrt*. It has been said that *Die Weber* is too exclusively representative of one locality to interest an American; but with this statement I quarrel. Besides its dramatic power and technical skill, there is in *Die Weber* such a deep human sympathy that it cannot fail to arouse a responsive sympathy, even in a callous American! And the truly heroic death of the old weaver at his loom is not an event which has significance for Germans alone. "The poor always ye have with you" does not apply to the members of one race only; and it is, in many cases, of the poor that Hauptmann writes.

One of his favorite subjects, in fact, is what Maeterlinck calls "The tragic in every day life." This is indicative of a comparatively modern spirit; fancy Milton writing the tragedy of a mill-hand, or Skakspeare that of a poor waitress! But Hauptmann does both. Hassenreuter, of *Die Ratten*, says, "Tragedy is not confined to any class of society. I always told you that!" Hauptmann himself was in some ways at least a prototype of Loth, the social reformer in *Vor Sonnenaufgang*; he is deeply interested in "the under dog." Hannele of the idealistic dream-poem, is a poor waif, whose utmost misery is in telling contrast to the beautiful dream portion of the play. Hauptmann is one of those who have brought to the old verse a wide meaning of mortality: "sunt lacrimae rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt."

The differences in thought are marked by differences in form; from the beautiful, irregular verse of *Die Versunkene Glocke*

and *Der Arme Heinrich*, to the every-day speech of the German people in *Einsame Menschen*, and the Silesian dialect,—most difficult to read, at least for one who is not a native German,—of *Die Weber*, *Der Biberpelz*, etc.

It is, of course, utterly impossible for one not thoroughly conversant with the German language to speak with authority of Hauptmann's diction. So far as I can tell, his verse is very beautiful.

The plays are written in three, four, and five acts, with no scene divisions. In some of them, more especially the earlier of social dramas, naturalism holds sway to the almost utter exclusion of "form." *Die Biberpelz* and *Der Rote Hahn* have no well worked up plot; *Die Weber* has no dramatic structure in the ordinary sense of the word: it reminds one of *Wallensteins Lager*; but, as a drama, is far superior to that piece. Many of the plays, *Einsame Menschen*, *Die Ratten*, and *Gabriel Schillings Flucht*, are very well worked-up; interest is well sustained; and there is a mastery of material in some acts which Hauptmann would seem to have caught from Ibsen. The stage directions of all the plays are much fuller than is necessary or desirable. The novels are not so well-constructed as the plays; *Der Narr in Christo* is about twice as long as it needs to be; it would gain by condensation.

One of the things that we demand, when it is claimed that a certain man is a great artist in any way, is: Is he sincere? Is he really trying to say something? Or is he merely toying with great things? This is most important: for, as Chesterton, very strongly, puts it, "Now, the message of Rudyard Kipling [of whom he chances to be speaking] "that upon which he has really concentrated, is the only thing worth worrying about in him or in any other man. The only serious question is, what is that which he has tried to say?"

One might think that, because Hauptmann is so "versatile" in a literary way, he might not be sincere; he might be trying to "show off" merely. But on this score, it seems to me, we need have little doubt; whether in his realistic or in his idealistic works, he is trying to say what he honestly thinks; he may change his mind; or he may see more than one side of life, but as to his sincerity we are assured. He himself tells us, on the fly-leaf of my edition of *Vor Sonnenaufgang* that this play is "a work that had its origin in pure motives." Life is as real

for Loth as it is for "der arme Heinrich"; for Heinrich of *Die Versunkene Glocke* as it is for Wilhelm in *Das Friedensfest*. And again he tells us, speaking this time of his latest work, the *Festspiel* of Breslau, "I had to give expression, as a fifty year old man and as a German, to my *sincere* conception of the spirit of the great period. I shall continue loyal to my motto: 'Go your own way straight and mercy will come to you.' By that, however, I do not mean mercy from anybody, but from God, who alone has it to dispense." *Der Narr in Christo* is one of his works that leaves the reader with an impression of the utmost sincerity of the author; *Der Biberpelz* and *Der Rote Hahn*, and perhaps *Atlantis* are the only things about which one is not perfectly sure.

Men have not yet forgotten what Aristotle, more than two thousand years ago, said about a play: that it must have a beginning, a middle, and an *end*. But Hauptmann, in many of his works, seems to forget or ignore the last requisite. In place of an end we are put face to face with a huge, inscrutable question-mark. It is not only that we are so inescapably equipped with the story-loving natures of our Elizabethan forebears; but one does, from both a logical and a philosophical point of view, demand an end that shall not be that of a house deserted in the building because the owner has suddenly left, or died. Führmann Henschel, Johannes Vockeraut, Helene Krause and others, suicide, shutting "the door-ways of their heads" to the sorrows of the world. But are we to believe that, because we have closed the window and lain down to sleep, the storm outside has ceased, and, as pessimistic Samuel Daniel would say, all that for which we were but now contending, is nothing? Is suicide really an end, or a solution? No, we will never believe that the rest is silence; that suicide is not a cowardly assertion of failure; that life is not worth the living. With Rantendelein and the dying Heinrich we say: "the sun rises"—"High overhead the bells of the sun are ringing!"—and know that in the dim east is visible a sure, if now faint, Morgenröte.

As to what Chesterton is most insistent upon, the message of a man, we find it hard in Hauptmann's case to be very positive. Hauptmann has read Darwin, Marx, Zola, Tolstoi, Ibsen; but he has also read and loved, we know, Shakespeare and Goethe, Schiller, and beautiful old German legends; and, yes, even the Bible.

One is tempted to expose a "progressive development,"—that is what authors are supposed to have,—to trace, as in Shakespeare's works, "periods" which are beautifully and logically separate and progressive. But Hauptmann catches one up short in such a process. In 1885 his first work *Promethidenlos*, a romantic poem, was produced, to be followed in 1889 by one of his most decisively naturalistic plays, *Vor Sonnenaufgang*, but yet, naturalism was not to be Hauptmann's only resort; for *Die Versunkene Glocke* was produced in 1893, and that is one of his most idealistic plays—and after that *Führmann Henschel* and *Die Ratten*. And so it goes throughout the list of his works. He is at once the idealist of Nobel prize fame, and the realist than whom is none greater living.

And what shall we say of Hauptmann now? Is he one who believes that life is a walking shadow, a poor player? Or does he believe in the ultimate reality of beauty and truth and goodness? Rantendelein says: "The blue-bells are ringing. For happiness? For sorrow? Both at once, methinks." In another way, perhaps, he is doing that by which Shakespeare so often surprised us: in *Romeo and Juliet*, after the tense scene in which Juliet has drunk the fearful potion we are immediately transferred to the strange low-comedy scene of the hired minstrels. Does *Rose Bernd* follow *Der arme Heinrich*, and *Die Ratten*, *Griselda* in order that we may understand the strange mystery of life? As Stevenson has said, in *Pan's Pipes*, "What experience supplies is of a mingled tissue, and the choosing mind has much to reject before it can get together the materials of a theory." Hauptmann, however, is not "the choosing mind"—he leaves that rôle to the rest of the world.

It is William Blake who has said that you only learn enough by too much. When we consider such plays as "*Vor Sonnenaufgang* and *Rose Bernc* and *Einsame Menschen*, we may well be disheartened at the thought that their author has gained the prize of idealism! But when we remember *Der Arme Heinrich* and *Hanneles Himmelfahrt* and *Die Versunkene Glocke*, we forget our fears. We remember that even in *Der Rote Hahn* old Rauchhaupt said, "Everything is sad in this world. It's all a question of how you look at it! The same thing that's sad can be mighty cheering." And, although it is dangerous to assert of the words of any creation of an artist that they embody the sentiment of the artist himself, nevertheless we may often find

a similar attitude in creator and created ; Loth, in *Vor Sonnen-aufgang*, said, of Ibsen and Zola : " In the sense of being artists, they are not authors at all : they are necessary evils. I have a genuine thirst for the beautiful and I demand of art a clear, refreshing draught—I am not ill ; and what Ibsen and Zola offer me is medicine."

If Hauptmann passes from naturalism to idealism and back again—why, the world itself advances in a somewhat similar fashion ! And the chief thing is that *it advances* ! In Hauptmann's work, no one will deny that *Führmann Henschel* and *Die Ratten* and *Gabriel Schilling's Flucht* are better than the ghastly first play.

As is the case with many of us, Hauptmann does not know exactly " where we are going." But he dares to hope, sometimes ; although one could wish he were more confident and a bit less wistful.

And perhaps in *Der Narr in Christo*, the bit of paper found afterward in the Fool's clothes speaks for more persons than the Fool—we can hear Hauptmann, too, saying softly, " The mystery of the Kingdom ? " But it is much to know that there is a Kingdom !

What will be, we cannot fully know. But if a prophecy may be made, it will be a very long time before *Hannele* and *Der Arme Heinrich* and *Die Versunkene Glocke* pass entirely from men's minds.

BUTTERFLIES

HYLA STOWELL WATTERS

The fairy people's toy-balloons
 Are flowers, each anchored by its stem ;
 And fairies sometimes cut the ropes
 And make bright butterflies of them.
 I often try to make mine float,
 But then the flower always dies—
 I wonder what the fairies do
 To make them turn to butterflies !

DRIFTING

ADELAIDE HEILBRON

Far and free, far and free, a world to roam at will,
Call of the frozen north to me, of rivers white and still;
Vast pale stretches of moonlit snow, and over a wintry sea
Gaunt, green icebergs drifting slow, yet steadily—far and free.

Far and free, far and free—only to choose have I,
And I hear the call of the south to me, of a star-set tropic sky
Where a full, low moon sheds a golden glow over palm and rippling sea,
And flower-scented breezes go—wandering far and free.

Far and free, far and free, the world before me lies
And a voice from over the Western Sea whispers of almond eyes,
Of gardens where golden lanterns glow, and the warm wind stirs each tree
Until clouds of rosy blossoms go fluttering far and free.

Far and free, far and free, the ways of the world are mine;
And a breath of the East brings the scent to me of incense before a shrine,
Of dim green woods where monkeys swing from tree to moss-grown tree,
And the cry of some strange, bright-feathered thing goes echoing far and
[free.]

THE HERMIT THRUSH

DOROTHY OCHTMAN

Over the woods steals the soft morning light,
And the merry birds there all chatter and sing
While the red sun slowly comes up into sight;
And above all the rest sing the heralds of Spring,—
Clear in the morning, the wild thrushes sing,
Clear in the morning
The deep woodlands ring.

The forest grows dark and appallingly still;
Immense and unbounded for miles does it lie.
Mysteriously hiding valley and hill;
And dark are the trees against the calm sky.
Clear in the evening comes the sweet piercing strain.
Clear in the evening
The thrush sings again.

THE RETURN

MARION SINCLAIR WALKER

Imagine being whisked away suddenly out of the world of hurrying activities—of tasks that had grown unaccountably heavy of late, of duties that try as you would to keep with them, were always disappearing round the next corner—just imagine being picked up bodily from the midst of such a situation, and being deposited in a bare, quiet room, on a bed beside a window, which looked out upon a bit of water, some trees and field and sky.

You couldn't get back to the world, so you just let it slip quietly away from you, and you slept—slept with the sound of gently flowing water in your ears; and in your mind, where the hurried, troubled thoughts had been, were cool, clear spaces of the greenness of field and the blueness of sky. The waking, too, was not as it had been of late—no rush of returning responsibilities, no frenzied hurry, no haunting sense of things forgotten—just the pleasant continuation of a dream, with a comfortable sense of reality, for the trees and fields and sky were still there. There was a book, too, one of those rare books that bring to you your heritage of all the ages, that rest your weary little life in the vastness of the Infinite. And when you turned from the book to the window, there was the Universe to speak for itself, to hush the noisy troubled Now in the stillness of the Eternal.

It was after a space of this experience, perhaps two days, perhaps a thousand years, that as you lay with closed eyelids, 'twixt waking and sleeping, you were aware of a Presence—of something looking at you. At first it was looking shyly, peeking at you round the corner of the door, then, gaining courage, it softly came nearer, and you knew that the mysterious Presence was bending over you, looking long and earnestly into your face. Then you stirred, and it was gone. Gone before you could open your eyes, and you felt, you did not hear it tiptoeing away down the hall. Presently it came again, but not so near; you felt its slow searching gaze from across the room. But always at your slightest motion, it was gone. Then you grew cunning and made ready for the mysterious Presence. You lay perfectly

still facing the door but with eyelids opened, oh the merest imperceptible fraction of an inch. Bye and bye it came. You looked, a long, slow look, even as did the mysterious Presence itself, and you saw, standing shy and eager in the doorway—the Spirit of the Girl you Used to be.

You had not realized how you had missed her, until she stood before you—but now you knew suddenly where the gleam and the glow of your life had gone—you knew why the Girl that you longed to be stayed so far away, losing herself among the shadows.

“Why did you go, Girl that I Used to be?” So softly the question flowed from the silence, that even the shy spirit in the doorway was not startled.

“The Mask,” she said, shuddering. “The hideous Mask. It was stifling me.”

There was a long silence, while you realized the Mask. Your first impulse had been not to understand—to say “What Mask? What do you mean, Girl that I Used to be?” But before her direct look your eyes fell. You instinctively knew about the Mask—you needed only time to fill in the picture. Yes, there was a Mask that went about doing the things that were expected of you—saying the little parrot-words that you heard the other parrots say, seeming to know the variety of little things that “one is supposed to know,” things which suddenly before the gaze of the Girl you used to be, seemed not very important after all. Then, however, you had been overwhelmed by their importance, you became self-conscious and uncomfortable, till at last you shrank behind the Mask in very self-defense. The Mask took charge in good earnest, and was quite equal to the occasion, even ready to utter appreciative exclamations about the stars. Small wonder that the Girl you Used to be felt stifled. Why, as you remembered, she was a friend of the stars—and while she was loving them, the Mask was exclaiming about them! She used to know just where beside the gray rock under the dead brown leaves, the first white violet could be found, but she could not betray the violet by taking the Mask there.

“So one day I just slipped out from behind the Mask, and away. You didn’t know when I went—I did it so softly—and bye and bye you were so well satisfied with the Mask that it didn’t matter.”

“Why did you come back, Girl That I Used to be?” you

whispered. "It surely wasn't for me, and it couldn't have been for the Mask."

"No, it wasn't for the Mask, and it wasn't for you. It was the Girl you Long to be. I was looking for her as I bent over you just now."

"Oh, but don't you know? She is not with me. She is very far away—much farther than in the old days."

"Yes, of course. I feared so. The Mask is keeping her away."

"But now it will be all right. You'll stay with me."

"No," said the Girl you Used to be, sorrowfully she said it. "I am afraid—of the Mask."

"The Mask!" you exclaimed. "Do you think I could endure it for a minute, after seeing it through your eyes?"

"You think that—here, now," replied the Girl you Used to be. "But remember the world of which you will soon be a part, in your old place. They say that Masks are necessary there."

Still you pleaded, and still she stood in the doorway, sorrowful and resolute.

Then suddenly you gave over arguing. You turned to the window and watched the world go to sleep. You saw the purple of the distant hills deepen into darkness; saw the last faint tinge of gold fade from the clouds that hung above and glimmered in the water beneath. You heard the little drowsy voices of the night, the croon of a brooding mother-bird, the high, shrill note of the tree-toad; the chirrup of the little lady frog with the second-soprano voice, and the sleepy baritone rejoinder of her mate—heard the murmured lullaby of the wind to the newly-budded tree-tops. You saw here and there a light twinkle on the far-away hillside, and bye and bye you watched the stars come out one by one. Then you fell asleep.

When you awoke it was not yet daylight. The birds were waking in the nearby thicket. As your spirit joined with their little notes of thanksgiving for another day, all at once you knew that the Girl you Used to be had come back to you. Without urging, without persuasion, as quietly as she had gone away, in some strange way she had trusted you, and had come back.

As the first faint rosiness of dawn came over the hills you had a vision, just for a moment, of the Girl you Long to be. Far away? but not so far; unattainable? perhaps ideals always are

that, but not unapproachable, for you felt a subtle comradeship between the Vision and the Girl you Used to be.

In their hands, the eager, reaching hands of the Girl you Used to be, and the capable hands of the Girl you Long to be, you have left your life, to make of it what they will. Such a safe and happy feeling—to know that it is in their hands; while as for you,—it is very comfortable just resting, and looking out of the window at the stars.

PAN PLAYS

DOROTHY HOMANS

Austere white hills.

A black carven pine stands against the glowing west,

Asleep are the flowers,

Asleep are the trees.

Asleep and dreaming of the April breeze.

Pan comes a-leaping down the hillside bare

And strikes the frozen earth with his cloven hoof—

“Awake, awake! Ye flowers fair!”

There's naught of color here, save the sky's bright roof.

Then he sat upon a rock

And played upon his reed.

Spring!

Blue-birds wing!

Wild flower,

Bright hour,

Solomon's seal,

Do you feel

The call of Spring?

And the sombre sad sedges

Flamed green,

And on the hawthorne hedges

A sheen

Of blossoms pale

Flame-tipped with pink.

Then in the spring night

Pan stopped his playing,

And chin in his hand

Watched the world a-maying.

JACKSON'S BULL

ELLEN BODLEY JONES

I find myself smiling even now as I pick up my pen. Last night, when I was sleeping in my chair after dinner, with a newspaper over my face to keep away the light, I suddenly awoke with a start and found that I was laughing loudly. Wife says I am going into second childhood as the result of overwork. Bob, my partner, who happened to be taking dinner with us, said that it was only because the golf season had started in. But how should they know? I was only dreaming about Jackson's bull. All afternoon on the links the fresh, damp smell of things sprouting under the snow gave me an awfully funny feeling. I couldn't quite make out what it was, but in the evening, with the comfortable lassitude after a good dinner, and with the knowledge that Bob didn't have to be entertained, I fell asleep and dreamed I was back on the Missouri prairies in the spring.

It all happened in the summer of seventy-six. After school closed, I went directly down to herd cattle on "Uncle Pete's" ranch, a much more sensible occupation, so my family thought, than "loafing," as they expressed it, in town. I had always lived in Missouri, and had spent my summers on the ranch ever since I had been old enough to sit a horse. My oldest sister had married Uncle Pete's son. They lived in the north, but she was to spend the summer on the ranch, and see that I acted in a seemly manner. Then too, there was Jim.

Jim met me at the station—good old Jim! He was four years older than I was, and as son of a native ranchman, possessed a store of superior information much to be coveted. Ever since his big brother had married my sister, we had been thrown together in the closest kind of intimacy. The train pulled up at the little weather-beaten station with a jerk. My home-sick eyes caught a glimpse of the stretch of sandy road, and the prairies beyond, and then I saw Jim grinning as only Jim knew how, leading two horses to the edge of the platform.

"Say," Jim said, smiling all over his face as he gave me one of the bridles, "have you forgotten how to straddle a horse, I

wonder?" Yes, there was my same pony, "Quicksand," so named from his propensity to balk. He nuzzled my hand softly, then gave the characteristic nip that I had learned to look out for.

"Forgotten!" I said scornfully. "I'd like to see myself!" I swung into my saddle, and we were off.

"Gee, but it's great to be on a horse again! Why, up at S—— I used to get out my old corduroy pants and just *smell* 'em, I'd get so homesick for a horse. And as for cattle, why, boy, you have to walk a mile even to see a common cow! I guess those people would faint if they saw a bull walking around loose. And as for riding! Why, most of those fellows could'n't even sit on a horse standing still."

We rode on; the bare landscape, dotted with its occasional barns and trees, was pleasantly familiar to me. When we got to the house, there was my sister waiting for us, holding in her arms a bunch of wriggling arms and legs that could "really talk, though," she said. And there, with a grin to which only Jim's could be compared, stood Uncle Pete.

A fussy person would have been apt to describe him as a rough specimen. At least, he chewed tobacco and swore, hated to go to church and showed a marked dislike for good clothes and all that went with them. But on the prairie, he was, as every one said, "a wonder." He possessed all the real cowboy accomplishments, and, what was much more, a sturdy endurance that could stand days of wind, weather and hardship without having it phase him at all. He always got up at four in the morning, even when there was nothing whatever to do, and would go stamping around the house, calling his dogs, until not even the most persistent could sleep. His weather-stained countenance continually wore an expression of responsibility and care, which was completely dispelled when his face relaxed into its grin of cheerful good humor. Opposed to his active nature, Uncle Pete was not at all averse to being waited on, and he had an easy, pleasant way of suggesting it. For instance, if we were driving along, and came to a fence, he would always say quietly, "Could you get out, boy, and kind o' open that gate?"

But you just ought to have seen the way that baby could boss him around. He was meek as a lamb before her, and would stamp around all over the house to hunt for a lost doll, or any-

thing the baby wanted. Any one at all observing would have seen that Uncle Pete was a general benefactor to the community. He was always getting people out of scrapes, patching up quarrels, lending his horses, appearing in court for people, and, as for money, why, if the family hadn't persuaded him differently he would have given away all he owned. Uncle Pete was the kindest and most generous man I have ever seen. He'd go to heaven and back again to do anyone a good turn. Anyway, if anybody's got anything to say against him, he's got to fight me first, that's all!

That summer it fell to the lot of Jim and me to take charge of about four hundred cattle. We were in the saddle from morning until night. Jim laughed when he read the letter from my old Greek Professor at school.

"I trust," he wrote, "that you are reviewing daily the work of the past year, and are reading further and are learning to enjoy and appreciate the gems of the classics."

"Guess if he knew the bunch of work you had to do every day he wouldn't think you'd have just all the time in the world for his 'gems of the classics!'" said Jim scornfully. "I'd like to see some of those learned guys just once, with a bunch of cattle before 'em, scattering every which way, and them knowing they'd have to round 'em all in, or no dinner. I'd like to see 'em up against Jackson's bull!"

Yes, it was Jackson's bull that caused us all our trouble that summer. "He worried and worked us by day and the thought of him goaded and tortured our minds even in sleep." That's the way my Greek professor would have interpreted it, but it wasn't true. When our heads once struck the pillow, we never dreamed a thing until we heard Uncle Pete yelling at us to get up. But to return to Jackson's bull. He was a magnificent creature, a cross breed, half short-horn and half native, a powerful brute, inclined to have his own way, and to give more trouble in doing it than any other animal on the range. Standing a full fourteen hands high, he displayed a thickness of neck and a strength of loin that became only too familiar to us during the summer. He was of a deep unspotted black, with strong stubby horns, and a thin tail forever swaying, either from nervousness or anger. I could never quite decide which! His eye, large and red, gleamed with a fierce malignity not to be misinterpreted, and the bellows issuing from his wrinkled throat would start all the dogs barking for miles around.

Never was there man or beast of such a mean, contriving, ugly nature as this bull. He loved to break down fences as a puppy loves to worry an old shoe. He was in his element, when tramping down fields of new sown oats or corn. In short, he was the terror of the neighborhood. Allowed to roam at large, he would charge the length of the valley, head down and tail flying, bawling and pawing up the dirt. All fence posts in his course he would bowl over like so many nine pins, charge through, and go ba—awling along the line, leaving behind him a path of devastation and destruction.

More than a hundred of our steers had been bought from a ranch down the river bottom. These occasionally got away from the herd, and returned to the valley, where they used to get into the brush, and it sometimes took us many days of hard riding to hunt them out and get them back onto the prairie land. In order to avoid the danger of losing these wilder steers, we were accustomed to drive them up to the farm at sundown, and put them into a fenced-in pasture, which prevented them from straying away in the night. Jackson's bull frequently made a raid through our fences, and then all our cattle, excited by the noise, would go stampeding after him through the lines of flattened out fence rails, following him miles and miles down the river bottom. Next day, we would have to put in our time hunting them out and driving them back, to say nothing of the fences that needed repair. Then, when every rail was in place, and the round up was made, and Jim and I were enjoying a blissful period of exhaustion, old Jackson's bull would once more visit our neighborhood, and all our work had to be done over.

So things went on, until herding cattle rather lost its glamor of romance to us. Life on a horse is all right, but I guess you can overdo even the best things there are, and we were working overtime in the saddle that summer. I began to look with a little more pleasure to the approach of the fall term at S—, and I saw Jim was becoming cynical, and his customary grin had sort of flickered out.

One morning a warm drizzle set in, and as Jim and I had the day before set everything to rights around the ranch, and there was no work particularly pressing, we got out our shot guns and started out to see if we could scare up some partridges. As I remember, we got only a few that morning. The summer had

been unusually dry, and most of the game had gone north. The rain had blown past, and a fresh wind had sprung up with the promise of a good afternoon. We were standing in a corn field a little behind the farm, and were just picking up our things to start along home, when a low exclamation from Jim made me look up, thinking that perhaps he might have his eye on a flock. But only the gray prairie scene was before me, with not a bird in sight.

"Say, are you crazy? What are you swearing at?" At this question, Jim held out his hand impressively.

"Look what's coming and then ask me if I'm crazy!" I looked again, and scanned the even gray landscape. Sure enough, there was a black spot that seemed to get larger and larger each second. Jim fingered his gun nervously, and the crease in his forehead deepened, as the black spot, approaching, developed into the figure of Jackson's bull, head down and tail flying, displaying it seemed a great many horns and hoofs. And even that far away, we heard his "bawl" steadily increasing in volume. We knew then there was trouble ahead. I could see that Jim was getting excited, for a quarter of a mile ahead of us stretched a neat line of stake-and-rider fence. Jim eyed it lovingly.

"By Gee! if he so much as touches a horn to that there fence, I'll shoot him full of holes." I gave one nod of silent assent. We waited.

Straight on came Jackson's bull, his thick neck wrinkling and unwrinkling with every motion of his body. He snorted and began pawing the ground. I raised my gun, and knew by intuition that Jim had raised his. My finger was on the trigger. Without even looking to see where he was putting down his horns, that heartless beast just naturally ran into that fence like a ton of brick sliding onto a pile of eggs. There was a splintering of riders, and the whole line of fence rails toppled over like a house of cards. I never have seen anything neater. This was our cue. As he came "shasaying" into our fields, Jim and I let loose at him with both barrels. Our first shots hit him squarely. He snorted just once and came on. Bang! Bang! Two more barrels full of bird shot disappeared into his system, and with an awful bellow just chuck full of rage, he wheeled and tore off down the prairie like a guilty man with the police after him. You couldn't even see him for dust, and his hoofs marks in the sod made a path-way down the river bottom.

All the way home we laughed fit to kill, and that afternoon we really enjoyed putting up all those fences. It was a pleasure.

July passed, and August came along, a month to be dreaded in the prairie country. The thin grass withers and dries away, streams seep down under the sands, leaves wither on the trees, and the scorching sun beating down upon a flat country seems merciless in its intensity of heat. The cattle suffered terribly from the flies that summer. This last season, we heard, was the cause for the quick demise of Jackson's bull.

It was Sunday morning, and we were on our way to church, my sister from a devout love of the religious services, Uncle Pete with the fortitude of one long accustomed to suffer; and Jim and I went because we couldn't get out of it.

My sister and her father-in-law were in the runabout, while Jim and I rode alongside.

"Boys," Uncle Pete began in his easy drawl, "I was over to Abe Jackson's last night, and he said his bull was found down on the river bottom yesterday, dead, shot full of holes with bird shot. You boys don't know who did it, do you?"

"Jackson's bull dead!" I hastily exclaimed, "Why he was the stockiest beast on the prairie! Whatever made him die?"

"Got fly-blown in his sores, I guess. But that surely is queer about the shooting. Whoever did it ought to look out what he's doing around these parts, and not get too easy with his gun."

Jim and I had lagged behind. Jim gave a wink with the eye nearest me, and I noticed that the old grin had come back again. Then Uncle Pete turned around to ask a question, and Jim's face was typical of the youth on his way to compulsory Sabbath service.

August and September was a golden time for us in spite of the heat and flies. Our cattle fed quietly in their own pastures without their former disturbing trips to the river bottom. The "Diamond" ranch began to be noted for its trim fences. And as for spare time, why Jim even said to me one day,

"Say, you'd better start in that perusing of the classics that guy recommended. You certainly aren't doing any work around here."

"I guess we'd better start up a society for the 'prevention of the ruthless destruction of property!'" I replied, "Anyway, we've a good start in that direction."

* * * * *

About twenty years later, I went back one summer to the old place. There were a lot of new barns, and they had the kind of gates that open automatically when you turn a switch, instead of the old way of getting out of the buggy and "kind o' opening" them. Everything seemed to have shrunk a lot since I was a boy; the bridge over the river was a toy in comparison with what it used to be, and the trees in the hickory grove that you passed going home from the station, the pride of the neighborhood, seemed to have gotten a lot smaller. But the prairies were just the same, God bless them, and the great sweet wind that blew up at night across the river bottom.

One evening, I was sitting with Uncle Pete on the front porch, which was greatly altered since the old days. I looked at Uncle Pete, sitting in his old wooden rocker. He had changed but little. His brown, weather tanned face held all the sun of the years of sunny outdoor days he had lived on the prairie. He had lost a few teeth, but otherwise was as whole and hearty as ever. Why, sister told me, with tears in her eyes, that "*he would* pry his teeth out with rusty nails when they ached, instead of going to the dentist."

We talked about all kinds of things, and finally Uncle Pete told me that Abe Jackson had died that winter. And then we drifted from Abe to Abe's bull, and this is how the story came out.

"Uncle Pete," I said, "did you ever find out who shot Jackson's bull? And then I told him the story.

Uncle Pete leaned his head back, against the rocker and laughed until the old hound came out from under the porch and began to howl in sympathy.

"Now I always did wonder who shot Jackson's bull, but I never should ha' supposed you boys would ha' done it." Then his wrinkled face sobered into its most cherub-like expression. "O' course I know you boys didn't mean no harm," he said, "but say, weren't you glad you had a doubled barreled gun?"

LOVE'S RITUAL

MIRA BIGELOW WILSON

Suppose you had no need to care
To have me lay the faggots on your hearth ;
Suppose you had no pride to wear
The frock, the frill I fashioned you ;
Suppose you found that others could distil
A costlier, subtler brew of mulberry wine ;
Suppose your garden were so large I ne'er
Could bring you gilly-flowers from mine ;
Suppose you lost the shy habitual
Fervor about your unexpected joys
Surely our love would still be our religion
But where the altar and the ritual ?

THE LONG BARQUE

MARGARET LOUISE FARRAND

When the tall trees toss
Bare limbs in torment
And 'neath the grey sky
Strive with the storm wind ;
When the wild sea rolls
Long wave on long wave,
Roaring and foaming
And tearing the sea-beach ;
Oftimes a long barque,
Lashed by the north wind,
Splits on a sharp reef,
Hid by the sly sea ;
Gold from the south lands,
Pearls from the east lands,
Sandal and osprey
The greedy sea drinks ;
Fair-haired and noble,
In corslet and buckler,
Many a viking
Goes to Valhala.

THE GIRL WHO DIDN'T COUNT

ELEANOR HALLER GIBBONS

"I know we can't afford it, for your father said that we must economize to the very limit this summer. You know he had to put all that legacy of Uncle Henry's into the company to keep it from going to pieces instead of dividing it up among you girls as he had planned." Mrs. Merriwether looked worried, and when she allowed herself that luxury her double chin always showed, and of all signs of approaching age and avoirdupois she hated worst that aforesaid extra chin.

The whole family were sprawled around their little room which, in the ugly yellow light at noon, was the parlor, but which, at night with its flowers and shaded lights, was the music room.

The Merriwethers were not having a pleasant conference, the Merriwether conferences were never pleasant, for Edith always knew that her mother managed things so that Louise got everything she wanted, while Louise, perfectly certain that Alice was her mother's favorite, had jealously to guard her rights as oldest, and as for Elizabeth—but then Elizabeth didn't count anyway.

This particular conference would not have been so unusually unpleasant if it had not been all threshed out before. They had discussed with great minuteness the exact income, or lack of income, of the family, and it was found to be exceedingly small. So they had decided to tell their friends of the anaemic tendencies of Alice, which required rest and fresh air, as an excuse to slip off to some inexpensive country place for the summer to spare the family exchequer.

And now everything was spoiled, for Frederick Maurice Willmington had come back to town after a five year trip abroad and Frederick Maurice Willmington had money. He had other things too, good looks, beautiful manners, a brilliant mind, a keen sense of humor; oh, everything that the ideal man needs except one, and that one thing was the reason for the changed plans of the Merriwether family. Frederick Maurice Willmington had no wife.

So there was nothing for it but to do what all "our best people" in Muntersville did, for that first summer was of paramount importance. Father frowned and said "Ridiculous," when they told him about it, just as mother had looked worried, showed her second chin and gasped, "Impossible," when first Louise, then Alice, and finally Edith had come to her to prove how necessary it was.

For instead of running off to a deserted farm house and living on the apples in their own orchard and the vegetables from neighboring gardens they were now planning to spend a month on Jupiter. "Mrs. Willmington told me herself that they were having their house up there done over for the summer, Mother," Alice insisted, and, "you know the Van Stones have gone up there ever since it has been 'the' thing to do it and that Evelyn Van Stone with those eyes of hers thinks all the men just belong to her. Why he's been to the theatre with her twice already," was Edith's quota.

So it was decided, and Father with a sigh, partly from the relief of getting away from the stormy session and mostly from wonder as to where on earth the money was coming from, went back to town after the sumptuous repast of part of a can of baked beans. Who had time to worry about meals now? Why two weeks from to-morrow they would get there!

Those two weeks were crammed full of hard, unremitting work: making artistic things for the little rented cottage, sewing madly but steadily,—for when a woman has three daughters,—oh yes there was Elizabeth too, but she didn't really count,—and herself to clothe for a month on exhibition, she has her hands pretty full.

It had to be that, one long exhibition and an expensive one too. For Louise was twenty-seven and if some strenuous efforts weren't made in her behalf that summer she might perhaps be—but then there was this summer and, more, there was Frederick Maurice Willmington.

But Louise had made a bargain at that heated family conference,—that if at the end of one week she hadn't made the slightest impression on Frederick Maurice she was to withdraw in favor of Alice, who in her turn had made the same bargain with Edith. So they too were fitting and being fitted during the few short days that remained. Elizabeth had no clothes but she never wore anything but simple white and then she didn't really

count. But her artistic fingers counted when it came to making curtains, pillows, rugs, all the things needed for the house and pergola.

At last they were ready and by dint of much hard work the little house with its garden and pergola was really a work of art. Elizabeth said—but then Elizabeth didn't really count. Not that she was a child—she was twenty-one—nor yet an imbecile; she was just what the family called “unfortunate.” She was not an albino, but was as white-haired and eye-lashed as any real one ever could be, so of course she couldn't count as far as Frederick Maurice Willmington was concerned.

The Merriwethers arrived early one morning and Mr. Frederick Maurice Willmington had accepted an invitation for the next night, “just to run down after dinner to re-meet his childhood friends,” Louise had cooed over the 'phone.

Every night of the first week he had re-met, not his childhood friends but Louise, while the other girls had sweltered in the low-roofed bedrooms of the little house.

Now Jupiter has eight moons and this particular week the one which sheds a soft, violet light was full. But Louise had red hair and as night after night of that week, her week, as she exhibited one gown after another of shades varying from yellow through brown, green and blue she wondered why, with her carefully arranged scenery, her dainty dresses, and her quaint, old-fashioned lyre, she somehow did not seem to make much impression on Frederick Maurice Willmington. She even wondered what was the matter with her color-scheme, which somehow was not as pretty as she had expected it to be.

She had done her best, and failed, and with a bitter and unhappy heart she watched Alice, a vision in cerise with her dark hair and eyes, ready to receive Frederick Maurice Willmington. The moon this week was red and all that week her vivid coloring and striking, dark gowns looked, somehow, pale and colorless as she lounged across the marble seat in the little pergola.

Elizabeth didn't count, so each night she appeared, in the ridiculous white she always insisted on wearing, to preside over the chafing dish, carry in and out the thin-stemmed glasses, and somehow, under the violet and then the crimson lights, her colorless hair and clothes did not seem quite as “unfortunate” as they usually did to her preoccupied sisters. They did not

look unfortunate at all to poor, color-harassed Frederick Maurice Willmington whose eyes followed delightedly and with sheer relief the charming simplicity of her.

It was the last week of their stay and Edith, with her "real goldy" hair and fondness for red looked even worse than her sister had under the deep green light. Have you ever seen a girl with a green silk parasol on a brilliant day? Then you can imagine the sigh of relief with which Frederick Maurice Willmington's tortured eyes sought Elizabeth as she wheeled the little tea wagon, with its bowl of soft green and white magnolia blossoms, along the path to the garden that last night, and turning, smiled impersonally back at him as she disappeared within the door of the house.

It was all over and they had failed, each in her turn, to make any impression on him, and that night he was leaving. They were going themselves the next morning, disgusted, disheartened and grouchy, all except Elizabeth, and Elizabeth didn't really count, you know.

APRIL

GRACE ANGELA RICHMOND

Cherry blossoms and fragile dreams,
Dewy grass and a violet,
Wandering breeze, and a song that seems
All too happy to know regret.

So have I seen her come in beauty clad;
Not tall, majestic, or in royal hues,
But slender, child-like, full of mirth, and glad,
Dancing with snowy feet across the morning dews.
So have I seen her wand'ring on the hills
Among white birches or beside the little streams.
Yea, I have found her sleeping all alone,
Her dimpled cheeks flushed rosily with dreams.
And I have seen her weep her childish tears
For some sweet flower that was crushed and dead.
And when I longed to comfort all her grief,
She laughed—and turned—and fled.

Cherry blossoms and fragile dreams,
Dewy grass and a violet,
Wandering baeenze, and a song that seems
All too happy to know regret.

SKETCHES

THE TENOR AND THE WHITE FEATHER

ELOISE SCHMIDT

Walter Brun picked up the hymnal and seated himself next to the soprano, gathering the tails of his black coat carefully away from her silken skirts. He glanced ahead and to the left at the floral decorations in front of the pulpit and then casually ahead and to the right. He then settled his thin knees finally and turned to the first page of the morning anthem. He had felt, rather than seen, that the corner seat in the sixth row was occupied.

Walter Brun was a modest looking man. Everything about him was unassuming. His clothes drooped from his shoulders, his necktie was palely unobtrusive and his hair hung just a little too long. His eyes alone were different. Their color was a deep rich blue and though they were unobtrusive they were more definite than the rest of Walter Brun.

As Walter Brun turned to the first page of the morning anthem his hand shook slightly but his heart sang.

"She's come again," he thought. "She's there again. For seven weeks she's come and she always sits in the seat where I saw her first." He grasped his sheet of music so violently that the soprano started and glanced sideways at him.

"I must be careful," he thought with dismay. "Miss Willets sees I'm excited and I must not let her know what it's about." So the tenor refrained from glancing at the corner seat in the sixth row until after the scripture lesson. Then again he looked to the left at the floral decorations and then casually to the right at the occupant of the corner seat of the sixth row. She was placing the hymnal in the rack as he glanced her way. She wore the same hat with the one white feather and the blue

rose. He noticed a blue ribbon rose stuck in her button-hole and thought, "A Christmas present—from a lady I'm sure. A gentleman would never buy a *blue* rose." Just then she looked up and, as she turned her blue eyes thoughtfully toward him, his heart leapt and then sank heavily.

"Maybe it was from a gentlemen," he thought, "blue to match her eyes." Disconsolately he turned back to the first page of the anthem.

For seven Sundays Walter Brun had come to church and sung solely for the lady of the white feather and the blue rose. He had thought of her as he entered his boarding house after church and then often in the week. He lived ever for Saturday night for on the following day he would see her. On Saturday evening he removed his black suit and sent it out to be pressed. His black Sunday suit was his business suit. It had been hard to wear black broadcloth in the office when the other clerks were in rough grays. But two suits were out of the question and black broadcloth was a necessity for the tenor of St. Dominic's. At first he felt that the other clerks would smile. But they had not noticed. People didn't notice Brun. He was the sort of man one would expect to go into black for a relation anyway.

Seven Sundays ago had been a happy day for Walter Brun. He had had a short solo part and after he finished he was gratified and thrilled to see two tear-filled blue eyes fixed upon him. Brun felt that it was a beautiful tribute paid to his solo and his heart rejoiced. Each following Sunday he watched for the girl with the blue eyes and she always came. She was always alone and she always looked lonely. In the following seven weeks Brun had two solo parts. Both times he looked quickly to see if she were there, fearful that he was to be disappointed. But she was always in her seat, her gray-gloved hands crossed in her lap. She gazed a great deal at the stained glass window on the east ambulatory. She often stood and watched it, instead of joining in the hymn. It was a beautiful window, rich in deep cloudy blues.

One Saturday night Walter stopped in at the big corner store and stood long, before the necktie counter. He selected a tie of the same dusky blue as the window of Dominic's. That Sunday he had the solo in the anthem. She was in her place as usual. After the anthem Walter Brun felt her devoted gaze upon him. He hardly dared look her way but he felt that she approved of

the blue tie and that she knew he had been singing for her. That day he took a Sunday school class at Dominic's. As he sat with his knot of boys around him he looked nervously about. There were all sorts of Sunday School teachers—some heavy-looking matrons, a few pretty young ladies and many little wiry women with stiff hats but there was none with a white feather and a blue rose. Sunday dinner was at twelve-thirty in his boarding house. That day Walter Brun walked the fifteen blocks to his room, carrying with him a bottle of milk and some graham crackers. Taking the Sunday school class had meant giving up Sunday dinner.

The next week was Easter. The tenor of Domonic's lived from day to day, in happy expectation, for Easter at Domonic's was marvelous. He was to have a solo and a duet with the soprano. The notes of the duet ran constantly through his mind.

"She's never seen Easter at Dominic's before. How she will enjoy the flowers—and the music," he thought.

Easter morning the quartette took their places before a bewilderment of flowers. The warmth and the soft fragrance surged over them as they entered. The church was very quiet although every seat was taken. Walter Brun settled the knees of his new broadcloth suit and grasped his sheet of music. He surveyed the flowers ahead and to the left noticing that they were more beautiful than ever before. Then he glanced casually ahead and to the right—looking for the white feather and the blue rose. But a big, burly man was in the corner seat of the sixth row. Brun recognized him at once from numerous pictures in the Sunday supplements. It was undoubtedly "Big Barney," the prize fighter. And beside "Big Barney"—just then Walter Brun's anthem slipped unheeded to the floor, for beside "Big Barney" nodded the white feather and the blue rose but they looked strangely different. The blue rose that had before seemed so demure, was now tucked coquettishly beneath the rim of a fluffy white hat and now the gaunt little white feather stuck jauntily upright. Just then the filmy white hat tipped up quickly and Walter Brun saw two blue eyes gaze adoringly up into the face of "Big Barney."

BY THE SEA

ROSAMOND DREXEL HOLMES

The young minister idly kicked the pebbles with the neat toe of his span-clean buckskin pump; the other foot was bracing him to balance on the log where he sat. It was a perfect sea-shore day and the young minister was pondering as to why the insides of things weren't as beautiful as the outsides. It's a question that has puzzled many of us—when we are not busy. He knew he was good to look at, the passers-by implied as much, and men at summer resorts usually know those things. But he knew that the "worth while" members of the little colony considered him, the elegant ones, "a bit young," the plain ones, "not onto his job." He was well aware that even as he sat there some of the giggles that curled out of the hotel window behind him were at his expense. Well, it was funny that the one day when he had "called off" the five o'clock service at the little church on the point to go on a sailing-party—because The Prettiest Girl was going, should have been the same one day of his life that he should succumb to the roll of the sea he had always loved.

"It makes me sick," he muttered and then laughed at the truth of his reflection. "Just what it did," he added, as he realized that those who had been the ones disappointed to read, "There will be no service this afternoon," had coincided with those who had laughed last to hear that the sailors "had to come home early because the Reverend Mr. Maynard was sea-sick." It's always like that," he was deciding; the part that seemed loveliest always had the homely lining. Here he had come to convert these Hedonists and had remained to follow epicures. Not one convert had he effected, and such a field. The people did go to church, though—and as the little incoming wave he was watching turned a somersault and scrambled up the beach rippling to itself, he decided that events might be lots worse. Sunshine and little gay waves help us in a crisis.

As he looked down the beach his eye caught the twinkle of a scarlet parasol, the danger signal of The Prettiest Girl, and he kept on looking. Here was a cloud more silver than its lining. How could any one, even the best looking, most serious young

minister that ever hoped, expect to talk to a girl like that? Why should a girl be the prettiest one, and not ever think of her soul. She was near him now and the young minister sighed. He would try once more; it was humiliating but such beauty couldn't disguise a really bad heart.

"Good afternoon," The Prettiest Girl was smiling and her dimples frightened the young minister more than her parasol, "Are you going sailing?"

The young minister surrendered for the second, confused by the direct attack, and wondering why her smile could at the same time be kind and yet recall that awful episode.

"Miss Carrollton," said he, noble in his aim, "do you ever go to church?"

She started by a reference to "might have gone yesterday but then there wasn't any," when the hurt look made her change and she said, "Why should I?" and answering for him, "Yes, I do go sometimes. In fact," looking over the dancing waves, far out to sea, "I love to go to church at least once a year—at Easter time. There's something about Easter Sunday that doesn't come at any other time. I love the big white lilies and the sort of hope in the air; everyone seems to feel happier. But there's one thing that's made me never miss Easter Sunday at church since I was eight years old. Guess what it is, Mr. Maynard," coming back to shore all at once and looking straight into his eyes.

"Is it the feeling that all the world is new, that there's something worth beginning over again no matter how many mistakes we've made or—."

"No," she interrupted, "none of those. It's—it's—the hats!" and with a gesture of dismissal and a sort of ashamed little laugh she left him to join those in lighter vein in the hotel parlors.

The tide was going out and left even by the waves on the shore the young minister felt alone indeed. He felt much more alone than the solitary fish-hawk above his head, for the fish-hawk, he was sure, knew where it wanted to go, while the young minister had nearly decided there was no such place.

If it had not been for one fleeting smile, part of its glow due perhaps to a scarlet parasol, as he went slowly to his room; a smile not quite so mocking as the last, not quite so near the top, perhaps the young minister might never have gone to the dance

h at night. And then, perhaps, as the clock was striking twelve he might not have been looking up at the brightest star and muttering something about "God's being in his heaven."

DAWN

MARGARET STONE CARY

Rise, Spirit! Up! Shake off the dews of sleep,
And leap
To greet the dawning day!

Fling wide the shutters and unbar the door!
Once more
Let in the fleet sun ray.

Let thoughts come whirling down as doves in flight
Alight,
When weary; seek recourse

Upon some pinnacled cathedral spire,
Then higher
Pursue their onward course.

Rise, Spirit! Up! Shake off the dews of sleep,
And leap
To greet the dawning day!

DUSK AND DREAMS

GRACE ANGELA RICHMOND

When dusk and dreams are near,
And flick'ring firelight calls up memories,
The book-lined walls fade out, and here
Are sunny meadows and the shade of trees;
And clover-scented breeze and blue June sky
Where swallows, darting, skimming, turn and fly;
And you are there amidst the daisies too,
And I am worshipping the world—and you.

MADAME VIGOREAUX

ANNE ELEANOR VON HARTEN

Across the street from our house in the city stood a large red brick mansion with many slate turrets. About it stretched a lawn always trim and enclosing the lawn was a tall iron fence which, though of beautiful German workmanship, was forbidding. It was by far the most imposing house in the neighborhood and the business men who passed it going to and from their offices always looked at it with careful scrutiny, while their wives spent much time telling each other what a shame it was that a house so well fitted for balls and receptions should be wasted upon Madame Vigoreaux, who never gave balls and receptions and who was, well—eccentric.

In spite of this scrutiny and gossip, however, the old house stood there in unchanged solemnity, with its window curtains closely drawn. Every day at just half after three a little old lady emerged by a side entrance and took her afternoon drive in the park. Like Emmanuel Kant, she was very regular in her habits; so the neighbors observed from a distance, though they never dared approach her openly.

But Madame Vigoreaux and I were great friends. I never felt toward her the natural antipathy that youth has for old age. On the contrary some of my happiest hours were spent in her company. I remember her best as she used to sit in her arm chair near the sunny bay window. Her gown was one of the brightest spots in the room, unless it were the look on her intelligent face as it smiled at me from beneath the starched frills of her cap. The same spirit of undaunted energy that flashed from her black eyes was probably responsible for the restless motion of her hands, unless they were occupied with some definite work of which she always took care to have a goodly supply; in fact, she said she was happiest when working. This, to my childlike mind was very curious intelligence, for I knew that I was far from happy when Madame Vigoreaux set me to work over the mysteries of the French language. How my poor tongue tied itself into knots over the strange words and how merrily she laughed at my accent!

Madame Vigoreaux was herself wonderfully versatile. With a mind richly endowed by nature she had also a will or disposition to study and achieve. On a table close at hand were spread sheets of closely written manuscript, which for months I had seen growing from beneath her busy pen. To rest and divert herself during the hours of composition, she often went to the piano. Long afterwards I learned that the sound of her music drifted past the tall cedar hedge at the back of the garden which hid the prosaic street from our view, into the windows of a hospital ward, where the poor victims of disease listened to it with greedy ears.

Madame Vigoreaux was as at home with the brush as she was with the pen. I used to stand spellbound before her pictures which were nearly all still life studies of flowers. "You like them, *mon enfant*, but the world would not," she would say to me. "However, each picture has its moral. Here is little Mrs. Pansy for instance; she represents the genial person who puts us at our ease directly; she does not sit in company like a stone wall or a wet blanket but is willing to devote her best wits to the ordinary small talk of life. Here is the red *Lautana* who is often despised for his lack of reserve; and here is the honest Bachelor's Button representing perseverance; there is the yellow primrose of Intellect. Over the bookcase is the *Calla Lily* which represents a true lady, cool, serene and white; while near the piano is the lilac representing Prayer."

One surprising day I found the door of Madame Vigoreaux's room barricaded by a severe person in a blue dress with white apron, cap and cuffs. For three weeks I did not see her but at last I received a message from her that she wanted me to come. However, I did not find her in her usual place near the bay window. This time she was propped up in bed with many pillows behind her. For once the restless hands were quiet, lying helplessly upon the counterpain before her, but the same old look of intelligence flashed from the black eyes beneath the frills of her nightcap and seemed even more intensely brilliant than usual. It was not long before we were floating off to fairyland together. We could see the Sleeping Beauty's Castle in the shadows cast by the afternoon sun in the garden; the golden forges of Mimi were perfectly evident to us in the glowing embers; while the curling smoke rings shaped themselves into fantastic geni, in the open fireplace.

At last Madame Vigoreaux drew from beneath her pillow a little necklace with moonstones hanging pendant-like from the links of the chain like so many drops of dew. "Here, mon enfant," she said clasping it around my neck, "is a little thing that you have often admired. Keep it to remember me by. You are a good child," she added rather irrelevantly, as she kissed me upon the forehead. Before I knew what was happening the blue-and-white person had led me away, and so I went home blinded with tears and with a great lump in my throat, though I hardly knew why, as I did not realize that I had seen Madame Vigoreaux for the last time.

Several years have passed since then. The old house across the street still stands as majestic as ever, with its window curtains drawn. But the lawn has grown tall with grass and weeds, which elbow themselves at intervals past the rails of the iron grill fence, giving it a very frowsy and unkempt look, while over the stately entrance is an ugly sign, "For Sale." But as yet no occupant has been found and the neighbors are beginning to whisper that the house is actually "haunted" by its late owner who was, well—eccentric. But I do not share in these popular sentiments, for to me Madame Vigoreaux will always be a gentle and charming memory.

APRIL NIGHT

MARION DELAMATER FREEMAN

The night wind sighs in the cedar trees.
Out of the heavy darkness and the mist
Rises the warm breath of the teeming earth.
The heart of the world is throbbing with new life,
Life that is all too perfect and too sweet,
So that man's soul, o'ercharged with joy,
Aches with the heavenly sweetness of it all,
And happiness must vent itself in tears.

ROMANCE

MARGARET BLOOM

I had been working rather hard in New York that winter and consequently had little faith in romance. If anyone had told me, when I boarded the train to spend Christmas at home, that twenty-four hours later in Bristol, Virginia, a fat justice-of-the-peace would be trying to marry me to a young man I didn't know, I wouldn't have believed it.

When I took my seat in the Pullman in the Pennsylvania station, I noticed a young man in the seat opposite me. Time was when this would have awakened some slight interest, "some stirrings of my maiden heart." But now I merely glared at him, a habit I have acquired lately on looking at a strange male. I seated myself, put on my spectacles which make me look like a cross between a meditative owl and a Boston infant. I then took out "Barchester Towers," by Anthony Trollope, and began to read. Although I looked fairly well, this forever labelled me a bluestocking. All the sweet young things read "Laddie."

All went well on board the train until the next morning. The man opposite me stayed in the smoker. But after breakfast he came and sat down in his seat just as I was eating fifteen malted milk tablets, "a satisfying lunch," (I can't eat ordinary food on the train). I glanced at him and remember thinking that he really looked unobjectionable aside from the fact that he wore eye-glasses on a gold chain.

The train stopped for Bristol, which is a small town between Virginia and Tennessee. I had nearly consumed my last malted milk tablet when a long, lank, bilious-looking individual came into the car. He looked around, then coming to where I and the man with the eye-glasses on a gold chain sat opposite each other, he stopped, showed some sort of a badge and said, "Ah want you two. You all bettah come along with me quiet and peaceable."

It was horrible. For once in my life I was speechless. "But," said the young man opposite me, "what have we done?" and besides, waving his hand toward me, "I never saw her before." His tone implied that this was a source of great satisfaction to him.

"They all say that," said the lank individual. "Come along."

I had the presence of mind to get my coat, hat and hand bag and then we filed out in a miserable procession. I planned for a second to murder the lank individual outside of the smoking-room, and I think the unfortunate young man with me did too. But the hump at the hip of our captor looked dubious. We descended to the platform into what seemed a black and white multitude. I remember particularly a little pop-eyed darkey boy whom I nearly stepped on. The circus had evidently not been to town recently and interest had been bottled up. I think I know what the fat lady, if a sensitive soul, suffers and I had only one hundred and twenty pounds on the outside of my sensitive soul. The people on the train were also immensely interested and I was glad when the lankey individual showed us into a depot hack and got in with us. I was rejoiced to see that the young man with me was purple with anger. I was also enraged and I was the first to speak.

"May I ask who you are?" I asked the lankey individual in a bitingly cold mode of speech I had found useful in the past.

"I'm the sheriff (it sounded more like chef than sheriff) of the county," he said amiably enough. Then seeing that I was about to go on, he said, "Ah'm takin' yeh ovah to Jestice Brown. Yuh pappy's in taown and he'll take yeh home, an' I'll take the young fellah to jail."

This was a bunch of news to digest and I digested in silence. I was pleased to see that my companion was not as crushed by the news as I had feared he would be. He had taken off his eyeglasses and chain and looked delightfully fierce.

The hack stopped and the "chef" led us into a dingy little office furnished mainly with a cuspidor. More of like furnishings would have made the surroundings more hygienic and inviting, I thought.

"Ah'll go ovah an' get the little gal's fathah," said the "chef" to "Jestice" Brown. "Little gal," to me, twenty-seven years of age and accustomed to conduct my own affairs and those of several other persons with considerable success! The "chef" departed making an exit in tone. He had so far not shown the slightest interest in proceedings.

I looked at "Jestice" Brown. He was fat, very fat, and looked like the walrus in the New York aquarium. He waited until the "chef" was well out of the office. Then he said,

"Naow, ah know how young folks feel. Naow, ah'll just make out a license, then ah'll tie the knot quicker'n a wink, an' when the little gal's pappy comes back the knot'll be some tied. Haow'll that suit yeh, young fellah?" giving my companion a roguish wink; that is, it would have been roguish, that wink, if it had taken anti-fat.

"But, I don't want to marry her," blurted out my unfortunate companion. "That is—" he stammered. But it was too late. The rage of the walrus was awful.

"So that's the weh yuh feel, is it? Well, we'll see that yuh have a nice tight place to feel that weh in. In fifty yeah's ah ain't seen an unwillin' one befoah. We may've had a few, but we done thinned out ouah supply considabul."

I am not accustomed to have hysterics, but I had them on this occasion. The walrus came over to where I sat and patted me; that is, it would have been a pat if his hand reminded one of the "dove brand." "Neveh min', little gal," he said, "yeh pappy'll fix him. An' mebbe the boys'll tend to him." Sternly to young man. "Young fellah, where wuh yeh bawn?"

"Bangor, Maine," said my companion in a subdued tone.

"I feahed as much," said the walrus, taking a bite from some substance he took from his pocket and which bore some mysterious relation to the cuspidor.

The door opened and the "chef" entered, followed by an individual who was even lankier and more bilious than he himself. I judged it was "pappy."

"Heah they ah," said the "chef."

But "pappy," without interest said, "Thet ain't Carrie (pronounced Cee) May, an' thet ain't Joe Knox."

After this the young man and I were objects of no interest whatsoever to anyone. We went to the station and soon got a train out of town. It was a local known as "the milk train." My companion in misery turned out to be quite pleasant and I felt no objections to his sitting with me on the train.

"Now that was rather romantic," he said. "Ten years ago I would have been immensely thrilled. I'm afraid romance is dead for me," he went on, "my only sensation is disgust at having been in a ridiculous mix-up."

"I know I am a born old maid," said I, getting out "Barcheester Towers," and firmly adjusting my spectacles.

Whereupon the young man put on his eye-glasses with the gold chain and began to read the "Atlantic Monthly."

AT MUSIC

MIRA BIGELOW WILSON

A thousand are at music ; and the lights flare high
To sanctify the music : and the gowns are fair
To supplement the music when the people stare
Just across the gallery or down the other aisle,
Glancing (could they help it ?) at you, Lady Claire.

And there with the loneliness that wraps you round,
A cloak of sorrow beautiful but grey, I know
Too well how your torn heart is shrinking, low
Before the glances of the gay accustomed folk ;
How from the glamour of the galleries comes but woe.

Close thine eyes to radiance, forget the cloying rose ;
Ope' thy heart without a fear and thine ear
To music 'ere the music master goes.
Lose thy soul within a greater soul than thine
Ere the trembling strings of harp shall slumber to repose.

For men have framed deep harmonies and on their hearts
The sadness, all the sadness of the world, has pressed.
And they have set the world to dance, yet all their arts
Could not hide the memory of the gloom confessed ;
Till dancing and weeping hand in hand by them are blessed.

In the song that sets the tide of joy in my heart high
I hear the chords of weeping meant to sing for you ;
And I pray their consolation stealeth close to you,
Yonder in the gallery with your burnished hair,
And the heart whose hurt I've fathomed, Lady Claire, Lady Claire.

A DREAM

ANNA ELIZABETH SPICER

He lay at his ease on the grey-gold shore
The length of a summer afternoon,
And, hearing the white-tipped breakers roar,
He hummed an echo, some strange old tune
Heard i' the night, 'neath a harvest moon.
And as youth may do, he wondered then
At earth's beauty, the strange, short lives of men.

A soft wind lifted a lock of his hair
As he lay ; he raised his bright brown hand,
Wondering at it ; then, scarce aware,
Slowly scooped up the golden sand
Into palaces he had never planned,
And dreamed of the wonders therein would be,
If ever the wish of his heart had he.

Then suddenly over the white-tipped waves
He thought he had heard a sweeter sound,
As when, past the mouth of cool green caves
Dances the south wind over a ground
More flower-strewn than he yet has found,
Surer o' foot than the chamois, he
Runs through the hills piping merrily.

Nearer, clearer, sweeter it came
Till the boy leapt up half-mad with a pain
That was yet right sweet to him (never a name
Has the faery music, on lock or in lane,
The meaning of it is seldom plain,
But who once has heard it will pay dear toll
For to hear again, though he lose his soul.)

Over the top of a foamy wave,
As he watched, sailed a ship right gallantly,
With silken sails hung with pennants brave,
Red, blue, yellow, green as the sea ;
A crystal mast ; full easily
She rode ; in the glow of her moon-colored hold
He saw beautiful women, knights in gold.

It passed—so beauteously, scarce he knew
It was winning swiftly from him ; he fain
Would have joined that brave and wondrous crew
Of the strange, bright ship. He called in vain,
For the faery craft turned not again.
As he watched the shining sails bow in the wind,
The jewelled trail that it left behind,

A woman stepped to the vessel's stern,
A circlet of gold on her flaming hair
That streamed behind her : her great eyes burned
Like stars, ashine in the frosty air.
Proclaimed her queen of the good court there.
With her white hand a pebble smooth and round
She threw ; it fell at his side on the ground.

Picking it up, he kissed it. Then
Waved farewell to the distant ship.
The music died down ; he sighed ; once again
Touched the smooth pebble to his lip.

Waked, started, paled like a frightened girl—
In his hand he held a matchless pearl.

ABOUT COLLEGE

AN ORATION OF MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

Recently excavated in Northampton, Mass.

Habite ad Studentes Colegentis Smithinis.

ELSIE TERRY BLANC

You see this day. o studentes, this institution and all your rights, your fortunes and your privileges and this most fortunate and beautiful city, by the great love of the immortal gods for you, by my labors and counsels and dangers, about to be preserved and restored to you. Since we have by our affection and good report raised to the immortal gods the foundress of this place built and embellished by her, and since all has been detected by me, I will now explain to you briefly that you, o studentes who are as yet ignorant of it and are in suspense may be able to see how great the danger is and by what means it may be arrested and averted from you. I have continually watched and taken care of the means by which we may be safe amid such great and carefully concealed treachery.

First of all, as I saw that those whom I knew to be inflamed with the greatest madness and wickedness were among us, I spent all my nights and days taking care to know and see what they were doing and what they were contriving, that I might so detect the whole business that you might with all your hearts provide for your safety when you saw the crime with your own eyes.

When for some time the most noble and excellent students of the whole community have come in crowds in the early morning, but were obliged to sit in the last seats in the senate chamber, for although the foremost seats were for the greater part vacant, yet in each reposed either a folio or a part of the toga

virilio as a mark that the seat was reserved ; when a venerable Senior has frequently entered a chamber where a most difficult and incomprehensible lecture was in progress ; and where such terms as “undistributed middle,” “categorical imperative,” “transcendentalism,” “monad,” “third dimension,” etcetera, were used in a fashion unintelligible to great numbers of those present, and has observed upon the faces of those occupying the seats previously reserved, an expression of intense eagerness, immeasurable and sympathetic understanding, while upon the honest countenances of the noble and excellent students in the rear rows could be seen the appearance of unaffected weariness and despair ; and when the attempt at rapid exit of those most excellent Studentes has been tempered by the crowd gathering around the former lecturer and even following him into the ante-chamber as if to ask multitudinous questions bearing or not bearing on the subject,—then indeed I thought that an opportunity was given me of contriving what was most difficult, that the whole business might be manifestly detected, not by me alone, but by the senate also, and by you.

Therefore, yesterday, I summoned Lucia Flacca and Celia Pomtina, Seniors brave and well-affected to the Republic. I explained to them the whole matter, and showed what I wished to be done. Being full of noble and worthy sentiments towards the Republic, without hesitation and without any delay they undertook the business, and when it was evening, went secretly to the lower city and so distributed themselves that the Institutio Boydensis and the Villa Frigidi Pabuli Beckmann’s were on either side.

In the meantime, about the end of the second watch, the ambassadors of the usurpers of seats and pretenders to intelligence and devotion to learning began to assemble at the Villa Beckmann’s. They possessed themselves at the secluded table in a corner. Then Lucia Flacca and Celia Pomtina concealed themselves behind the ancient and venerable palm which by the will of immortal gods has been preserved to us from the immemorial times of our forefathers.

In this manner, the fearless patriots learned through the conversation of the conspirators that my fears and observations were not mistaken ; the honorable citizens were being basely deprived of democratic use of seats and of salutary explanation of complicated matters, for the usurpation of the seats and the intelligent light in the faces of conspirators, who although even

more ignorant than their compatriots utilized the seats and the expression of comprehending interest to mislead the instructor and gain approbation.

In like manner, through our vigilance, and the favor of the immortal gods, a letter has been intercepted, addressed to an instructor who is generally shunned by the hopeful youth of this community, containing an invitation to a private festivity; we also obtained undeniable proof of former gifts and marks of attention, planned and extended by these wretches. We must not act with much leniency in view of so great a conspiracy, and such a number and multitude of domestic enemies. These deeds which would be appraised as honorable when performed in good faith as true marks of disinterested friendship, become base and disgraceful when undertaken with conspiratory motives; to obtain under false pretences the interest and good opinion of those who are in power.

Now since, O Studentes, you have the proofs of the nefarious crimes committed in your midst you ought to consider in what manner these dangers should be warded off. Let all honorable and patriotic Studentes rise to prevent the evil ascendancy of these debased persons; let us, armed with the consciousness of the wrong done to us, and our own integrity, boldly cast out from the desired seats the folios of the vicious usurpers. Let us unashamed express our ignorance, and boldly call for enlightening explanations, by means of intelligent questions obtaining the desire of our hearts, namely, the true knowledge of matters.

Concerning the matter of gifts and invitations to festivities, let us ignore such base methods, and disdaining the company of those employing such nefarious means, ostracize them from our midst.

Wherefore, O Studentes, decree a supplication at all altars, celebrate this day; for now you shall be snatched from the most miserable and cruel usurpation of your rights and privileges, and you shall be saved from the destruction of the true democratic spirit of this institution, without slaughter, without bloodshed, without an army, and without a battle. And all violence of domestic enemies being warded off, you shall, O Studentes, enjoy perpetual tranquility. I ask from you no reward of virtue, no badge of honor, no monument of my glory, beyond the everlasting recollection of this day.

AN IMPROVEMENT ON HISTORY

H. C. COWGILL

You have doubtless stood near the fiction counter in a library and overheard a remark of this kind :

"Let's take this one. It looks interesting : there's page after page of conversation."

Now my sympathies are with that young person entirely. It is a curious fact that unbroken expanses of print often repel, if they do not actually antagonize us. One feels heroic after combatting three pages of uninterrupted print and takes a deep breath preparatory to engaging in an encounter with the next paragraph of perhaps equally gruesome dimensions. Personally I am prejudiced, and I shall tell you why.

Last summer I had to imbibe enough English History to be able to pass an entrance examination in the fall.

"You will have to do some collateral reading, of course," said a member of the Faculty to me in June. "I should advise Green's 'Short History of the English People.'"

Green's "Short History of the English People" had a nice condensed sound. I put it into my trunk without glancing inside it.

One day at the shore I decided to do Sir Walter Raleigh collaterally. I try not to discourage myself by too hard tasks when I am attacking something new. Raleigh was a dashing cavalier; the assignment to myself seemed lenient—characteristically benevolent. I opened to Raleigh in Green. A disconcerting wall of solid print met me. I turned over the leaves to find some break in the ramparts, some tendrils of fresh leaves peeping forth. Not one showed itself, no crack made by quotation marks, not even a verdant sprout of italics. This wall of print shouted defiantly, "I am adamant!" I sought for means to tunnel under, or for a ladder to leap over; there was nothing for it but to precipitate myself through it, catapult-wise.

This was but the beginning of such experiences. Even the text-book which I was using, which was not quite so compact and remorseless, became an object of bitter dislike. Mother

commiseratingly suggested that I place a piece of cardboard on the page, and draw it down line by line as I read, thus covering up what was coming—edging up on it by degrees—sugar-coating the pellet. This was an alleviating measure, but I always knew what was under the cardboard, and it made me want to chew nails or something harder.

My quarrel was not altogether with the appearance of the page; the content came in for its drubbing. It was smooth, sonorous English; but it was too smooth and too sonorous. It did not produce convolutions in one's gray-matter.

"Why does not some astute person write a history in the vernacular as parallel reading to the work of an Eminent Authority?" I questioned. "Let the Eminent Authority serve for cultural purposes, the history in the vernacular to help the poor grinding student clinch facts in his memory."

The idea has grown upon me. This history might run along somewhat as follows on the subject of the Duke of Marlborough's campaigns:

"Where shall we fight this bloomin' war?" said young Marlborough, rolling a cigarette. "Where will be the best place for the moving pictures to take us in action? It would be more diverting and infinitely more expensive to have campaigns in several places. "Therefore," said he, turning to the press reporters standing about him, "you may quote me as saying that the dogs of war will be unleashed in several places."

So he and his stalwart men faced the blawsted enemy in Bavaria, Italy, Spain, on the Ocean and in the Netherlands. [Note to the student: the first letters of these names spell the name of a famous North American animal, the bison. You'll never forget this!] The first chance that Marlborough had to display his budding genius was at Blenheim. It was a marvelous victory.

"Hello!" said the Englishmen at home when they heard of it. You know that's quite decent of that Marlborough chap. If he only wins a few more like this, we shall have to build a stunning castle for him, we shall, really."

The redoubtable general then grew even more desperately reckless, and won handsomely the battles of Ramillies and Malplaquet.

An episode of the struggle between Charles I and Parliament might read:

Charles with a glittering group of armed followers rode to Hull in Yorkshire, where arms and ammunition which had been provided for the Scottish war had been stored.

"Gimme that ammunish!" roared Charles, when he got within roaring distance of the castle.

"Yes, by ginger!" shouted his men. "We need it."

In charge of the castle was the commander Sir John Hotham, placed there by Parliament. He applied one eye to a loop-hole and glared out at the king.

"Haul up the drawbridge," ordered Sir John to his men within the castle. "Shut the gates! Those impudent rascals shall not enter here!"

"What in time—" sputtered the king, aghast at such high-handed proceedings. But the water gurgled in the moat, the fortification kept on frowning, and the king and his valiant men had to meander homeward.

While I offer the foregoing simply as a suggestion, I do so keenly conscious that the book would not be an ideal history. Now Carolyn Welles has written a rhyme. It is about Timbuctoo. In speaking of the people there, she says:

You see I know exactly what
They say and how they look;
For I read all about them
In a big three-volume book.

By substituting "The French Nation," "The Dutch," or "The Icelanders" for the residents of Timbuctoo, and casting it in the past tense in her last two verses she has written my ideal history of any people whatever:

"To sum it up concisely
Here's the gist of what I read:
The Timbuctoozers rise—they eat
And drink—and go to bed.
And now, although I hate to end
This interesting story,
That's all I know af Timbuctoo
And the Timbuctoozers' glory."

"GAPS"

ADELAIDE HERIOT ARMS

Did you ever wake up in a strange place and find it difficult to connect your thoughts? Contrary to the theory of the "Stream of consciousness" which I had been reading in "Stout," I felt a decided "Gap" in my mind the other morning. I thought I was waking up in my own room. I was almost positive that I had stretched myself on my bed in a horizontal position at ten the night before—and surely I would not have done that in a place other than my own room. But the more I thought, the more bewildered was my yawning mind. (It was in fact a chasm by this time—I defy any one to deny me, for even though I should pass Psychology this semester, I shall be convinced that gaps and chasms do exist; for I can prove it.)

My own room is green. That is, the wall paper has a green stripe in it and our blotters and couch-covers are green, and we have some bulbs in the window, which will be green sometime. The rest of the things are pink and red, but those are complementary colors to green. So, all in all, you see it is a green room. I am explaining this carefully so that you will realize more fully how strange it seemed to me, when I woke up in a room which was absolutely white. I was not sure at all that it was a room—and then I suddenly realized that I must be in a cave, for it was more round than square, and as I looked about me, I discovered round holes in proportionate places which let in a dull, gray light. Not far off, in a corner I could see a thin smoke rising in puffs and wreaths.

I suppose it was very presumptuous in me, but then and there I decided that there had been a long gap in my mind. I could not remember when or how it had come about, but somehow or other I had come to Alaska or Labrador, and had taken up my abode in a cave. Of course these are not the exact thoughts which went through my mind, but I could not "observe the process of thinking and think at the same time," so you must be satisfied with the after-image.

I do know, however, that I seemed to have no toes, and when I tried to find my nose, I could feel only a hard cold something. I suppose these were just sensations, and at that time I took

great comfort in believing them to be nothing more, because there is "so much to those particular members" that I should be terribly upset without them.

I was musing thus, when suddenly there was a jingle—jangling very near me. My ear drum drummed and set the hammer going on the anvil which loosened the strings and finally my optic nerve told my brain that it must be sleigh-bells. Immediately I felt two of my synapses opening and I was making for the window—not only to satisfy my curiosity but also to throw a little light on my surroundings. I leaned toward the hole in the wall. To my dismay the wall around it began to give way. Something fell on my face and shoulders. It gave me the sensation of cold (in spots.) I drew back. (I do not know what was the process in my mind which made me draw back. I only know that I began to feel strangely shivery, and a lack of confidence in my surroundings.) Then I remembered the smoke which I had seen in the corner. I turned and made my way toward it. It took some time to reach it, for the floor of the cave was very soft, and sunk to my knees under each step.

The smoke came from a slight elevation from the cave floor. I climed slowly up, and drawing my thin robe close around me, I stretched my numbed fingers over the smoke. I was just beginning to feel comfortable—when the whole ground seemed to shake—"An earthquake," I muttered as I rolled on the soft floor.

Before I could re-adjust my static sense, a voice spoke from somewhere. Looking up, I saw my room-mate's head peering over the top of a snow-bank. Then she was here too! Then I wondered if her consciousness had stopped flowing.

Evidently not—my room-mate is a person of very strong character and besides she understands her Psychology perfectly. She wasn't even bewildered—she seemed to be laughing. "Get up out of the c-cold," she said at last. "Did you ever see anything so funny as this room?"

"Room!" I gasped.

Fortunately she shook me or I should have been frozen to death (chasm and all.) Then I helped her sweep the snow out and shut the windows. And I've been awfully polite to her ever since, because I'm afraid that if she should get "peevish" at anything, she might tell about my "Gap," and there are so many people who have unyielding faith in Mr. Stout, that they might think me queer.

WHILE THERE'S LIFE

DOROTHY KEELEY

I am in despair. The world outside is bright and sunny, but all within is steeped in unutterable gloom. Can I ever smile again? No, I can never smile again. I have filled one large "hanky" with tears of rage, and another with tears of discouragement, and a third is ready in my lap. A Christmas "hanky" it is, with butterflies desporting themselves on the neat hem. How can butterflies desport themselves even on Christmas "hankies" and I so "free of care?"

"And why this despair?" you ask. The tears of rage start again. The wings of the gay butterflies grow limp and damp. I will tell you.

I am a student of Smith College. I belong to the rising class of 1917. I take English Thirt with Miss Jordan, I tell my friends with a superior air that English Thirt is a fascinating course. English Thirt is a fascinating course. I love English Thirt. I love Miss Jordan. I love to sit and listen to Miss Jordan once a week in English Thirt. Miss Jordan is such a pleasant lady and she is reasonable too—so reasonable. All she asks of you is thirty hours to be handed in at any time. "Thirty hours at any time" sounded pleasant to my freshman ears. "And" beamed Miss Jordan, "your old work may also be revised and handed in."

Oh, Perfect Miss Jordan! Perfect English Thirt!

Time went on. The interests of a member of the rising class of 1917 are many and varied. Once a week I went and chortled in English Thirt. Once I handed in two hours work and went self-consciously to class. Miss Jordan never read them. About a week before Christmas I overheard two juniors!

"Say, how many hours of English Thirt have you got in?"

"But twenty. How many've you?"

"But twenty-two."

"We'd better hustle."

"Rather."

"Going to the libe?"

“Yep.”

I gasped. I had two hours of English Thirt in. They had twenty and said they'd better hustle. What should I do? What *could* I do? Then I had a hope, a white, dazzling hope! At home in my desk were themes, many themes. I would revise them over Christmas and hand them in.

Monday I had my shoes shined. Tuesday I went home. My family quite like me. I have had a busy and a happy vacation. This morning I woke with a queer taste in my brain. You know the way you feel when you know you ought to think of something disagreeable but can't think what it is. Than I realized that it was the taste of English Thirt. I went to my desk—I opened my desk. My hair stood on end. Instead of the dear old mess that I find each vacation it was in order. In spick and span order. Not a scrap of paper—not a dear familiar paint brush. I rushed to mother. Mother didn't know. I rushed to Katy. Katy didn't know. I rushed to Sarah. Sarah didn't know. I rushed to Mademoiselle. “Ah yes. She had cleaned it out for Mme. because it wuz in zuch storrange orrder.”

But where had she put the papers? Ah she had “trrown” them away.

And now, dear reader, you know. To-morrow I go back to Miss Jordan and mid years and I have twenty-eight hours of English Thirt to write.

The tears of discouragement have started. Oh Miss Jordan, couldn't you count this for three hours?

HEARD ON THE TAR WALK

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

A wet-winged robin' calls its mate,
Some tender green things hesitate
 To re-appear.
A rain swept sky—and winds that blow—
A flash of sun, and then we know
 That Spring is here !

A quick warm smell of good brown earth,
A dizzy fly that reels in mirth
 We hope—and fear—
And in the heart there grow and glow
Deep pulsing thrills : Ah then we know
 That Spring is here !

DOROTHY KEELEY 1917

THE ETERNAL FEMININE

My mother always hated dogs,
 She thought they were a bore.
And when we said we wanted one
 She hated them the more.

"Such horrid things," she said, "A dog
 I never could endure.
'Twould always be 'round under foot
 Or on the furniture.

I hate to touch the little beasts,
 I never would do that
And hold one?—never in the world
 Their place is on the mat."

But now we've got a puppy dog
 She sings a different tune.
"He *is* a darling"—yet I laugh,
 She changed her mind so soon !

I hear her telling visitors
Of his behavior rare.
"He never leaps upon the bed,
Or even on a chair.

Right in his basket does he lie
And there he takes his naps.
He always stays there properly
Unless he's urged on laps.

And he's so knowing, too, that dog.
When he wants to take a walk
He simply beats you with his paws
—He doesn't need to talk!"

She pets him often, lovingly,
That horrid, dirty pup!
And once I thought I heard her say
"Does Puppy want-y up?"

KATHARINE BOUTELLE 1915

I will never go through a greenhouse again.
THE CACTUS My resolution was formed yesterday after
visiting the Lyman Plant House. A girl we
knew showed us around and she certainly made it interesting ;
the flowers did not need anyone to make them beautiful.

In the third house stands a cactus—you may be acquainted
with it yourself. Our guide told us its long, botanical name, I
believe, but it made no impression on me—I was looking at the
cactus. It seemed so soft and velvety! Now anything that
answers to that description appeals to my sense of touch and
my hand almost instinctively goes out to test the evidence of
my eyes. Once in a New York street car I became aware that
I was stroking affectionately the fur neck-piece of a perfectly
strange woman. I was mortified enough when she and I dis-
covered it at the same time, but my confusion then was as
naught next to my feelings yesterday.

I always knew that a cactus was dangerous, so I said to my-
self, "'Tis these great spikes one must avoid," and threw myself
whole-heartedly and whole-handedly into stroking the beautiful
green spaces between. The others wandered around gazing at
other things ; but I stayed and rubbed that cactus, which was
just as soft and lovely as it looked. I even wondered why cacti
were so much talked against—surely any fool would know
enough to avoid those spikes!

At last my tactile touch was satisfied, and I joined my companions.

Kind friend, have you ever played with a healthy cactus for something over two minutes? If so, you can sympathize. The others went on to view the orchids, while I repaired to the entrance place to remove the numberless needles that were clinging devotedly to my hands. It was discouraging work. What I took off of one hand decided they liked the other just as well, and stayed there. Finally one of the students, who was a westerner and should therefore, I felt, have divined my instinct and warned me, offered a pair of tweezers. In fifteen minutes my hands were cleared of all save many thousands of stumps, which are even now embedded in my system. May be some day, having made the "Grand Tour," they will reappear in some remote portion of my body. As long as my eyes and ears are untouched, they may do what they please.

Of course I realize that I need not make the same error again, of treating a cactus like a long-lost friend. I know now, from personal knowledge of its deceptive nature, that it is an out cast from the kingdom of green things. That is why it grows on the desert. But should I visit a greenhouse, I know I must *see* a cactus, and on such an occasion my thoughts, although vivid and to the point, could scarcely be described as holy. And what is not holy should not be encouraged. The only possible conclusion is, I shall never go through a greenhouse again.

ELKA SAUL LEWI 1915.

THROUGH AND ON

"I am a part of all that I have met.
Yet all experience is an arch where through
Gleams that untraveled world whose margin fades
Forever and forever as I move."

—Tennyson.

English D is over and it is a part of our Senior Privilege that we may ask ourselves now, at the beginning of spring term, what is the greatest gift of college? What part of college has become the most real part of us? There are so many parts of college:—friends, student activities, fun and frolic, and knowledge,—that it is hard to come to a point and say just which one of them means and will mean the most to us through the long

years ahead. We shall always hold to our college friendships, of that we feel certain. The student activities with which we have been connected we shall always remember with pleasure—they give us a sense of having left our stamp on college in some small way at least. The fun and frolic has been one of the pleasantest parts of our life here; we have learned to play and to “play hard.” We cannot forget that. And knowledge was what we came here to gain. Is it, then, these reminiscences that college means to us? Do we look back on college or do we, rather, look forward with college? Are the gains of college dead things or are they not peep-holes through which we look forth on the limitless unknown which seems to extend farther and farther on all sides the larger our peep-holes grow? I love to think of my college experience as peep-holes. Yet always over me there hangs a sense of danger—the danger of this vast undiscovered. Shall I, in my bewilderment, lose myself in it or shall I see my path, a straight, long, shining road? Shall I let a bit here and a bit there satisfy me? Shall I be content to let my knowledge be fit only for table talk, or shall I concentrate and in the end really know something? I am still in college, still out of danger, but after college—what?

DOROTHY LILIAN SPENCER 1914

THIS DEMNABLY REGULAR LIFE

We always have soups of a Monday,
And codfish on most Friday nights,
And ever there's laundry on one day,
While on others our room's put to rights,
On Wednesdays and Sundays comes ice cream
Which follows a species of meat
Which, though it's poor pickin', is honored as chicken
By all save the more indiscreet.

As surely as dawn Sunday morning
We're summoned to join in House Prayers,
To sinners it sh'd be a warning,
To hear how we render those airs!
And after the Sabbath-day dinner
We flee to the parlor, of course,
And our musical talents are weighed in the balance,
And discovered not “wanting” but hoarse!

Each morning we're wakened by ringing
 Of a bell that once tinkled on kine,
 Each evening we join in the singing
 Of gems like "The Fall River Line."
 And then when the day is well over
 At just ten o'clock every night,
 The proctor comes growling and we hasten howling
 And promptly extinguish the light!

There are those who will say that at college
 There's small luck attending the shirk,
 That the pathway to virtue by knowledge
 Is strenuous up-hilly work.
 My friend, do not let them deceive you,
 It's true there is struggle and strife,
 But there's fixed alteration in all occupation—
 It's a "*Demnably regular life.*"

LEONORA BRANCH 1914

ODE TO MUSIC HALL

There comes a noise that smites my ear,
 That jangles through my brain,
 That brings my hands up to my head
 As if to ward off pain.

And now the sound subsides a bit ;
 Now thunders like a squall.
 A tower of Babel verily—
 It must be Music Hall !

Hark, now a voice rings sweetly forth
 And tries to drown the war ;
 But instantly there come a crash—
 And it is heard no more.

With plaintive note the violin
 Begins its mournful wail,
 But soon is overtaken by
 A piano's minor scale.

A Bach *prélude* now bravely strives
 To overcome the din ;
 In chime Chopin, and Mozart, too,
 Determined, quite, to win !

Ah well, 'tis often that we preach
 "United strength the stronger,"
 And though perhaps not quite so sweet,
 The sound will last much longer !

RUTH SAPERSTON 1916

EDITORIAL

There was a time when to be accused of originality was an incrimination. How far a cry from then to now ! At present we seem to be obsessed with a desire to be original. We see it manifested in our art and literature. We wish our methods of workmanship to be different, our plots new. Cubist art with its strange arrangement of line and fantastic color continues to astonish us. Mediocre poetry that can claim attention only on the ground that it is "different" confronts us in the pages of even our most dependable magazines. The heroes of our poems are men of primitive brutality. The heroines most prevalent in our short stories are creatures of nature,—untrammelled by conventionality.

Originality is not only rampant in our art and literature but it is dominating our amusements also. When hotels and restaurants advertise *thè dansants* and dinner guests dance between courses, entertainment has certainly strayed far from the path of sanity. Even the fashions of the season have as their goal the bizarre in color and the grotesque in line rather than artistic suitability.

The pendulum seems to have swung to the extreme. And having reached the extreme we can hope that it will again regain its normal equilibrium. For originality in moderation is desirable and necessary. Because it is so indispensable to progress and development one is sorry to see it put to such abuse. Certain laws of symmetry and harmony must be obeyed if balance is to be maintained. Originality has tried to cast off these fetters but without them it can no more aspire to become art than there can be art without originality.

Much of the so called originality of the day seems but a frantic effort to attract attention. It is mere uninteresting idiosyncrasy. The best and surest way to attain originality is

to think sanely and wisely and quietly and to express yourself sincerely and simply. And some day you will probably find that you have been original all along—and didn't know it.

Dr. Gardiner, head of the Philosophy department, president of the Zeta Chapter of Massachusetts announced the names of those members of the class of 1914 who had been elected to membership in the Phi Beta Kappa Society. They are as follows:

Margaret Charlotte Alexander of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Elinor Isabel Bedlow of Dallas, Texas; Wanda Dorothy Best of New York, N. Y.; Marguerite Booth of Sewickley, Pa.; Madeline Claire Brydon of Lancaster, Mass.; Martha Fabyan Chadbourne of Northampton, Mass.; Ruth Cobb of Falls Church, Va.; Hazel Louise Finger of Milwaukee, Wis.; Amelia Gilman of Worcester, Mass.; Marion Bowker Gilmore of Keene, N. H.; Ruth Hellekson of Indianapolis, Ind.; Gladys Lorraine Hendrie of Northampton, Mass.; Marie Louise McNair of Halstead, Kan.; Nellie Joyce Parker of Northampton, Mass.; Jean Agnes Paton of New Haven, Conn.; Ruth Ripton of Schenectady, N. Y.; Margaret Spahr of Princeton, N. J.; Hannah Hastings White of Worcester, Mass.; Mira Bigelow Wilson of Andover, Mass.; Elizabeth Ann Zimmerman of Lebanon, Pa.

EDITOR'S TABLE

VINDICATING In every discussion there is at least
THE CONSERVATIVE one who holds that the river shall not
be diverted from its course for the ob-
vious reason that it always has flowed
this way. Whatever is said he sticks to his point with a
tenacity that is stronger than logic. He is too dogged to be
called violent and too insistent to be called passive. He looks
very much as the twelfth jurymen to the other eleven. He has
a variety of opprobrious titles: public danger, impediment to
progress, menace to civilization. But in spite of the goodly
number of conservatives in the long line of human discussion,
we pride ourselves that we have made some advance over the
folk of long ago.

Fortunately it is the eternal characteristic of the radical that
he refuses to be discouraged. His enthusiasm keeps its pristine
vigor. Cheerfully he works to keep the kettle a-boiling, and
then siezes on the pot, the saucepan and the spider, only stop-
ping long enough to look around for any other available ware.
His ceaseless, experimenting energy has its effect and the con-
servatism of one generation becomes the antiquated prudery of
the next; the radical idea of a few leaders becomes the com-
monplace of the rank and file. The life work of two brothers
popularly supposed to be the failures of the family, has made
aerial navigation a possibility. And the harmless and neces-
sary house fly has developed into an insidious demon whose
chief activity is the spread of disease.

At first sight it looks as though all the credit for our progress
should go to the radicals, and they do furnish the motive force.
But the conservatives also have a function in progress that is
valuable though less conspicuous. Their slow caution and
mature deliberation force the scatterbrains to take time, and

time never fails to sift the wheat from the chaff. It is the conservatives that are trying to retard the hasty passage of eugenics laws until science has had time to lay a good foundation of facts. It is the conservatives in language that frown upon an objective case after the verb "to be," and upon "don't" in the third person singular and "a'i'n't" in any person at all. In time perhaps these may become good form; there are pure English expressions that had their origin in slang. But they will never be on the lips of the conservatives until time has proved to their satisfaction that the language needs them.

In this country we applaud the radical idea vociferously: one on one day and another on the next. We like change, variety and experiment. Sometimes we seize on one of these new ideas and shout it loud when we have no more than a superficial speaking acquaintance with its real content. But we are rather reluctant to recognize the spirit of conservatism. It is such a slow, homely, uninteresting old standby that we quite forget to see it; then we neglect its sterling qualities to run after the gay fascination of the first new passer by.

R. C.

We are interested in the literature in the college magazines resulting from prize competitions, as it is almost invariably of a high standard. We are inclined to think that one reason for this is the fact that the average person will work harder when there is some concrete end in view. That is all very well, but should not one work primarily for the sake of doing something really worth while? A great deal of the poor work to be found in the college magazines is undoubtedly due to the writers' lack of inspiration to do well. The editors of a magazine must choose the best from the material that they have, but if the material be limited in extent, some work that is not as good as it might be must be published. Secondly, it follows that if everyone would honestly try to do his (or her) very best in everything written, the magazines would be considerably better.

The two prize studies in the *Barnard Bear* for March, "The Homecoming" and "For Men Must Work," are exceedingly good, and there is a charming series of prize poems in the January *Occident*. We hesitate to quote any of these, since they have been so often quoted in the exchange departments of other magazines; we will, however, venture to do so for the benefit of

our readers. One of these little poems is particularly charming in its freshness and simplicity. It is called "Expectans."

"Here stand I, a little maid,
Holding up my empty cup,
Waiting, still and unafraid,
For Life's hand to fill it up.

Whatso Life shall bid me drink,
That will I, and smile at him;
Lips shall laugh, though hearts may shrink;
Fuller, Life! So—to the brim!"

Other good poems in the college magazines of the month are "The Sun-worshipper," "Sonnet" and "The Wanting Touch" in the *Yale Literary Magazine*; "The Fire Worshippers: a Garden Idyl" in the *Sepiad*; "Day Ends" and "While Time is yet with Us" in the *University of Virginia Magazine*; "Day Passes" in the *Vassar Miscellany*; and "The Evening Wind" in the *Williams Literary Monthly*.

A few words will not be amiss here concerning the essays about poets that appear this month. "John Masfield" in the *Occident* for February is a sympathetic interpretation of the poet and his works. In the *Yale Literary Magazine* "The Spirit of Swinburne's Poetry" is shorter and is no careful analysis of particular poems; it is, however, more highly critical. "The Aspiration of Keats" in the *D'yonville Magazine*, is interesting, but unfortunately a little short for an adequate treatment of the subject.

And now, before we hand over to our successor the piles of magazines that have become so familiar to us and lay aside the editorial "we" and become plain "I" again, we should like to make one plea. We have observed that many college magazines have no exchange departments, and we are of the opinion that exchange departments would be an invaluable addition to many of them. The broadening influences of intercollegiate criticism cannot be denied, and we think that a number of our exchanges would profit by the introduction of an exchange department—even at the expense, if need be, of omitting a column or two of jokes.

D. O.

AFTER COLLEGE

COMMENCEMENT ART EXHIBITION BY ALUMNAE

It is proposed to hold an exhibition of the work of alumnae, in painting, sculpture and decorative art, at the college during Commencement. President Burton, on behalf of the college, has offered to meet the expense of such an exhibition. Mr. Tryon, Mr. Churchill and Miss Strong of the Art Department have offered their assistance and the exhibition rooms in the Hillyer Art Gallery. Mr. Dwight W. Tryon, N. A., Miss Amy Otis and Mr. Louis G. Monté will act as jury. It is planned to have the standard of the exhibition as high as that required of Smith alumnae in other fields of professional work.

A cordial invitation is therefore extended to alumnae and former students to exhibit their work in the plastic and decorative arts. Exhibits must be in Northampton before May 10th. The expense of transportation will be paid.

It is hoped that many will accept this invitation to exhibit their work at Smith College. Those who are willing to do so are asked to communicate with the alumnae committee *immediately*, that they may receive exhibitors' blanks. The names of any former students who are doing professional work in art would be greatly appreciated by the committee.

Committee: Elizabeth McGrew Kimball 1901, Chairman; Julia S. L. Dwight 1893, Elizabeth Olcott 1913, Florence H. Snow 1904. Address: 184 Elm Street, Northampton.

ALUMNAE NOTICES FOR APRIL, 1914

DRAMATICS TICKETS

Applications may be placed on file at the General Secretary's Office, 184 Elm Street, Northampton. Alumnae are urged to apply for the Thursday evening performance June 11 if possible, as Saturday evening is not open to alumnae, and the waiting list is the only opportunity for Friday. Each alumna may apply for only one ticket for Friday evening, but extra tickets may be obtained on a Thursday evening application.

The prices of seats will range on Thursday from \$1.50 to 75 cents and on Friday from \$2.00 to 75 cents. The desired price of seat should be indicated in the application. A fee of 10 cents is charged to all non-members of the Alumnae Association for the filing of the application. The fee may be sent to the General Secretary at the time of application. Applications are not transferable, and should be canceled at once if not wanted.

In May all those who have applied for tickets will receive a request to confirm the applications. Tickets will then be assigned *only* to those who respond to this request. No deposit is required to secure tickets, which may be claimed on arrival in Northampton from the business manager in Seelye Hall. Tickets will be held *only until 5 o'clock* on the day of the performance, unless a request has been received to hold them later at the theatre.

ALUMNÆ HEADQUARTERS

Each alumna returning for Commencement is requested to register as soon as possible in Seelye Hall, and obtain tickets for collation, Baccalaureate, etc. Registration will open at 9 o'clock on Friday, June 12.

The postmaster asks each alumna to notify her correspondents of the street and number of her Northampton address at Commencement, in order to ensure the prompt delivery of mail. Any alumna who is uncertain of a definite address may have her mail sent in care of the General Secretary at Seelye Hall.

The General Secretary will be glad to be of assistance in securing off-campus rooms or supplying information of any kind. Her services are at the disposal of all members of the Alumnae Association.

ROOMS FOR COMMENCEMENT

By a vote of the Trustees of Smith College the available rooms in the college will be open to the alumnae at Commencement. The chairman of the committee in charge of the assignments is Dean Comstock, College Hall. Applications for the classes holding reunions should be made to their class secretaries. Rooms will be assigned to as many of these classes as possible in the order of their seniority. In view of the experience of the committee last year, no classes after the one holding its fifth reunion can be accommodated in the college houses. For the five days or less time the price of board will be five dollars. Alumnae to whom assignments are made will be held responsible for the full payment unless notice of withdrawal is sent to the class secretary before June 1. After June 1, notices of withdrawal and requests for rooms should be sent directly to Dean Comstock. Except in cases where payment to the class secretaries has been made in advance, the five-dollar charge for a campus room should be paid at Miss Comstock's office, No. 2, College Hall.

LETTER FROM MISS LEAVENS

Tungchon, Peking, China, via Siberia.

DEAR SMITH GIRLS :

Perhaps you think your missionary has forgotten all about you, for all these long fall months she has not written you a word. Her only excuse is that she has only been doing a little bit of the work, your work that you sent her out to do. There is plenty of it to be done, not just enough for to-day and to-morrow, but for years to come, too. Some people say that the work of the foreign missionary is nearly done in China, but it seems to me that she will be needed for a long time yet. Her work will be different from what it was at first. She will give more time to planning work and showing the

Chinese how it ought to be done, and less to the actual doing of it. When I was at home last year, a volunteer said to me, "I am sure I never could teach; my ability is entirely along the lines of organization and executive work, and I suppose there is not much opportunity for that sort of thing on the mission field." There is a great demand for just that, for we have now,—and every year the schools are turning out a few more,—teachers who can teach in our lower schools. Some of them are very good indeed, but all of them need a great deal of oversight and suggestion. Then there is always new work to be planned, or changes to be made in the old. It is very easy for the Chinese to get into ruts, unless some one, with a horizon a little broader than theirs, is near, with friendly suggestions. The high schools and colleges cannot get on without a foreign faculty for there are very few Chinese women ready yet to teach the higher branches.

Beside this teaching and administrative work, there is a great deal that the foreigner can do in personal influence with the girls, in giving them high ideals, and in trying to produce such an atmosphere as we have in our schools at home. After all, the development of Christian character in our pupils is the most important and also the hardest part of our work. I told you how much the girls gained from the conference last summer. The school has felt the effect of it this fall but it is easier to begin with enthusiasm than to keep on, and as the end of the year comes, we are inclined to slump a bit. Miss Parson is coming down to-morrow to talk to the girls and I am hoping for much from the influence of her meeting. It will seem quite like old times to be having a visit from a Y. W. C. A. secretary.

Many of our girls are given both tuition and clothes by foreigners. They are so very poor, it is the only way they can go to school at all, but there is always danger that they will be spoiled by it, and grow to expect things as their due. I have been trying to develop a little of the spirit of giving this Christmas, and have had every girl make a Christmas card for her mother, during the drawing periods. They are most enthusiastic over their very simple productions and I hope they will realize that Christmas is a time for giving as well as receiving. The entertainment they prepared also brought out that thought. This year for the first time we had vacation at Christmas and the foreign new year instead of the Chinese new year, so the girls had more chance to be in their homes at Christmas. We closed school on Saturday with the girl's entertainment, a Christmas tree with presents, some of them things from your box.

I wish I could take you to visit my five or rather my seven little day schools. I said five, for two are in the country and do not receive visits as often as the others. They have from ten to twenty-five pupils each and I try to examine each school every two or three weeks. As soon as I enter the room, the children hop up, and making most profound bows, say, "Miss Leavens, how do you do?" Then I sit down and one class after another comes to say its lesson. It was very embarrassing the first of the term, to be confronted with books I had not read, moreover, to have to give out characters from them for the children to write and then correct their writing. I used to hurry home and read a few lessons with my teacher to try to keep a little ahead my assignments. I sometimes wonder if they suspect that I

give them easy characters because I am more sure of them, than because I pity my students. I never cared much for arithmetic but now I love it for there I am on sure ground. Even the multiplication table in Chinese has no terrors for me. When it comes to geography I am not so much at home with the names of places, so I generally let the teacher ask the questions. We learned a Christmas song, so we sing that too.

One of my schools is about two miles away, outside the east gate of the city, while we live outside the south gate. I am escorted by a faithful colie who has aspirations to learn English, and considers that a convenient time for getting a little help from me. He carries a book and asks me what this word is and what that word is. Sometimes I understand, and very often, I do not, until he explains in Chinese. He certainly has some original pronunciations.

If you could see the zeal with which I read the *Weekly*, you would know that I am interested in all that is going on at Smith. I feel quite as if I knew you, and I hope you are having a very happy year.

Cordially yours,

DELIA DICKSON LEAVENS.

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be addressed to Eloise Schmidt, Gillett House, Northampton, Massachusetts.

'98. Alice O'Malley. Address: 616 Pennsylvania Avenue, Manila, Porto Rico.

'02. Mrs. Earl H. Brewster (Achsa Barlow.) Address: Minori, per Cariosiello (Salerno,) Italy.

'06. Mrs. Trevor O. Hammond (Alice Lindman.) Address: 421 Spruce Street, Helena, Montana.

Ethel Spalding and Ada Carpenter '07 are teaching in Miss Catlin's School for Girls, 161 23rd Street, North, Portland, Oregon.

'09. Mrs. L. H. Shepard (Elizabeth Alsop.) Address: 48 Sidney Place, Brooklyn, New York.

'10. Agnes Carter. Address: 3120 Humboldt Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

'11. Mrs. George C. Jones (Gertrude McKelvey.) Address: 247 Lora Avenue, Youngstown, Ohio.

Olive Booth has been doing volunteer work for the Philadelphia Child Federation.

Jean Cahoon is managing the "Noonday" lunch room on 26th Street, New York City.

Olive Carter is teaching English in the Meriden Connecticut High School. She took her degree of Master of Arts at Columbia in 1913.

Elsa Detmold has announced her engagement to Terence B. Holliday of New York City.

- '11. Anne Doyle is teaching Latin and French in the High School at Lenox, Massachusetts.

Myra Isabel Foster is teaching History and French in the High School at Lubec, Maine.

Angela Keenan address: 38 Aldrich Street, Roslindale, Boston, Mass.

Lena Kelly is a Chemist in the General Chemical Company of Brooklyn, New York.

Edith Lobdell has had two songs published by the Willis Music Company. They are "If Love Were What the Rose Is" and "In the Forest."

Sophronia Roberts has organized and is now running The Pittsburgh Clearing House of Charitable Information.

Margaret Russell is Chief Guardian of the A. C. A. Camp Fires, and is teaching fourth grade in the Academy at Portland, Oregon.

Margaret Shoemaker has been doing Volunteer work for the Philadelphia Child Federation.

Anna Smart is doing graduate work at the University of Minnesota, and is assisting in the department of Philosophy and Psychology.

Alice Smith is taking the course in trained nursing at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York.

- '12. Marion Scharr is teaching at the New Park Avenue School, Hartford, Connecticut.

- '13. Alice Adams is studying for the Degree of Master of Arts at the New York State Normal College, Albany, New York.

Helen Betterley is teaching Mathematics and Science at the Jacob Tome Institute, Port Deposit, Maryland.

Ruth Brown is teaching English and Mathematics in the High School at Fair Haven, Vermont.

Emily Chamberlain is at home. Address: 127 Mulberry Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

Sarah Cheney is at home. Address: 30 West 86th Street, New York City.

Helen Collins is acting as Secretary in the Extension Department of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst, Massachusetts.

Vera Cole is the Assistant Principal in the High School at Patterson, New York.

Dorothy Davis is at home. Address: The Alders, Redlands, California.

Marion Drury is taking a Graduate Course in Music at Smith College.

Helen Estee is Instructor in an open-air class in the Primary Department of the Park School, Buffalo, New York.

Catharine Gowdey is doing Graduate Work at Columbia University.

Helen Hood is teaching in the High School at Bethlehem, New Hampshire.

Frances Hunter is at home. Address: Hillcroft, Adams, Massachusetts.

- '13. Elizabeth MacGregor is teaching Science and Mathematics in the Searles High School, Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

Winifred McQuigg is acting as Substitute in the Public Schools of Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Merle McVeigh is living at home and taking a Business Course at the Bliss Business College, North Adams, Massachusetts.

Lillian Pearson is teaching the Seventh and Eighth Grades in Meredith, New Hampshire.

Ruth Remmey is doing Graduate Work in English and Comparative Literature at Columbia University.

Olive Tomlin is Resident Teacher in Miss White's School, Concord, Massachusetts.

Eleanor Welsh is teaching in the High School at Ridgewood, New Jersey.

Sara Wyeth is at home. Address: 728 North Twenty-Fifth Street, St. Joseph, Missouri.

BIRTHS

- '10. Mrs. Kenneth S. Littlejohn (Josephine Keizer), a daughter, Virginia, born February 24, 1914.

- '11. Mrs. William A. Wells (Mildred Plummer), a son, William Edward, born February 10, 1914.

- ex-'11. Mrs. J. Blaine Korrady (Louise Rowley), a daughter, Katherine, born August 25, 1913.

Mrs. Howard B. Snow (Alice Peck), a son, Richard Birney, born February 15, 1914.

Mrs. Herbert Woodward (Ethel Warren), a daughter, Ruth, born September 19, 1913.

CALENDAR

April 17. Lecture by Claude Bragden.

Under the auspices of the Department of Art.

“ 18. Meetings of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.

“ 20. Lecture by Henry A. Stimson, D. D.

Subject : Some Modern Minor English Poets.

“ 21. Address by Rev. Dr. Samuel M. Crothers.

Under the auspices of the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

“ 25. Address by Hon. Bertrand Russell.

Under auspices of the Department of Philosophy.

“ 29. Joint Meeting of the Vox and Clef Clubs.

May 4. Lecture by Philip Churchman.

Under the auspices of the Spanish Club.

“ 6. Lecture by Robert Woods.

Under the auspices of the College Settlements
Association.

“ 9. Division B Dramatics.

“ 13. Junior Promenade.

The
Smith College
Monthly

May - 1914

Owned and Published by the Senior Class

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Entered at the Post Office at Northampton, Massachusetts, as second class matter

Gazette Printing Company, Northampton, Mass.

THE
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

VOL. XXI

MAY, 1914

No. 8

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WAS DRYDEN'S TREATMENT OF THE CIT JUSTIFIABLE?

HELEN VIOLETTE TOOKER

There has been at one time or another in recent years much talk about the lamentable dependence of a writer upon the whims of the public. "Freedom! Freedom!" is the cry. "Get the public out from under our feet so that we may have room to be Ourselves, and write beautiful things and become famous."

"But who will make you famous," some one asks innocently, "if you do away with the public?" But the literary aristocrats are suddenly deaf.

Our century cannot, however, lay exclusive claim to this problem of the dependence of an author. History has shown few great writers who could live without patronage of some

kind. Many have needed financial support; all have needed the intellectual interest and sympathy which joins one generation to the next. This was a problem of the seventeenth century. John Dryden recognized it and asked himself the question, "In whom shall I trust?"

The custom of his time was to procure for each literary man a patron who should graciously receive all dedications and adulation and in return give to the "servant" the protection of his name and more material support—a pension. Dryden, however, was not satisfied with this way of doing things. He believed that he owed a debt to the public. He conceived himself not as a being who stood aloof from the multitude and untouched by the course of human events, but as an Englishman whose mind and heart were the developments of the life and the customs of the world in which he lived. And this world was the public. To a patron he owed no debt. To the public he did. In some measure he could prove his appreciation of this by showing his trust. At least if he must owe his support to someone it was better that it should be to a greater power rather than to one man. So Dryden decided, and apparently never regretted the faith which he had put in the "Cit."

It has been maintained that Dryden's influence upon later writers in this turning for support from the conventional patron to the public, was injurious; that these writers were gripped by the desire for mere popularity, lost their ideals and sense of proportion, catered to their audience and became, in short, mere trucklers and high bidders for popularity when they might have been great men. An ignominious burden to lay on the shoulders of the public! It is, of course, quite true that a man might be swept away by a desire for general approval either as the accompaniment of wealth or of a kind of transitory notoriety; but it is probable that he had a tendency in the beginning toward such intellectual degeneracy and would not in any case have overcome his instability sufficiently to have done anything worthy of the preservation.

Granting, however, that it were possible for such a man to produce many good things in spite of his weaknesses, what will happen? Give him a patron. The public is still there. That cannot be taken away. And while the public exists the possibility of fame exists. Of this possibility is born the desire, and all roads lead to Rome.

Another objection has been urged to this practice of depending upon the public for support. It is the uncertainty of income which results and which makes it necessary for the writer to pay too much attention to the financial side of his affairs, makes him worry and fret and hurts his work. Dryden's own case will show how false such a theory is. In 1672 King's Theatre burned down. Dryden owned part of the theatre and depended upon it for a good part of his income. In 1674 it was necessary to rebuild. This was distinctly money out of Dryden's purse. About this same time he was apparently in more or less disfavor at court and it is probable that his salary as court historiographer and laureate was not paid too promptly. So this was a time of extreme financial embarrassment for Dryden—perhaps the worst time he ever knew. And yet in the year of 1678 he produced "All for Love," which is one of his best plays.

Samuel Johnson is another man who was not harmed by poverty. He was poor during the greater part of his life and he did good work. In his later years, in a state of comparative prosperity, he produced very little. He himself acknowledged that this inactivity was the result of his increased affluence. There was no necessity, therefore no invention.

"But," some people say, "the public does not recognize its responsibility toward the writer. Look at Chatterton." Well, look at Chatterton. He almost starved and finally killed himself, preferring that way to death rather than the slower way of starvation. But what right had Chatterton to ask help from the public? He had cheated and fooled it. It owed him nothing except perhaps a grudge for having tricked it so nicely. Chatterton is not a fair example. Nor is there any necessity for a man's starving to death. If he cannot make his living by writing poetry or plots or learned discussions, let him turn fruiterer and drive his cart through the city streets. If he is a true poet he will make his poetry all the better for the presence of the oranges and the strawberries. Ruskin says that the maker of a *real* book writes because he must and for no other reason. In any case the fruiterer can earn his living.

"All this is very well," some one will say, "but it is true that Dryden pampered the coarse and vulgar tastes of the people in some things. If he had had a patron he would not have had to do this and would perhaps have been greater." If Dryden had

had a patron he would have done just as he did do. The patron would have been his bank—nothing more. Dryden wanted to show the people how they looked to him, and he wanted to make them ashamed of themselves. To make them listen he had to keep them interested, and to do this he often had to be coarse. Moreover, part of this coarseness was merely a true picture of the times, which he was earnestly trying to place before his audience. It is not fair to expect even a great poet to be entirely in advance of his age, and in any case in spite of the vulgarity and coarseness the beauties of the poetry remain and are so much larger a part of the work that it seems hardly fair to lay much stress on the meaner element. Nor is it really just to say that Dryden might under any given circumstances have been a greater poet. That is something which must remain undecided, and no matter how much arguing is done, one party will continue to think he would have been greater, and the other that he would not.

Emerson, speaking of scholars, among whom he includes men of letters, says: "They are idealists and should stand for freedom, justice and public good. The scholar is bound to stand for all the liberties, liberty of trade, liberty of the press, liberty of religion." And again, "It is a primary duty of a man of letters to be independent." Emerson upholds independence for men of letters, and it is precisely this which Dryden gained when he broke loose from the old convention and put his trust in the cit. If he had been dependent upon just one man, his patron, it would have been necessary to praise him in all things. Willy-nilly, Dryden must have endorsed his master's opinions and elaborated them for the world to read. If he did not there would be no pension coming his way, and he would have had to take his second-hand self to another market. Would not this have been a kind of intellectual slavery? And slavery, so Edmund Burke says, makes all men dull. But it may be urged that a man must humor a public quite as much as he would humor a patron. This is not true, for in a public there are many varieties of cits and citesses, and if a certain opinion of Dryden's did not suit the taste of one it was pretty sure to suit the taste of another. So by his decision he gained as complete an intellectual freedom as is possible, and pointed the way for others to follow.

It is true enough that a man need not cater to his public,

but, on the other hand, there is no necessity for him to hold himself entirely aloof. There should be a sort of graciousness in the attitude of an author toward his audience, a willingness to listen to its opinions. He owes a debt there and in no way can he better cancel it than by meeting their wishes as far as is consistent with his own ideals and by giving his ideas on the subject in which they are most interested. This is very fine as long as he owes the debt to a large and heterogeneous group of people, but when he must make his payments to one single person, the results are not so pleasing. The writer's interests become narrower and probably less pertinent. If he still reflects the attitude of the times it is in spite of, not because of, his patron.

Moreover, Dryden's scheme for making the public responsible for him is infinitely more educational for the public than the older method. It is generally conceded that the way to develop responsibility is to give the candidate something for which to be responsible. There is no reason why an audience should not take care of the man who amuses or instructs it, and on this principle Dryden's attitude was based.

Since his time other men have realized the strength of his position and have gone and done likewise, and now the patron is entirely done away with. Has Dryden's influence been harmful in this? A glance at the literature before his time and at that which came later shows, as far as it is possible to settle questions of the sort, that it has not been harmful and has been beneficial. Certainly, there have been more men writing since Dryden's time than there were earlier, for as Scott says, in the late seventeenth century few of the best men of the time were writing.

Samuel Moore in *The Library* speaks of the difference between the reading public of the middle ages and that of modern times. In the fifteenth century the reading public was incredibly small; now it is incredibly larger. So there has been distinct progress. Dryden stood in the middle of this period of development and certainly he seems not to have retarded it. Give him the honor which is his due and praise him for having realized that the public is, as Goldsmith's Chinese philosopher says, "a good and generous master."

JUNE LOVE SONG

HELEN VIOLETTE TOOKER

All the world is a-loving, dear,
'Neath the June night's witchery.
The low wind is wooing the fragrant rose,
Playing his love on the pipe he blows,
The dream-woven airs that a lover knows,
That I know for thee.

All the world like a sweet-toned harp
Sounds an exquisite harmony,
For night, the dark master, has plucked the strings
Till the Dreamer of Love leaps up from deep springs
And his poppy-dust in the earth's face flings
That thou mayest love me.

SUNSET

ELKA SAUL LEWI

Over the house on the hill
A cloud is floating by,
Gold in the saffron sky,
It is drifting, drifting, drifting,
In a light that is ever shifting
And yet seems ever still.

In a noiseless rush from the silent earth
A bird is winging his eager flight,
Up, up, up to his boat of dreams,
Up, up, up, in defiance of night.

Before he can reach it, the twilight dies,
Leaving the clouds but a blot of grey—
Its magical mystery melted away.

The bird, despairing in sharp, shrill cries,
Drops down like a stone.

The night has come.

THE MAN WITH THE SCAR

ELEANOR EVEREST WILD

We were all seated about a beach wood fire, exchanging wild tales. The night lent itself to charm and mystery. It was clear and rather cold. Not more than twenty feet away from us the waves of the Atlantic Ocean broke in an even line, with an even thud, and the salt-soaked beach wood burned green, yellow, purple and red flames.

One of the party had just finished an eerie tale and, after a pause—"You must have had something thrilling happen to you—tell us," said one gnome-like figure in the lurid light of the fire to me.

There was a silence while I looked beyond the ruddy circle of the flames to where the band of sea stretched blacker than the surrounding darkness. Then I turned to the motionless circle of figures, gilded by the firelight. "Yes," I said, "I have." And this is what I told them, raising my voice to be heard above the crashing of the sea.

"I was away at boarding school and it was the tag end of the winter, that mushy season when, during a period of three weeks one's feet are constantly wet and cold and one's shoes muddy. Everyone was tired and nervous and I was no exception to this rule. I was lying in my bed one warmish night and without realizing it I fell asleep. And I dreamed the weirdest dream. I felt a presence in the room ; just felt it there in a way I could not explain, so that the perspiration gathered on my forehead. I turned my gaze slowly towards my open door and saw—a man. He loomed up in the dark doorway, a perfect giant of a man whose face I could not see. I screamed and he melted away into the blackness. I didn't realize that I had awakened myself, but was horribly frightened, so that the impression stayed with me throughout the following day.

"A week from this Monday night, I dreamed again of this man. He stood in the doorway a moment, then took two steps, two faltering, swaying steps into my room ; then melted into the shadow and I lay shaking and trembling in the dark with no one in the room.

"At first I did not realize that I was dreaming—I thought that these dreams actually occurred, but after three or four appearances of this dreadful apparition I knew that they took place while I was asleep. Every visit brought the man nearer to my bedside till I was a nervous wreck. Every Tuesday morning I failed in my recitations. The other nights in the week I went to bed without fear of molestation but I lived in such dread of those Monday night visits that dark circles appeared beneath my eyes and the nerve-racking torture that I went through during the day was indescribable.

"At last, one Monday night, when the moon was at its full glory, the huge dark figure swayed into my room, towards my bed and placed his big hands about my throat. I could feel his hot breath fanning my cheeks and his rough coarse hands were tightening about my neck. I must have fainted for when I opened my eyes it was morning.

"Instinctively I felt that the next visit would be climactic. My nerves were so keyed up that I was twitching all over. I determined not to go to sleep, and I kept wide eyed and staring till three o'clock. In an instant I felt the presence of my terror. He came towards me. I caught sight of his face with the burning red scar which I had seen the last night, and the whites of his eyes showed glistening. He had just placed his hot fingers on my neck, when I screamed. I found myself sitting up in bed, gazing at the retreating figure of a man. He slid out of my door and by the time the matron of the corridor, and a hundred, more or less, of kimona-ed figures reached my room, there was no one in sight.

"I poured the story into the ears of the stupefied matron. She was a rather phlegmatic woman. It took her quite a while to grasp the situation and when she did, she said 'Lay aside your fears, my dear. We smelled smoke and I ordered the furnace man to keep watch during the night, and undoubtedly that was he, looking for smoke.' 'No, no,' I said. 'I know the face of the furnace man. This man had a scar on his left cheek. I could recognize him anywhere,' and I insisted on investigations being made. Though the matron assured me there were no other men about the place, it was discovered that a man had come from the village about a week ago, asked for work, and was now working in the boiler room. 'He's going to leave tomorrow,' the matron assured me, 'but if you want to see him,

I can take you down there and you can walk casually through. Don't arouse his suspicions.'

"I took one of the girls with me and we wandered through the ill-lighted room. Standing by the furnace, into which he was shoveling coal, I saw the back of the new "boiler man." The red hot glow of the furnace shone on his dark face, making a certain red scar on his cheek glow like live coal. He turned away and kept on shoveling. I passed by almost faint with astonishment. He left the next day and I never saw him again either in dream or in life."

At this point in the story I stopped and looked at the man sitting next to me. He had been fidgeting nervously and as the flame of the fire shot up for a moment, I saw to my horror that he had a deep red scar down the cheek nearest me. He saw me start. "Rather a coincidence," he said. "I've studied psychology a bit, and I think I can explain this string of events to you. You said you were in a nervous condition. The first time you dreamt of the man it made a deep impression upon you, more deep a one than it would have made had you been in perfect health. It preyed upon your mind; you remembered that it happened on a Monday night so on the next Monday night you dreamt of him again. Having dreamt twice of the same man you were really alarmed. You kept on dreaming till your nerves were in such a condition that you were completely under their control. One day you saw a man in the village with a scar on his face. Unconsciously it made an impression. The man with the scar linked himself to your dream, and then by the merest chance this man in the village came to the school for work. The man whom you saw going out of your room *was* the man with the scar, but he had been sent to look for smoke by the furnace man. I think that explains away anything of the supernatural in this case," he said triumphantly.

"Yes," I answered, "it would if any of this story had been true, but as it was all nothing but an airy fancy of mine in the beginning, merely concocted for the benefit of the assembly, I fear your reasoning is for naught.

"Yes," he said, "I realized early in the story that you were manufacturing as you went along, from several inconsistencies, such as a furnace going in 'that mushy season' or on 'a warmish night.' There's another thing I can explain, though.

Several members of the party noticed my scar. It made so deep an impression on their minds that it reacted on yours, thereby putting the scar idea into your mind. I have unwittingly helped you to make a good story. I think I deserve your heartiest thanks."

I looked at him a moment and then laughed. "I thank you," I said.

MAY

GRACE ANGELA RICHMOND

Orchards, all drifted with the rose-flushed snow
Of apple blossoms ; breezes meadow sweet,
The echo of a laugh—swift feet
That dance the livelong day,
And sudden silver rains that come and go—
By these and other joyous sounds I know
That it is May.

OUT OF STEP

MARION S. WALKER

Comrade of mine on the long high-road,
I must travel a piece of the way alone.
For the strange new-self that is rising in me
That is out of step with our common pace
I must seek, and strive to know.

So to-day will I walk in a way apart,
This bypath, that turns from the common road.
And I may not ask that you tread it with me,
O brave-hearted comrade of steady pace—
This must be lonely road.

It may be the path, when the sun is low,
Returning, will merge with the common road.
But I wonder (and with the wonder is pain)
Can we, friend, side by side, step for step again
Keep pace on the common road ?

TEOTIS

MARY COGGESHALL BAKER

During the summer between my freshman and sophomore years at college the attenuated condition of my pocketbook, which in its most prosperous days is never too full, and which was then in a truly alarming state, made it necessary for me to adopt immediate measures to relieve the financial stringency if I were to return to college in the fall.

Before starting out to look for a job I made a careful inventory of my accomplishments, in an effort to discover what I was especially fitted for in the business world. I could not tutor people who were to take their entrance examinations for high school, because, in the vulgar vernacular of the present day, I am what is known as a "perfect bonehead" in everything but Latin, and children do not begin to take examinations in Latin till after they get into high school. I am a very poor penman and arithmetic makes my head ache, so I couldn't offer my services to the lone bank in my native city. Stenography and typewriting have always seemed to me to stamp the office girl who knows them as an individual with supernatural powers which I have admired at a distance but never yet tried to acquire. I would not therefore be an invaluable acquisition in any of the business offices of my father's friends, and I should have hated to serve them in a purely ornamental capacity. So I probably saved a good deal of time and trouble by going to work at once in the old red mill on the river bank.

For a few days I sat alone, in solitary state, on a high chair at one end of a long table, pasting little bows of thread on sample cards. The little bows were of many colors, soft and silky in texture, and they had to be pasted each in its own particular place on the cards, so for a while the novelty of the work kept me content. Then it began to pall, and the long hours and the ache between my shoulder-blades, due to the work, which, though light, continued ceaselessly for five and a half hours in the morning and five hours in the afternoon, made me long for the companionship of my kind to take my mind off my troubles. All around the room I could see groups of two or three or more girls whose work kept them together and who seemed to have lots of good times when the boss was not around. Why did I have to work alone?

"If I could have even a little Polack to talk to," I mused, "how nice it would be. I could teach her English and she could teach me Polish, and then in the fall when my roommate persists in talking Spanish to me, I could reply in a language as unintelligible to her as Spanish is to me. That would be great. What interesting conversations we could have. Oh dear me!"

On the sixth day of my incarceration the work began to come faster and the Fates, or perhaps just the overseer, sent Teotis to me and my prayer was answered. But how should I start things—what should I say to her to give the conversational ball its initial push?

"Are you a Polack?" I ventured hopefully.

"No. Are you a Dago?" she replied.

"Well, I should say *not*," I started to retort indignantly, and Teotis laughed at me.

"I know it," she said, "you're a Yankee and I am French, but nobody ever thought that I was a Polack before. Do I look like one?"

"No, only I was just thinking of them."

There was a short silence while each sized the other up. What Teotis saw in me I could not venture to say, being probably prejudiced, but I decided that she must be awfully nice. She was not a startling beauty, but she was decidedly pretty in her own way. She had wavy brown hair and big brown eyes with a sad expression in them, which the merry mouth belied; her complexion was dark and she had pink cheeks and a dimple, of which she was extremely conscious but not unduly proud. Now she smiled upon me.

"You go to Smith's College, don't you, Mary?" she asked, and then, without waiting for an answer, she continued, "I heard some of the other girls say so. Do you like it up to the college?"

"Very much," I replied, "there are so many nice girls there and we have so much fun."

"It must be grand. Do you have to study hard?"

"Yes, that's the only thing about college that I don't like."

"Maggie says you're awful smart."

"Does she? That's news," but down in my heart I thanked Maggie, because nobody had ever said that about me before.

"Say," continued Teotis, "are you the smartest person in your class?"

I thought of Myrtle Warner, 1916's brightest light whose lowest mark was a solitary A—, and disclaimed the honor.

"No, I am not. I know at least one girl who stands higher," I replied, but neglected to mention that there were some four hundred others between Myrtle and me. I might fall in her estimation if I said that.

"I'd like to go to Smith's College," continued Teotis. "Do they take French girls there?"

"Yes, if they can pass the examinations, or get certificates from their high schools."

"Oh, do they have to go through *high school* before they can go to college?"

"Yes, most always."

"I guess I won't go to college then," laughed Teotis, "because I only got as far as the seventh grade in the convent school. But my brother went to Canada to Le Collège de Ste. Hyacinthe near Montreal and he never went to the high school. Smith's is different, I guess. There are two hundred boys at Ste. Hyacinthe. It's a pretty big college and my brother is going to be a priest."

"There are sixteen hundred girls at Smith," I retorted with conscious pride. Teotis stared at me open-mouthed while that sank in.

"My Gawd," she said finally, "a-ain't that a-awful! How many of you sleep in a bed?"

I never could make Teotis see college as it really is. She had a preconceived notion of one big building, adorned with a flag with "Smith's College" printed on it, in which we lived, attended classes and studied. There was a picture in her mind of a big dormitory on the top floor with rows and rows of beds in it in which Smith College, tightly packed, enjoyed its nightly slumber. And none of my tales about different campus houses, about the Libe, College Hall, John M. Greene and the others, had any effect on her. As a result of my elucidations she did, however, change the name on the flag to "Smith's Campus." She was not quite clear in her own mind as to whether campus was synonymous with college or just a stylish name for boarding house.

A chance reference to my fifth cousin over at Amherst College called forth a volley of questions from Teotis. "How does he look?" she wanted to know. I described him in glowing terms. "Does he come to see you?" asked Teotis with a lively interest.

John is devoted to his relatives, so I could truthfully answer in the affirmative. "Oh, ain't that grand!" she cried, and added with a sidelong glance, "Does the teacher know it?"

"No," I replied, thinking of the individuals who survey us each morning so impersonally from the platform of John M. Greene Hall, "no, I don't think she does."

"I got you," said Teotis knowingly. "You meet him down street. That's the way I see Emil because my mother thinks I'm too young to have a steady friend."

"Who is Emil?" I asked in an unlucky moment, and her answer consisted of a monologue, extending over two weeks and a half. During that time I saw Emil several times, for he used to come through the mill every morning on his way up to the shipping room, and he nearly always stopped to talk with Teotis. He did not tally at all with her description of him. True, she did not claim excessive beauty for him, "but he has such pretty eyes and such nice ways," she told me. The pretty eyes were sentimental, and the nice ways consisted chiefly of his taking off his hat when he met her and of not putting his arm around her in the moving picture theatres. "And he is a good spender," Teotis assured me. "We go to the movies every time the pictures change and we take in most of the dances that come along. Sometimes Sundays he hires a team and takes me out driving. Teams cost two dollars an afternoon, so you see he isn't any cheap sport."

"Oh, you like him because he gives you a good time?" I said.

"No," replied Teotis virtuously, "I'd love him just as much if he didn't have a cent, but it does make it nice to go everywhere. Maggie's fellow never takes her around the way Emil does me. Maggie says he wants to, but she won't go, but I don't think he invites her. I don't see why she don't get a better fellow. Clarence Olin ain't much." She reverted to the subject of Emil again and described in minute detail their conversation of the night before, which was about like the one they had had the night before that.

This continued for several weeks until I became so tired of hearing about Emil that I began to hate the rest of the sex, and even stopped writing to Cousin John. Then I decided that I would just let Teotis talk all she wanted, only I wouldn't listen to her. That worked very well, because Teotis liked to talk and did not usually say anything that required an answer.

Then, just as everything was going smoothly again, and everybody was satisfied, the catastrophe occurred. Teotis came to work one morning without her usual smile. As she was coming up the center alley of the room Maggie was coming down. Instead of singing out "Hello," as was their wont, they stared coldly at each other a minute, then Maggie shrugged her shoulders and Teotis tossed her head and they both looked away.

Teotis came over, put on her apron, and sat down to work silently. But Teotis never could be quiet long. "Me'n Maggie don't speak any more," she announced abruptly.

"I am awfully sorry," I said regretfully. "Why not?"

Teotis' lips quivered as she replied, "She's took Emil away from me."

"No, Te, not *really*!"

"Yes, she has," she declared firmly, "because I seen her with him last night. Oh, Mary, he looked grand. He had on his best suit and his new tan shoes. And he made believe he didn't see me. I wish I could die. Then maybe he'd be sorry."

"Oh, cheer up," I said consolingly. "There are lots of others you can have." I was sorry she was "mad" at Maggie, but rather glad she had broken off with Emil. Now, perhaps she would be willing to discourse on other subjects. I was entirely wrong. After the first spasm of grief she relapsed into a deep melancholy. For a whole day she did not talk at all. This was bad enough, but worse was to come.

The next morning she asked me if I had been to the "Gem" the night before. I had not. "You'd ought to go, Mary," she said. "La Belle sang the grandest song. I never cried so hard in my life. It—it reminded me of Emil so. Listen." She sang something to this effect:

"You made me what I am to-day,
I hope you're satisfied,
You dragged and dragged me down until
The soul within me died.
You shattered each and every dream,
You fooled me from the start,
But though you're not true,
May Gawd bless you—
That's the curse of an aching heart."

There, ain't that *sad*!" she cried with a shiver of delightful agony.

"Pathetic," I agreed heartily. "It's so hopeless." Bad as the words were, the tune was worse, and Teotis is no undiscovered Tetrizzini.

During the following week I had ample opportunity to get on intimate terms with the song. Teotis began to sing it every morning at 6.30 and I left the mill every night with the accusing "You made me what I am to-day" still ringing in my ears like a guilty conscience. Something must be done, for my sake as well as hers. She was heart-broken—she told me so herself, and she put a good deal of melancholy expression into the song. In fact, no person in a normal state of mind could have sung it as she did. At home I reproached myself for the mean things I nearly said to her while undergoing the torture. How terrible it must be to suffer with a broken heart! Supposing John fell in love with another girl—and John is only a cousin, too! I must do something to help Teotis, but what? Finally I decided. I might "get in wrong" with Maggie and I liked Maggie for many reasons, but after all, Teotis was my best friend in the mill and she cared more about Emil than Maggie possibly could.

That night I was walking down Main Street on my way home from the Library. Emil was standing on the edge of the sidewalk, hands in his pockets, and cap pulled down over one ear. "Good evening, Emil," I said cordially. Hearing me call him by his first name startled him somewhat, but he tipped his hat. When I got past I half turned my head and smiled invitingly. He was by my side in an instant.

"Can I see you home?" he asked.

"Why, how nice, of course you can," I replied, trying to be sugary but achieving a merely saccharine result. I hate Emil. For a moment silence reigned, while I was deciding just what to say.

"Fine evening," observed Emil, "lots of atmosphere."

"Emil," I said, ignoring his remark, "don't you like Teotis any more?"

"Teotis Bombria? Oh, Teotis is all right, but I am going wit' Maggie now. Been going wit' her for two weeks."

"Why did you sting Te? Do you like Maggie better?"

"No-o," he admitted, "but you see it's just like dis. One of us has got to sting de odder some time and I t'ought it wouldn't be me wot got stung. No girl ever has t'rown me down yet—I always get ahead o' dem. See?"

"I see, but Teotis wouldn't ever throw you over—Teotis loves you."

"Aw, go awn," said Emil.

"Really she does, she thinks you're grand."

"Den why does she have to flirt wid every odder feller she sees? She always does, if I'm wid her or not. She just took me along to pay de bills and give class to de performance. No feller will stand dat, y'know. She's too fickle."

"Emil, I'm sure you're mistaken. She's awfully in love with you and she has been just heart-broken ever since you stopped going with her."

"How do you know?" he asked with interest.

"She says so, and she's been singing that sad song about the curse of an aching heart all the time lately."

"Probly she just likes t' sing."

"Oh, but she would never choose that particular song if she were a music lover."

"I don't t'ink you understan' Teotis," he said skeptically.

"Yes I do," I replied confidently. "I get her point of view perfectly, even if she never gets mine."

"Well," he said after a minute's thought, "I'll t'row Maggie over den and go back to Te. But if she won't have me no more, somet'in's goin' t' drop."

"She will. I'm so glad—now everything will be all right again." And that night I slept the sleep of one who is conscious of a duty well performed.

The next day was Saturday and a half-holiday, so we were very busy in the morning and did not talk much. I had decided not to tell Teotis what I had done, but to let her find out herself from Emil. I noticed, however, that she was no longer singing "You made me what I am to-day," but was humming with a spirit worthy of an undergraduate, "To Thee, Oh Alma Mater," and "Mid purple in triumph waving," which I had taught her early in the summer. Had Emil seen her already? No, or she would have told me; but certainly something had happened.

Sunday night, as I was coming out of church, I met Emil with Maggie. When he saw me his eyebrows came together in a black scowl and he refused to speak. Now what could that mean? I began to wonder if a college girl knew any more about a mill girl than a mill girl did about a college girl, and rebuked myself for meddling with what was none of my affair.

Monday morning Teotis greeted me with her old-time sunny smile, and I felt relieved. Everything was all right as far as she was concerned, anyway, and that was the main thing. Just then Alphonsine came along, and stopped as she was passing by. "Mornin', Te," she cried. "I seen you Sat'day night."

"Did you?" said Teotis, "where? I didn't see you."

"'There's a reason,'" laughed Alphonsine. "You were lookin' at somebody else."

Teotis smiled back at her.

"I think he's grand," continued Alphonsine.

"Yes, isn't he? He's so pretty."

Alphonsine passed on and Teotis turned to me. "Have you started going with Emil again?" I asked.

"Oh, Emil?" she said indifferently, "no, I haven't got any use for him any more. He ain't the only can on the dump heap. I got a new fellow now."

"Who is it this time?"

"Clarence Olin. Do you know him? He used to go with Maggie."

"Why, Teotis," I said tactfully, "I thought you didn't like him. You always used to talk against him."

Teotis did not answer for a minute, and then she laughed as she usually did when caught. "I should think by this time, Mary, you would know that I don't always mean what I say."

"But, Te," I persisted, "you pitied Maggie so much because Clarence never used to take her anywhere."

"Well," said Teotis, prompt to defend her new lover, "he only gets six-fifty a week and that doesn't much more than pay for his board and clothes. I don't want him to have to steal just so I can go to the pictures, do I? Besides, he is lots better looking than Emil, and looks is better than money."

"You didn't think so once," I said, a trifle tartly, as I thought of my misdirected efforts.

"No, but I've changed my mind," retorted Teotis with a saucy smile, "and who has a better right?"

"ECLAIRCIE"

VICTOR HUGO

TRANSLATED BY ROSAMOND DREXEL HOLMES

The ocean gleams beneath a heavy cloud.
The wave, exhausted by its tireless strife,
Slumbers, leaving the rocks in turn to rest
And gives the shore one last long kiss of life.
'Twas as if in all places, at one time
Life were dissolving evil, winter, grief,
Darkness, and hate, and that the dead who sleep
Spoke to the living—hope of new belief :
"Love!" and a soul obscure now opening free
Slowly approached, off'ring to us its strength.
A being from the darkness and the shade
With open arms, and heart, and eyes at length
In every vein receives from everywhere
The depth of life always abounding there.
The great peace from above falls like a tide,
Each grass-blade waves through cracks found in the stones.
The soul kindles. We know each nest is safe.
Infinity seems full of rustling tones,
One'd say it was the hour when all the world
New-wakened hears the call of early day ;
First steps of wind, and work, of love, and man,
The door unlatched, the white dawn-horse's neigh.
The sparrow, like spirit frail, with beating wing
Comes to annoy the giant waves that smile ;
Th' air plays with flies, the foam with eagle's wing.
The peasant makes furrows and thus rules, the while,
The page whereon the poem of the grain
Will be. The fishermen are there below
A climbing vine. Th' horizon seems a dream,
Dazzling, where floats the sea-foam as if snow,
A cloudy plume. A hydra is the sea,
The cloud its bird of prey, and then a light
Vague ray starts from the cradle which the wife
Rocks, at the threshold of her hut at night,
Gilding the fields, the flowers, the wave, and then
Becoming light, touches a tomb that sleeps
Near the clock-tower. Day plunges to the black
Part of the gulf, ever goes on, and keeps
To shade—kissing its brow 'neath water dark and awed.
All—all is quiet, happy, calm, at peace
Beneath the ever watching eye of God.

THE EPICURE CLUB

ELLEN BODLEY JONES

The Long and Ruminative Boarder and the Summer Girl with silk stockings and scarf to match were sitting on the piazza of the Sea Side Hotel.

"Speaking of celery," the Long and Ruminative Boarder remarked, flicking the long ash from his cigarette with his longer little finger, "reminds me of a club I belonged to once—when I lived in New York, you know." The Summer Girl gave a sidelong glance and wondered how this remarkable young man got—here! She decided to conceal the fact that in the winter-time she lived in Skunks' Misery, and that her father was head of the butcher shop in that metropolis.

The Boarder had again relapsed into deep thought.

"As you were saying—" ventured the Summer Girl. He roused himself again from his cigarette.

"What was I trying to recall? Oh, I remember. My club—it was an Epicure Club." The Summer Girl didn't know exactly what "Epicure" was, but supposed it was something like "Keeley cure."

"We used to meet once a week for our banquets," he continued, "in the neatest little café possible, in the down-town district, somewhere in the neighborhood of Twenty-third Street, I believe. After our banquets we used to drop in to see the last act at the theatre, and end up at a cabaret. Oh, those were great days. There were ten of us in it—and the hall we engaged for our meetings was a marvel. Over the door we had our motto in green and gold, written in curling letters, and framed:

"'Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die.' That was the motto of the Epicureans in the olden times, you know. They were rather fond of feasting, I believe." He eyed the Summer Girl with an elaborately casual air. She seemed to be an appreciative listener.

"The room was a marvel of taste and elegance," he went on, "magnificent Oriental rugs, panelling of solid mahogany rising ten feet in height, and above, the best oil paintings, Whistler, Rembrandt—er—and all the rest, you know. But the banquet

was a sight for the gods. Ten magnificent young men, all broad-shouldered and of striking appearance, the kind the ladies all fall for, in full evening dress, reclining at a table."

"Reclining, did you say?" asked the Summer Girl, with incredulous eyes.

"Yes, reclining. You see in Rome, long ago, the Epicureans always reclined at their banquets. We merely carried out the tradition. It is so much more graceful than sitting up, you know."

"And much more comfortable," assented the Summer Girl with enthusiasm.

"The table appointments in themselves were objects of wonder and admiration to all who saw them—everything of solid silver and lined with gold—even the carving knives were made of hand-carved African elephant's tusks. All the dishes, of course, were cut-glass."

"How wonderful! And what did you have to eat?"

"Oh—the thought of those delicious viands! Everything was prepared especially for the occasion. Every oyster was fed by hand, and every sprig of asparagus grown in a separate little green-house. Of course the cows that helped furnish the ice-cream were thoroughly sterilized before the milking, and each had to undergo a physical examination to make sure that it had no symptoms of tuberculosis. But let me tell of the banquet. When we were all seated the courses began. They were the whole point of the banquet, you know, the courses. I forget how many we had—fourteen, I believe it was. In between the courses we had our wine."

"Oh, wine, of course," said the Summer Girl with no great surprise. She had heard of that terrible place, New York.

"Yes, we had all kinds of wine. Port, Rhine, Burgundy—and all the other kinds, you see. And now comes the part about the celery. After we had indulged in one kind of wine we would eat olives, to take away the taste, you understand, so that we might more keenly enjoy the flavor of the next kind. But once one of us, I forget his name, but a magnificent fellow, partook—oh I hate to recall it!—partook of an olive that had, at some time in its previous existence, lain near a piece of celery, and, if you will pardon my saying so, had taken in the taste of the celery. Oh! It was horrible! The young man, unsuspectingly, ate the olive. Of course it spoiled the

whole banquet for him. Too bad—he was such a magnificent fellow, too!

“Think of actually eating an olive that tasted of celery! Not one of us could touch a thing after that. Even the thought of that olive sickened us. Of course we had to break up the club forever, for who could ever enjoy a banquet again after such an unfortunate circumstance? We really couldn’t.”

“No, of course you couldn’t,” said the girl sympathetically.

A squalid, red-faced cook appeared in the yard below, with a dish of odorous sliced onions in one hand, and a large cow-bell in the other, which she rang loudly.

“Dinner! Dinner!” she cried gutturally, “all yous that wants codfish hed better come quick before the cat gets what she didn’t get before!”

APRIL

GRACE ANGELA RICHMOND

By a little fern-fringed pool
I met April.
She was singing, plucking there
Violets to wreathe her hair—
Laughing April.

In the woods, all still and cool,
I met April,
Smiling, yet with lashes wet.
What had April to regret,—
Laughing April?

April dancing through the grasses,
White feet glisten as she passes.
Whence she came and whither sped
I know not, but she is fled,
Laughing April.

A TRIP DOWN THE COAST

LUCIE BELDEN SCOTT

For three days there had been a south blow, and a south blow on the coast of Maine always spells dirty weather. There at its moorings in Portland Harbor the big coast liner heaved and tossed, and we who were used to the sea and her ways meditated on what were likely to be the conditions outside. Behind the city was a windy sunset—gold-bordered clouds of purple heaped up against a flaming west, and the towers and spires and roofs of Portland loomed an ominous black against the scarlet glory of the sky. Against the lighthouse at the mouth of the harbor the breakers hurled themselves with savage fury, sending their shattered spray twenty feet into the air, and then falling back on the teeth of the reef with an angry snarl. Beyond the mouth of the harbor was an unending, interesting expanse of gray, water and sky meeting in some far-off place which was not a line, merely a blending of the wet gray of the sea with the sodden gray of the stormy sky.

As soon as we had passed beyond the reef and out of the shelter of the harbor the long rollers of the Atlantic began to make sport of the floating house. But her steel-sheeted sides were proof against the roughest sea, and her engines chugged smoothly along. Then we struck the swell. Up the first wave climbed the ship, poised herself a moment on the crest, then with a quivering heave from side to side, plunged down into the trough of the waves, burying her prow in hissing spray, and sending out cascades of foam from her dripping sides. Up the next breaker she went, trembled a moment, and then—down into the smooth, green valley between. Again and again, with perfect regularity, she took the breakers. By degrees the darkness came on, bringing with it a driving mist that the wind, shrieking always louder and louder through ropes and cables and cordage, dashed into our faces, mingled with the salt spray.

We remained on the hurricane deck as late as we could, dreading the stuffy staterooms with such a splendid, exhilarating storm brewing over the water. At last, however, we went down, and were soon rocked to sleep by the steady roll and heave of

the boat. About two o'clock I awoke, aware almost before I was awake, of a difference in the motion. I could see nothing from the window, but above the wind, and the slap and crash of breakers against the boat I could hear the far-off tolling of a bell, and I knew that we were just off the Point Judith bell-buoy—the little framework of wood and iron that is the head-stone of the great Atlantic's "graveyard of commerce." Through the darkness I could see the white spray dash far above the deck, then fall in a hissing shower over the walls of the cabin, while always the wind shrieked and moaned, and a chain, loosened somewhere, clanked and dragged with the roll of the boat. We had indeed run into "dirty weather." Almost unconsciously I began to listen for the engine-throbs, and even as I subconsciously noted that the beat was perfectly regular the engine missed a stroke. Then the boat plunged, and as she came up the engine missed again. Then I realized what was happening. The waves were running so high now that every time the boat paused on a crest her propeller was several feet above water; which meant that once every fifteen or twenty seconds, with the regularity of a clock, the whole weight of her thousands of tons was balanced amidship. It was fun to feel that when we climbed up a huge breaker we were, so to speak, on top of a liquid mountain, but it was not nearly so much fun when the engines suddenly slowed down and the boat slackened her pace to less than half speed. For hours we crept along through the dark and the storm until finally a gray, watery dawn broke, and we went out on deck. Inquiry confirmed our suspicions as to the cause of the delay: one blade of the propeller had been completely wrenched off by the waves, and we would be anywhere from six to ten hours late in making port.

All day it stormed, and all day we paced the deck, enjoying the rain and the wind in contrast to the hot cabin and the sick and complaining passengers. All the way down Long Island Sound we identified lighthouses and lightships and buoys, until at last, just at dusk, the Singer Building loomed up, big and gray and welcoming, and the poor, bedraggled boat limped to her pier in the East River, "delayed seven hours by storm," according to the captain's log.

TO A STRING OF GREEN BEADS

LAURA MAE BLUE

I hold you to the light and turn you 'round,
Belovéd beads, and find in your cool depths
The soft blue-green of shimmering eastern skies
When all the earth's awakening ;
The color of the tiniest new leaf
That ever sprang from gnarlèd apple branch,
And mist of grey-green twilight over sleeping grass
Before the rise of stars on a dim summer's eve.
You change and play with every light and shade
And yet you are the same, inscrutable.
What myst'ries, guarded all too well, are known to you
Such that we scarce have dreamed of !
In what deep earth did you lie hid
For countless centuries unknown to man ?
What universal burnings and upheavals thus created you ?—
I gaze at you, mine own, there lying in my hand,
And wonder.

MEMORIES

HELEN V. TOOKER

Just the whiff of a red June rose
Blown in on a rain-born breeze,
Calls up dreams of trysting place
And sweet haunting memories.

SKETCHES

APPLES AND MEMORIES

MARION SINCLAIR WALKER

The grapefruit hath its powers to charm, the orange, too, has many merits ; but give me the plain, ordinary, every-day apple. Blessings on its rosy, shining face !

One of my earliest recollections, one of the incidents that stand clearly outlined against the hazy background of early childhood, centers about an apple. I can see myself, a small, toddling mite, hardly less round and rosy than the huge apple in my hand, making the perilous passage from apple tree to kitchen door (some twenty yards or so). Perilous indeed, for Balaam, the ram, bars the way. He seems to be feeding peacefully as I approach, may I perchance pass unobserved ? But no, he is looking ! He sees me, and, what is of more consequence, he sees the apple. Very calmly, without hurry or excitement, Balaam lowers his head and with one measured sweep of his curling horns, rolls me over upon the ground, then turns his attention to the apple, which has slipped from my grasp. I am rescued from my ignominious position by Mother, but it is long before my tears will cease to flow, for the dignity of three years has been outraged—and Balaam has my apple !

With apples comes the thought of apple-blossoms, and what a radiant vision is conjured up before me at the name ! For never was my early home, that little farmhouse among the Connecticut hills, more beautiful than in Maytime, when the orchards round about blossomed forth in fragrant loveliness. Then all summer long, in the glorious vacation days, playing under the trees, I felt a certain comradeship with the little growing apples, as they, together with me, drank in the life-giving air and sunshine and grew and grew and grew.

Summer was soon over, however, for vacations, even in those golden days, had a distressing habit of coming to an end. Yet there was pleasure, too, in setting forth morningly for school, through the crisp September air, with little book and lunch-basket in either hand. My usual costume at the time was a sailor suit and no one can know, unless from experience, how many apples a sailor blouse will hold. Mine was always distended to huge proportions and was the cause of unceasing wonder to a somewhat near-sighted old lady whose house I daily passed. Her eye took in the general effect, but did not penetrate to its cause; and she never could quite understand why I should be of such monstrous size in the morning and so remarkably diminished ere afternoon.

As days wore on, there would always come Saturday and particularly dear to recollection are Saturdays in October for that was apple-picking time. There was a part of our farm most remote from the house, a mile or more, where many of the winter apples grew. Thither those Saturdays in October would we turn our course. Sometimes we went in force, with horses and wagons and hired men and ladders, but the times I liked best were when it was just Daddy and I. For then, as always, to be with Daddy was to me the best of bliss. I can see it now, the orchard with its trees bending under the weight of the plenteous harvest and Daddy among the topmost branches, while I watched anxiously from below, fearful lest his footing should prove insecure. When at length some far-off factory whistle, made musical by distance, proclaimed the mid-hour, how good our lunches tasted and how pleasant was the hour of comradeship as we sat close together, my hand on Daddy's knee, talking, sometimes of my childish hopes and dreams and sometimes of that land beyond the sea where Daddy as a little child had lived. And then at dusk we would walk back together over the fields, with the smoke of our chimney beckoning to us and telling of the hot supper waiting within.

At length the shining harvest was gathered in, Greenings, Russets and Baldwins, all in their appointed places. Winter evenings came and what a thrill of excitement there was in descending the shadowy stairs to that weird and dungeon-like cellar, the groping by flickering lantern light for big and juicy treasures, the pausing to gaze fearfully over one's shoulder

into the gloomy recesses, for that cellar was a place of mystery, peopled with unnumbered vague and fantastic creatures; then the rushing in sudden, uncontrollable panic up the stairs and emerging with the spoils into the cheerful warmth and glow above, not forgetting to bar the door securely upon the pursuing phantoms; finally settling down to enjoy the fruits of that perilous expedition during a long evening of reading or some other pleasant occupation. Such are a few of the memories that the sight of a rosy apple can bring to me.

So high a place had the apple in my childish esteem that I remember always, on hearing the story of Eve's temptation and her fall, I used to see in mind the picture of a huge Gravenstein apple upon the forbidden tree, its streaked, red-gold exterior giving promise of rare lusciousness within, and I could not but think that Eve had chosen wisely. Strange, childish reasoning that should for such brief pleasure deem Paradise well lost!

Now that view of life is strangely readjusted. I think it was the Garden of Eden, that world of simple joys and sweet content, where the little child walked amid blossoms and sunshine and rosy, ripening fruit. But sooner or later we all must go from the Garden; the Tree of Knowledge is far to seek and many a thorny path and toilsome journey must be completed ere we win its shining fruit. We do not think to leave the Garden forever; when success has crowned our quest, we will bring the hard-won treasure back to its welcoming shades. But when we would return, the gates are closed and the angel, stern, inexorable, with flaming sword upheld bars the way. Our earth-dimmed eyes can hardly bear the brightness of angelic light and, as we turn exceeding sorrowful away, we see but dimly through the shining haze the waving branches and the beckoning shades of the Garden, where the child of yesterday was free to roam at will, but now, grown older, may not enter. We ask, "Why must it be so?" But the answer lies with One whom none dares question. The angel alone could reveal it, for his name is Destiny.

SALLY

DOROTHY STOCKMAN KEELEY

So Sally was to be married. Sally ! And why not ? Other people get married. But Sally, my Sally ! Come, you must meet her.

I will take you back ten years and then, when you have put on a middy blouse and a bat hat, I will take you to Northampton, march you up Main street through girls and past Kingsley's and then up two flights of stairs to our own little, yellow room. Yes, Sally is my room-mate. Here she is. "Sally, my reader."

You, dear Reader, "are awfully glad to meet her—and isn't it a darling room and oh what a peach of a view !" Remember you have gone back ten years and are wearing a middy and a bat hat. Sally giggles, Sally always could giggle, and then she hides her face in her little hands.

How it all comes back ! The work, the sings, the bats, the wonderful swing of life, and through it all I see Sally. Sally working, Sally playing, Sally bad and Sally repentant, Sally laughing and then hiding her face in her hands. That funny little habit was the first thing I noticed and it took me a year and a half to find out why she did it. You see when Sally laughed, her nice blue eyes would brim over and she cried too. She hated herself for doing it, but the good Lord must have forgotten to tighten the tear ducts in her little head, because the tears just would come and she couldn't help it.

Kind, it would have killed her if she had ever hurt anyone's feelings, I remember once overhearing her. "You see," a girl was explaining, "a friend of my uncle is putting me through college."

"Is he ?" cried Sally showing her dimples. "Why a friend of my aunt is putting me through !" Little Liar ! Her father was one of the richest men in Boston, but she thought it would make the other girl feel better to know that she, too, was being helped.

When she was a very little girl, Sally used to be punished for staring at people and unconsciously imitating them. And that bad baby trick had forgotten to grow up with the rest of her.

Often when with her, I have been horrified to see her gazing raptly at a street cleaner and solemnly going through the motions of lighting a pipe or scratching her head.

She was strong and sweet and oh, so in love with the world ! Best of all she loved children and dandelions. I think ice cream was a close second. Sally ! Sally ! How could a mere man understand ? I have watched you often and seen you "pondering things in your heart." Perhaps they were the yearnings towards motherless kittens or the mysteries of life. I cannot let you go. You are too wonderfully made.

But somehow when I think of little Sallys laughing and hiding their faces in their hands—why, mere man take her and bless you !

THE FOUNTAIN

MARION DELAMATER FREEMAN

Down in the garden the fountain stands,
Moss-grown and green and cool,
Leaning upon its smooth edge I gaze
Deep in the crystal pool.

Hither and thither dart gold fish gay,
Flashing now gold, now red,
Now in the sunshine and now in the shade
Cast by the trees overhead.

Never a sound but the murmuring song
Of the water, dripping slow
From the marble basin up above
To the clear cold depths below.

Roses are nodding and bowing low
To their images clear and pale,
Now and then stirred by a passing breeze,
Dropping their petals frail.

Petals that float on the fountain-bowl
Like fairy ships so wee,
Dancing about on the wind ruffled waves
Like dream boats sailing a dreamland sea.

JUST WAIT!

ADELAIDE HEILBRON

I'm sorry for the Grown-Ups with their dull and stupid ways,
But it does seem that the fault is theirs,
For instead of having, as they could, a host of happy days,
They deliberately go and hunt for cares.

Just think! they stop our doing things, there's no one to stop them,
And yet the stupid creatures simply go
Along their weary round, it's mostly "office" for the men
While the grown-up ladies sit at home and sew.

I've often wondered why I've never caught my great Aunt Ann
In the kitchen standing on a kitchen chair,
Waiting for the blissful moment when they'll let her lick the pan
Of the chocolate cake that cook was making there.

And I've never yet caught Father sliding down the front stair rail,
Or out in our yard playing Indian Chief
With a head-dress made of feathers taken from our turkey's tail,
And a war-cry shrill and wild beyond belief.

Nor have I e'er seen Mother with Aunt Mabel and Aunt Sue,
In their nighties and a pair of paper wings,
Being angels in our garden as the girls just love to do,
Kind of tame, I think but girls like silly things.

Or Grandmother, for instance, never does a thing that's rash,
Why, when she goes walking after we've had rain,
She never jumps in puddles just to see how far they splash,
Nor scuffs the dirt to dry her feet again.

I wonder when Aunt Mabel goes to walk with Mr. Haines
Why on earth, instead of loitering that way,
She doesn't let him drive her with a pair of worsted reins
While she trots and shakes her mane and tries to neigh.

Yes, I'm sorry for the Grown-Ups and I help them when I can,
By rushing in upon the poky things they do,
But then, they've this to hope for, when I get to be a man,
I will show the Grown-Up World a thing or two.

RAINY WEATHER

MADELEINE FULLER MCDOWELL

Rain has always had a curious fascination for me. If I wake up and see a steady, relentless drizzle pricking holes in all the puddles and a grey mist veiling the whole world, I invariably get out of bed the right way and remain in the most enviable mood imaginable. Bright sunlight, especially in the early morning, always irritates me. There is something crude and garish about it that is peculiarly offensive and I feel that it is horribly unappreciative of, or worse still, distressingly callous in regard to my changing moods. When I am wearing spectacles of the deepest turquoise and feel that life has no further meaning for me, it is irritating beyond measure to have the sun dance and sparkle and bubble over with joyousness and to have every little bird within earshot pour forth an unabridged expression of his seraphic state. If the universe feels that it is impossible to sympathize with my sorrow and decorously clothe itself in sombre tints, at least it would be more fitting to put some bounds to its merriment and to enjoy itself in some quiet, unobtrusive fashion.

But rainy days are much more adaptable. If I am in a gloomy mood, I appreciate nature's tactful unobstreperousness. Her mute letter of condolence voiced by the steady drip, drip, of the rain on the roof is singularly soothing, acting like a narcotic on my jangling nerves.

Gray days always seem more beautiful than sunny ones. The soft light of a rainy day is kind to the world's ugliness. It blurs hard outlines and casts a cloak of illusion over all the squalor, the filth and the sordidness which the pitiless light of a sunny day shows forth with relentless candor. It makes the dark places assume a sort of wistful loveliness like a woman past her prime upon whom falls the rosy, flattering light of softly shaded candles.

Lastly, there has always been, and probably always will be, something intensely romantic, nay even beautiful, about city streets on rainy evenings between five and seven. As a rule I have no troublesome aspirations. The grays and the olive-greens of a rain-drenched country landscape, for instance, do not make

me yearn for Carot's skill. But when I see the long, wet, shining streets, ink-black and oddly like patent-leather, hemmed in by two rows of tall, brightly-lighted houses and dotted with moving splashes of yellow reflected from the headlights of swiftly-passing cabs and the fiery glow of powerful cars eating out holes in the mist and blackness, I long to be a Childe Hassam, to catch it and imprison it all in such a masterly fashion that people will fish up from the depths of their minds all the wet nights of their lives, dripping with memories and drenched with long-forgotten sensations. I long to show them the glamour that lies in these hurrying streets, to rouse their sleeping imaginations. If they would only once feel the thrill of adventure in the smell of wet streets and the taste of night fog, it would not be hard to make them play that matchless game of "make-believe."

SIMON OF CYRENE

ANNA ELIZABETH SPICER

"One Simon, a Cyrenian, who passed by, coming out of the country."

Forth through the quiet country way,
Where all the wheat grew nodding high,
Thou camest, one old-summer's day.

A bird on a slender blossom-spray
Scarce trembled as thou passedst by,
Forth through the quiet country way.

Perchance, I think, thou knelt'st to pray,
When, to the city drawing nigh,
Thou camest, one old-summer's day.

And others, too, one grave, one gay,
Came riding down where the broad fields lie
Forth through the quiet country way.

As if thou knewest, none may say:
But, turning back, one heard thee sigh
As thou camest, one old-summer's day.

To a pomp of pain thy path, astray,
Led. Ah, didst know that He must die,
As, forth through the quiet country way
Thou camest, one old-summer's day?

BEDELIA

RUTH KINGSLEY WAGER

Bedelia was nothing more nor less than a plump, white chicken. She had hardly been out of her shell an hour before a violent rain storm left her half drowned in the hen-coop and bereft of many brothers and sisters. Bridget had rushed out, picked up the brood and taken them into the kitchen to be warmed and coddled back to life, but Bedelia alone responded. So for many weeks she lived in a box back of the kitchen stove.

No doubt it was here that she acquired her sentimental cast of character, for Bridget had a "steady" who came often of an evening and murmured sweet nothings to his lady love on the back porch. Bedelia used to stand just inside the screen door with her bill pressed close against the netting in search of any unwary bug that might have crawled inside, and she was wont to listen to the conversation and longed for someone to say such things to her.

As the weeks went on, Bedelia grew in stature and was finally relegated to the chicken-yard. The other fowls, after greeting her in a perfunctory sort of way, went about their business. Bedelia looked about and was convinced that she was decidedly out of her element, but would carry herself aloof and show those miserable creatures that she was somebody. One young rooster did approach her and begin a desultory conversation, but she repulsed his timid advances and sauntered away to a distant corner of the yard. At night she perched on one corner of the roost and craned her neck to look out at the moon. After one day and two moonlight nights Bedelia waxed fearfully sentimental. She roamed around the yard and moped sadly in a corner until a motherly old hen bustled up to her and advised chickweed tonic. Bedelia very rudely kept silent and the motherly old hen walked away disdainfully.

That night Bedelia's feelings were almost too much for her. She thought of Bridget and her steady and nearly wept. She began to look with more favor upon the young rooster and even went so far as to eat a June bug which he hesitatingly proffered, which kindly deed put him in a flutter of ecstasy.

About ten o'clock Bedelia woke with a start. Surely she heard her name called. She listened. From outside some one was singing softly :

“Oh Bedelia-elia-elia,
I've made up my mind to steal yuh,
Oh Bedelia, I love yuh so !”

Her heart nearly stopped beating. At last, at last someone who appreciated her superior qualities was coming to take her away perhaps. At least she could show that young rooster who was who.

“Oh Bedelia—” The song was beginning again.

“That's me,” said Bedelia fervidly though ungrammatically. She stuck her head out of the small window and clucked softly. She saw no one and settled back again to listen. The young rooster, hearing his beloved one's voice, sidled a few inches in its direction and was immediately squelched by a wrathful glance from Bedelia. She listened. Some one was coming, and for her she knew !

A dark cloud shut out the moon. A great black hand, inserted in the window, grouped about. Bedelia moved closer and clucked gently. Then the hand gripped her by the leg and pulled her roughly toward the window. Bedelia was terrified. She squawked shrilly and screamed for help. She had hoped her lover would be masterful, but this was too much. Would no one save her ?

The amorous young cock had been sitting rigidly on the perch, paralyzed with amazement and terror. What could he do ? His brain refused to act but, just as many people do when in absolute terror, he fell back on an old habit. Flapping both wings vigorously, he gave vent to a lusty crow. Instantly the hen-house was in an uproar. Every chicken in the place joined in the din. Bedelia felt the grip on her leg loosen and she fell to the ground. Rapid footsteps were heard near the house and then the report of a gun—voices—and silence.

Bedelia opened her eyes to see the Young Chanticleer standing foolishly, near by. She sighed. He came closer and touched her gently with his beak. All visions of romance vanished from Bedelia's mind, and she sighed as she put her head against his wing. “Oh, you're so brave !” and Young Chanticleer was diplomatically silent.

A BLACK OPAL

LAURA MAE BLUE

As young and as old as the world,
The Spirit of the Mountain poised
On a lonely peak.
Ten thousand miles the great blue stretched
Beneath her feet, the heavenly ball
Slow turning on its downward curve.

Stealing up o'er the misty blue,
Fold on fold of gossamer rose,
Fold on fold of the ocean's green,
Mingled with tint of asphodel,
Flowed and ebbled in a golden stream,
Glimmering, glowing, coiling, turning,
The fairy colors shimmered and shone.

Piercing the play of the rainbow rays,
Thrusting up with angry whirl,
A rush of purple and sullen black
Poured through the hues of the sunken sun.
An instant the light of the world was gone,
Then, bursting in flecks of undimmed flame,
Like lightning flashed in a heated sky,
The playing colors darted and flared,
Here and there in the changing dark
Of the closing dusk and the nearing storm.
The Spirit of the Mountain with unspent breath
Gazed on an opal, first conceived
In the sunset sky midst the coming storm—
As young and as old as the world.

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER

DOROTHY GOLDTHWAIT THAYER

How often have you envied the minister's son who could be as bad as he wanted to, without calling forth any more comment than that he was doing what was proverbially expected of him? As for minister's daughters, you soon found that in your case at least, everything good and noble was expected, that you must be a model Sunday school book creature with none of the baser tendencies of common, ordinary little girls.

As soon as you went to school, you became aware of the fact that you were a marked character. "Sh! don't tell Mary that. She's a minister's daughter." How many juicy gists you missed in this way! "Oh! I didn't mean to say that, I forgot there was a minister's daughter around," invariably followed a slip of the tongue on the part of one of your associates. You were never quite sure whether their concern was that your tender sensibilities should not be shocked or that you should not tell your father.

Girls were bad enough but boys were worse! "Oh! oh! there goes Bridget, the minister's daughter." Bridget being the worst name they could think of, it was invariably applied. How you did wish that your father were anything in the world but a minister! How you would have boasted of him had he only been a druggist or a carpenter like the fathers of your best friends. You used to pursue every small girl with the question, "What's your father?" in the vain hope that you might find someone who was in your own situation, but keeping her ancestry dark.

Not a companion in misery was to be found. There were plenty of ministers' sons—oh yes! but all revelling in the luxury of being as bad as they could be with no one to question it and say in reproachful tones "you musn't do that, your father's a minister."

There were so many things you mustn't do. You mustn't whisper in school, you mustn't climb trees like the boys, you mustn't peek even the tiniest bit when you were trying to jump a hop-scotch with your eyes shut and worst of all to one with an unusually healthy appetite, you mustn't eat too much at parties. Well do you remember the shocked tones of a girl newly arrived in town when, in telling about a club to which she had belonged, she said, "And Jessie, the minister's daughter, proposed we have refreshments at our meetings and she always ate more than anyone else." Never would you have anyone speak of you in such tones, so you made heroic attempts to refuse sweetly all second helps.

It was not only among your young associates that you seemed to be in a class by yourself, but even "grown ups" and worst of all teachers were in league against you. Whenever a Bible reference occurred in the day's lessons it was always, "Now Mary, will you tell us where this comes from? What! you

don't know, why I'm surprised." The surprise always seemed to be as great no matter how many times you failed to respond.

Not only every day school teachers but Sunday school teachers, too, expected a great deal of you. You must always know your lesson, not only the answers which could be found in the book, but those which had to be made up in your head. You were just dying to ask Susie where she got her new hat or whether she was still mad with Frances but you had to pay very strict attention and set a good example, because—well, because you were the minister's daughter and having been born to that calling you must try to be a success.

Not only the school world laid its demands upon you but beyond that, threatening you at every step, was the parish. You never knew when you might meet it. It might be in the shape of an old lady walking down the street, whom you didn't think you had ever seen before, but whose feelings were hurt because you didn't smile and speak to her. It might be in the form of Deacon Rand who chucked you under the chin and told you how you had grown in such stern tones that you wished you could telescope on the spot. It was always around you, especially in church. Yes! that was worst of all. Of course you had to go to church always, the Parish expected it of you and you had to be there promptly, again expected by the Parish, and above all you had to sit like a good little girl when you were simply bored to death. You did all sorts of things to help you to forget to wriggle. Poetry was perhaps the greatest relief to your feelings. One of your productions has become a family classic.

"Then the people sit down,
The minister rises,
But there is no fun
Nor any surprises."

If only there would be surprises, you thought, if only the organ wouldn't play, or best of all, if father would only forget what he was going to say and let church out early, but there were no surprises and there you had to sit in the eyes of the Parish and make the best of it.

Your lot indeed seemed a hard one but it was not without its compensations. The old lady part of the Parish invited you to tea and gave you delicious things to eat which your mother thought were not good for you but which, of course, it would not be polite for you to refuse. The children part of the parish,

or at least their mothers, invited you to all their parties without fail, which were fun even without the second helps.

There were other compensations of quite a different sort. There was the joy of counting special offerings which father brought home, making neat little piles of quarters, dimes, nickels and pennies, mostly pennies, and always hoping that you might find a half dollar or that a bright penny might turn out to be a gold piece.

When you began to be grown up, there was the rare and coveted privilege of "witnessing" whenever a couple were so obliging as to want to be witnessed while Father joined them in the holy bonds. She might be red-haired and cross-eyed and he old enough to be her father, but you saw only poetry and romance in the occasion.

Above all there was the superior feeling which came from knowing all about things beforehand. You knew who the new deacon was going to be even before he was elected. You knew what Father was going to preach about if he happened to know himself. On other occasions he told you "about twenty minutes," then you knew that you must be extra quiet Sunday morning so that he might get his inspiration at the last moment. You knew the numbers of all the hymns and what all the "Notices for the Day and Week" were about. This seemed to make going to church all the more an unnecessary evil.

You could never get away from your ancestry even by visiting all the corners of the earth. Although you might escape it for a brief moment, someone always found you out, until you realized that the marks of the profession were indelibly stamped upon you. It is too true that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children.

THE VACUUM CLEANER

NATALIE CARPENTER

House-cleaning always used to be
A time of agony for me.
Confusion reigned day after day
While mop and sweeper held their sway.
My need was simple. I required
A place to sit when I was tired,
But for six days our home had not
A place resembling such a spot.
If quite worn out, I sank onto
A hat-rack (anything would do),
The rug was pulled out, or instead
One "Life of Lincoln" hit my head,
The broom slipped, landing on my nose,
They rolled a book-case o'er my toes.
It was no use! Try as I might,
My only respite came at night.

Now I look back on days like those
And chuckle. Really no one knows
What bliss it is each spring and fall
To house-clean! Why, I love it all!
I calmly sit while Auntie Min
Cleans thoroughly the chair I'm in,
We needn't move a book or pull a tack,
We have an "all-day-sucker," "sweeper"—"vac."

AFTER SPRING RAIN

GRACE ANGELA RICHMOND

Against the rain-filled darkness of the clouds
The crimson maple buds seem fretwork on the sky,
And some poor gaudy blossoms crushed to earth
Make carpet on the pavement where they lie.
The brilliant yellow of a flow'ring shrub
Starts out across the grayness of the day,
Till sudden, bright'ning on the dew-washed grass,
There shines the glory of the sun's warm ray.

A PORTRAIT

LEONORA BRANCH

Your hair is soft as twilight dusk,
And fragrant as the summer's day,
And the soft sunshine of your glance
Chases my shadow-thoughts away.
And oh, the sweetness of your mouth,
To watch the magic of your eyes,
Deep with a solemn mystery
Hid 'neath a calm like autumn skies.

But more than these I love your hands,
The darling, dimpled little thumb
That tells the tale of coquetry
Of which your eyes are dumb.
Each slim, white finger-tip of yours
Is to me as a gracious sign
Of all the loving service they
Have rendered to dull needs like mine.

And sometimes when the world is gray,
And my desires seem very far,
I love to look into your eyes
And see the vision like a star
That leads you onward faithfully,
And then my goal shines nearer, too,
And my dim hopes are winged with fire
From that clear flame which burns in you.

And if I hesitate, perchance,
And question how I may attain
That distant goal which you have set,
My weary, errant will again,
I need but watch you at your work
To know how bravely your heart sings,
While those dear hands show me the way
To consecrate life's little things.

ABOUT COLLEGE

A PHYSICS PHANTASY

ESTHER SAYLES ROOT

An atmosphere of hushed activity filled the laboratory. Girls moved to and fro among the tables, filling beakers, testing liquids, making careful measurements. The water running now and then from the faucet was the only sound that disturbed the stillness. Could this be the morning after Thanksgiving vacation? Was this apparent absorption universal?

Harriet Havateim, a sleepy sophomore, was working in a dark corner. She seemed to show but a dull interest in her boiling water and busy thermometers. It is tiresome work waiting for steam, especially when you have just been plunged into your work after having had only fifteen hours sleep—an enviable paucity—in the last three days. Harriet seemed to droop, and her eyes closed. The hum of work surrounded her. The boiling water was making soothing sounds. Suddenly it seemed that her experiment was all done, and that she was writing up her work with great enthusiasm.

EXPERIMENT XXXIII, FROM NORTHAMPTON

Subject, Thanksgiving recess.

Object :

The object varies as the value of x in the human equation.

1. To obtain rest, and an attitude of eagerness toward work.

Or 2. To whoop it up; to forget the grind, and see life.

Apparatus :

A well-developed check from father plus a Jolly Balance in the bank.

A well-stocked suit-case.

A snappy shirt-waist with freshly pleated pipettes.

A coiffure, à la Hare's method.

A shine for pedal extremities.

A broad grin.

Method :

I washed the face in running water, being careful not to touch the double chin with the fingers. Then I put on a fresh collar, a new necktie, adjusted pins, and backed away from mirror to judge the effect. Repeated operation and made fifty-five determinations to see which way looked worst. I struggled to fasten waist in the back by Hooke's Law, being careful to keep the temper constant. I applied new shoes until the pressure on the little toe reached 185° F; put on hat and coat, clasped some one's umbrella in an unescapable position, and started out.

Method Continued. Part I.

I reached the station as the rear car of my train receded from my field of vision at an angle of 95° —a poor sine. This misfortune was caused by an oversight in taking the readings of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. time-table. I took another reading by means of vernier calipers and discovered that the next train left in 1.0559 hours. At that moment I noticed a change in temperature due to the rising of my choler. Seven calories of heat were given out and an empty-headed feeling was experienced, due perhaps to the temporary evaporation of the brain. I found it difficult to explain why hollow bodies are not crushed in by atmospheric pressure. I considered that it might be better if some were. I felt decidedly sobered, and pondered on the distinction between density and specific gravity.

In due time I boarded the subsequent train, which seemed about as capable of reaching its destination as the usual variable is capable of reaching its limit. Using the principle that time may be measured in terms of any regularly recurring event, I computed the total duration of the journey to be twenty-seven consultations of my chronometer.

The foregoing data yielded a proof of the proposition that spirits rise in an exhausted body in direct proportion to the approach of the home. (See Boyle's Law.)

NOTE! The chest was observed to expand—for coefficient of expansion, see Numerical data.

Part II. A.

I took care to note the variations in the home atmosphere. Interest was shown at the dinner-table concerning my state of corpulence. I reported that the mass of a given portion of matter is invariable, i. e. the measure of the force of gravity acting between any physical representative and the earth is constant.

A spirited altercation followed, causing a waste of from twenty to twenty-seven ergs of energy in friction. Finally a reduction factor was suggested, namely, adjusting my diet to zero. The effect was electrical. I determined to subtract the fat-producing elements from my menu and to eschew induced currents—my favorite fruit.

B.

I then began to observe capillary phenomena in every-day life. I withdrew the sustaining pins from my hair, preparatory to rearrangement. I tested the electricity and found it to be positive. The faint traces of a Marcel were noted, and the wave length measured. I then executed a simple suspended coil rather than the usual helix design.

I adjusted myself to a frock, taking care to select complimentary colors. I added rings and bracelets, according to Joule's experiment. I was going to a dance, and at any cost I must have a ball bearing.

Escorted by my brother (who is usually a non-conductor) I crossed Wheatstone's Bridge and arrived at the house of a friend. Here I seized my opportunity to study the assemblage. In regard to the men my inferences were purely approximate, as I did not have my manometer; but I noted their joint resistance to magnetic influence. In myself I became conscious of an internal resistance of (at a rough guess) forty-three ohms.

Induced by my belief in the Fluid Theory, I sought by the process of elimination to discover some liquid refreshment. Entering a dim conservatory, a startling revelation was made. A young man and a young woman appeared to be as closely adjacent as von Guericke's hemispheres. This sight seemed uncalled for, yet I felt an increase of potential energy, that is, energy which a body may have because of advantageous position.

But the next discovery was that I was gazing into a pier-glass. By a hurried calculation, I located the apparent position

of the image formed by a plane mirror, and then went off on a tangent to find the scene of action. I found that my implied hypothesis was false, and that the individuals in question were working earnestly in a dramatic rehearsal.

At this point of the evening's progress, the sources of error became so complex that I abandoned my observations, that is, scientific ones.

Part III.

The end of the vacation came. As usual I remonstrated against the adherence in the matter of vacations to the Historic Standard of Length. A strong feeling of electrostatic repulsion dominated me when I thought of returning to work, so I tried to evolve a mechanical equivalent of work, without success.

In allowing these thoughts to circulate freely I perceived an increase of atmospheric humidity. A formation of mist appeared on my glasses, and I knew that the dew point had been reached,—I felt threatened with a fit of hydrostatics—

"Miss Havateim, your experiment is ruined,"—it was Miss Blaking's voice at her elbow.

"But it was worth it," said Harriet sleepily.

"Why, I—er—certainly trust so," said Miss Blaking with some surprise. "Now you can begin again on 'Overcoming Inertia.'"

"Yes," breathed Harriet, "I can."

A COMFORTABLE THOUGHT

DOROTHY STOCKMAN KEELEY

It is *very* nice to know
That I am made so neatly,
And that my little skin and bones
Cover me completely ;
'Cause I would blush for very shame
If when I was a-thinking,
My skin and bones should come undone
And leave my thoughts a-blinking
And all naked in the light ;
Oh, I am *very* glad to know
My fastenings are tight.

THOSE THUNDERING FEET

MADELEINE FULLER MCDOWELL

I crouch in a seat in the very last row,
And pray for the end of the hour.
I went to the theatre last evening, and so
To study was not in my power.
They 're on the "Advanced," having done the Review,
And I feel that my turn will come next,
Oh, dear me, just *what* can I possibly do?
How near shall I come to the text?
My sight work was always a wee bit too free,
When 'twas second or third sight at that,
And hence it 's not strange that I plainly foresee
How I 'm going to flunk perfectly flat.
To say "unprepared" is impossible—quite,
(As it is I am getting a D.)
So there 's nothing to do but just to "sit tight"
And pray to the Powers that Be.
She 's calling on *me*, now for failure complete,
But hark! What 's that wonderful sound,
Those echoing voices, those thundering feet?
My heart gives a rapturous bound!
O Babel of voices that grow to a roar,
And that preface the clang of the bell,
And O thundering feet as you tramp past our door
You bring my release—All is well!

NOTEWORTHY ADVICE

BARBARA CHENEY

"The most important thing to learn is how to take good notes." This is what seniors told you during that frantic first week of freshman year. You promptly bought many large blank books, one for each course, and set to work with grim determination to note every word uttered by your instructors. You began in neat sentence form:

"Samuel Johnson was born at Lichfield on September eighteenth, 1709. His father was a book seller." When you reached this point you usually found that the instructor and a large part of the class had buried Johnson. This was discouraging. Sometimes you left spaces, resolving to supply the missing material

from someone's else book. Often, too, because the books were all alike you brought the wrong one to class. Still you persevered. "The secret of success," you told your roommate, "is a full note book."

Examinations, however, caused a rude awakening. When you began to review a strange chaos was revealed. In studying Latin you had to use your French book upside down and your English one hind side before quite as much as the book supposedly devoted to Latin. Moreover, there was a strange collection of parallelpipeds mixed in with scansion rules, and words which you puzzled over for half an hour proved to be algebraic formulas. There was a careful and minute description of a gentleman's complexion, hair, eyes, and general appearance, and a neat record of the date and place of his birth, but absolutely no mention of his thoughts, deeds, or place in the world. When you tried to supplement your gems of thought with those of another, you were even more discouraged. Almost everyone appeared to have been absent on the day in question. At last you found a few who had attended, but some of their notes were illegible even to themselves, and the others contradicted flatly the few facts you had already acquired.

Sophomore year you resolved to use more discrimination. You would note only the essential facts; your one fear was that you would take down too much. This had peculiar results. In Bible class, in order to omit the superfluous, you omitted everything. The pages under B in your new black leather notebook were blank except for such items as:

"Class Notes, December 1st.

"Old Job seems to have been quite a grouch. When will you go to chapel with me?"

The lacking material was easily supplied at exam. time by a series of crams. You had five. They seldom agreed, but you chose facts from each according to their legibility. When they all disagreed as to a legible date you took the average. Your favorite cram was one made by a 1911 girl. She was so much older than you that you felt she must be right. When your own cram was made from these reliable sources you had no time left to study it, but your conscience remained undisturbed.

"If he has the nerve to flunk me after I've worked a whole day on that cram, I'll be furious," you observed. But he did not, so you were spared the trouble.

By junior year you had decided to try the outline system. You paragraphed carefully and used A, B, C, and 1, 2, 3, with great agility. The material that did not belong under your headings often had to be left out, but that did not matter much. Your notebook was so neat.

You were beginning also to appreciate the value of abbreviations and invented many. You frequently forgot what they meant, which was decidedly inconvenient. Still, you felt that the plan was good so you persevered. It was much easier for you now to discriminate between the relevant and the irrelevant. Often, indeed, you could steal time to write notes to your friends, and it was interesting to see the alarm of your classmates when you began to write. They had just settled back to listen easily, but the moment your pen began to move they sat up. Evidently they were missing an important point, and you saw a line of black pens all down the row busily recording the professor's remarks.

In senior year you carried the abbreviation system still farther. Sometimes you made the mistake of the lady who labeled her two pies "T. M.," one for "'Tis mince" and one for "'Tain't mince." On the whole, though, you were successful. You had also acquired the outline habit. You outlined everything, even your exams. and it was with difficulty that you refrained from writing home after this fashion :

"A. *Health.*

Faint but pursuing.

"B. *Intellectual Life.*

1. Flunked my psych. written.
2. Fine lecture by A. Noyes.

"C. *Social Life.*

1. Group dance.
2. Swell bacon bat.

"D. *Outside Interests.*

1. How is the cat ?
2. Where is my laundry ?"

There was only one thing to break the beautiful neatness of your notebook. You were beginning to look ahead a little and to record anecdotes and facts that you wanted to remember after you left college. They could not be outlined so you stuck them in anywhere in brackets. They were something like this :

"A good example of a 'noodle' is the man who said: 'My father made two trips to Jerusalem. He died there, but I don't know on which of the two trips his death occurred.'"

Reviewing for examinations was now a pleasanter task. Your notes were concise and legible—at least to you—and the anecdotes helped to enliven them. You had learned after sad experience to take good notes, but you felt that the experience was important. You would deprive no one of its benefits. So you wagged your head sagely and told Freshmen briefly that "the most important thing to learn is how to take good notes."

A MARK

GRACE ANGELA RICHMOND

My roommate was in a reflective mood. I knew it by the way her feet were wrapped about the rungs of her chair, by the melancholy look upon her countenance, and by the gnawed condition of her pen-holder. Knowing what such a condition meant, I was discreetly silent and waited for the pearls of wisdom that were bound to fall from her lips. Finally, after some agonized preliminary squirms, she spoke.

"I have decided," she said, "that there is too much false modesty in college."

I shuddered. She had had gym. the last hour, could that sheeted parade have disturbed her sanity?

"Really," I murmured, "it seems to me that the gym. faculty couldn't let us—"

"Oh, I didn't mean that kind. I mean—well—marks and things. After all, when we get an A, or even several of them, why shouldn't we talk about it?"

I might as well mention here that my roommate always does get "an A, or even several of them," on every report.

"The early Anglo-Saxons," she went on, and I perceived the influence of English 4.1, "didn't object to boasting. Even Beowulf tells of his exploits. Why shouldn't we?"

"Me and Beowulf," I observed facetiously, "never did agree. Now I see why. I always was a modest little violet."

"Don't be flippant, Edna. It's a college fault, and I am going to overcome it. I shall tell just what I get this semester."

"M-m-m-m," said I.

The marks came out yesterday. But though *I* know that the A's were there, no one else has heard my roommate mention anything except :

"A C in Math, my dear ; isn't that frightful ?" She does not always put her theories into practice !

THE WORST OF WAR

DOROTHY DAVIES

My dear, I'm so excited,
There's war in Mexico :
O'Shaughnessy has his passport
Which means he has to go.

Thank heaven my father's forty-five
And brotherless I am ;
The only friend " I should worry " about
At present is in Japan.

If President Burton should volunteer
Perhaps he might be sent
To keep the boys in order
In an Amherst regiment.

We could go as Red Cross nurses,
We'd graduate just the same,
And so earn our diplomacy
In the battlefield of fame.

Cheer up, my dear, don't look so blue,
We'll all be kept from harm,
For Roosevelt is hiking home
With a game bag on his arm.

Yes, Roosevelt is coming,
The U. S. A. is saved,
To wait for his arrival
The war has been delayed.

But wait,—I have an awful thought—
If there's war in Mexico,
After all my darling plans and schemes,
My Prom-man has to go !

HEARD ON THE TAR WALK

THE REASON

"This sudden change is very queer
An explanation, please, my dear.
Your spirits seem to bubble o'er,
I never saw you thus before!"

My friend looked down and blushed the while
Then, she answered with a smile
"A Junior with perpetual grin
Must mean—she has a Senior pin!"

MARIE GRAFF 1915

It happened on a story-book kind of day—
DISILLUSIONED all sunshiny, when big white ice-cream clouds
are floating by and the sky is all blue. I was
young, very young—of the age when you talk to flowers and
trees and especially to butterflies.

This day I awoke with an ambition—my very first, I think,—
I wanted to catch a bird! I did not know exactly what I should
do with it, but I must catch one—and feel it!

I had heard of a way to do it, too. They said if you put a tiny
bit of salt on the tail of a bird, you could creep up to it and
catch it, so easily!

I submitted quite cheerfully to my bath that morning, with-
out once wailing, "don't let the rag drag!" and I beamed on
the family at breakfast in the knowledge of my coming triumph.

The salt was easily obtained—not like matches. Then I trotted
out in search of a victim. I could not stop to chase even one
yellow butterfly. I wanted most of all to get a robin, to see if
the red part of it was fiery hot. If it only were, I thought, there
would be no more struggles getting forbidden matches! But

somehow all the robins seemed busy elsewhere and I had to begin on a sparrow.

I saw one down on a bush, being very quiet. Slowly I slipped along behind it—*too* slowly, I guess, for before I reached it, it had gone up into a tree, to see what one of its friends was finding to eat. Then I saw a robin! It was running along in the grass and it stopped to pull up a worm. I almost got that robin!

I rested awhile and then went after another. He was a most desirable robin—I came closer and closer to him, then threw the salt, oh so confidently and joyously! But the instant the salt touched that robin's tail, he gave a start and flew up from the ground, and flew and flew!

Mother said that the robin could not have realized that it was *salt* that fell on his tail. But somehow I felt that he did know!

RUTH KILBORN 1916.

MOB TRIALS

Fat legs, thin legs, curved legs, straight,
Strong legs, weak legs, wobbly gait;
Dainty ankles, fat ones, rounded like a knob—
Every kind reveal themselves when trying for the mob.

Awkwardly, one by one, in the presence austere of the judges,
Glided the "nymphs" and "shades," the expectant mob of Dramatics.

EFFIE OPPENHEIMER 1914.

THE SAND MAN

Along the beach on a windy night
And over the dunes of brown
A little old man comes creeping along
From a place called the Nowhere Town.
We know that he must be very old
And withered and bent and gray,
For every night for years and years
He's passed along this way.

He comes along when the sun has set
And the shadows are long and deep,
And he scatters sand in the children's eyes
And puts them all to sleep.
And the children long to see him
But he's never about by day,
For every night when his task is done
He silently creeps away.

ELEANOR L. HALPIN 1914

CHANGE

A baby—with his dimpled smile
Played with his tiny toes the while
You fondled. He laughed up at you
And took your sweet caresses as his due.

A sturdy youth of six, he says, "O gee,
This business isn't any fun for me—
I won't be kissed, le' me alone
I'm gettin' old, I'm almost grown."

ELEANOR PARK 1915.

IN THE SWIM

Tom boasts that he can dive the best
Of any at the shore,
Bill does the Salamando Leap,
Says he, "Who could wish more?"

Moll does the crawl stroke,
Nell can float, the rest do other things—
I hold my head high with the best,
I swim—with water-wings!

MARION DELAMATER FREEMAN 1914.

AS ADVERTISED

If you'll believe me! Not one pair
Of stockings left for me to wear.
It's awfully late, and darning's slow,
But those vile holes would surely show.
These stockings certainly won't last,
The runners come so very fast,
I s'pose that it must be, alack,
Because they're "Guaranteed Fast Black."

HELEN V. TOOKER 1915.

WHEN ?

I sit in the libe from nine to ten,
Some tennis players go by,
I sit in my class next hour and then
A gliding canoe I spy.
See couples strolling here and there
With not a book in sight.
They seem to hide all studious air,
But perhaps they study at night.
I watch a group start on a drive
To be "off for the day."
The whole college seems alive
'Tis truly the day for play.
I sit in the libe from two to four
'Tis quiet as can be,
I never knew it so still before
I struggle with English B.
I wander to the Field quite late
All Smith seems playing there,
Do their lessons have no weight?
Can it be they do not care?
Car riding holds the attention of all,
The libe is empty at night,
"We study *between* Spring and Fall"
Said the student. Was she right ?

MARIE GRAFF 1915.

EDITORIAL

There was a time when we sang the word "adorable" as a part of our most sacred hymns, and moreover, we meant something by it. "Attractive," too, although it occupied a less honored position, had distinct meaning and force. We did not say "good-looking" very often, but when we did, we meant "good-looking," "not Launcelot, nor another." At the opposite extreme of our vocabulary we had in reserve for use when some unusual set of circumstances should demand it the word "fiendish." We really had no expectation of needing it, ever, but it was interesting to have, to look at occasionally.

Now times have changed. We talk glibly to our friend of her "adorable hat," of the "attractive waist" that she is wearing, and of the "fiendish written" which we have just attended. We are taking a course, too, which is "simply deadly." Once cannon balls under certain circumstances were deadly. So were poisons. There is to be considered also the relation between these apparently strong, but really meaningless expressions, and words generally supposed to be barred from the cultured person's vocabulary,—such expressions as "darn" and "gosh"—or even "gee." Is there any real distinction between the two classes of expressions—is not one as good (or as bad) as the other? Each is equally meaningless. Yet some people who would hesitate to say "darn" may be heard exclaiming over a "fiendish written."

There is no valid reason why we should not change the significance of a word, if it seems important and worth while to do so, and if a sufficient number of people desires the change. But we have no moral right to render a term meaningless and then retain it in our vocabulary. Such a course is both unintelligent and insincere, and makes truth of intercourse impossible. The catch-words which are so large a part of our college vocab-

ulary at present are meaningless, because so frequently and indiscriminately employed. The person who says "She is a perfect dear, so attractive," may mean anything or nothing, but the hearer who is looking for an honest estimate of the "perfect dear" will go elsewhere. If you insist upon offering a catch-word when you are asked for an opinion, there is nothing more to be said.

The word itself has some right to consideration. A word that for centuries has been hallowed by the lips of poets should not lightly be degraded to the rank of a catch-word. Yet aside from the claim of the word, which to some talkers may seem an abstract and fanciful one, there is the injury to the user of the catch-words to be considered. It is very easy to slip into this peculiarly lazy form of social response; then it grows, until presently not only upon trivial occasions, but in the presence of a real experience, there is nothing to say. Moreover, having nothing to say, you have not the grace to keep silent, but you produce, glibly and mechanically, a jaded and meaningless catch-word.

One day last spring we were walking across campus, looking in the direction of the hill by the Observatory, and breathing in the beauty of the azaleas, which were in full bloom—a glorious riot of color. We were lost in contemplation of the rarely beautiful sight, when suddenly a voice behind us was heard to say, "See those good-looking colors over there!" For a moment we had a mad desire to choke the speaker, so strong was the sense of insult to something worthy and dear. Presently, however, we were only very sorry for her. It was pathetic to think how, as the experiences of life knocked daily at her door, she would always keep them waiting—with a catch-word.

The hasty judgment, which is in reality no judgment, is a close associate of the catch-word habit. You say, apparently with feeling, "She's a perfect dear—simply darling," without being able to state any of the elements of her dearness, often repeating the statement merely because someone has said it to you concerning the person in question. Sooner or later you are completely under the spell of the habit, and, collecting a bundle of catch-word judgments along the way, you go about "adoring Browning" and "abhorring Wordsworth" until the end of each fashion, with not the smallest idea of why you are doing either.

Not only in the miniature world of college is the catch-word a menace to the truth of intercourse. It is this catch-word way of meeting the problems of life and of the world that is hindering their solution—that is, in many cases, creating the problems. As long as we approach what we choose to call the “immigrant problem” with such cant phrases as “social uplift” and “unlettered foreigner” (he may, by the way, be as “lettered” as we are, and in a greater number of languages) we shall never reach the real issue, the fact that we have to deal with individuals like ourselves, with like diversity of interests and aspirations, and not with an abstract problem. In like manner, we can never reach common grounds of sympathetic understanding with a neighboring nation if we insist upon dismissing its people with a few contemptuous catch-words.

While we are in college there is still time to shake off the habit which is paralyzing our judgment and making truth of intercourse impossible. The sooner we escape from its grasp and begin to speak in terms of meaning and sincerity, the better we shall be equipped to take our place, later on, as useful citizens of the world.

EDITOR'S TABLE

“Please, please!” A very small voice, shrilling through the key-hole of Old Man Winter’s door, was lost in the confusion that prevailed within. “Let me come in, please, please!” This was the hundredth time beyond a doubt that the little voice had implored him. But just now he was occupied with a north-north-westerly wind that was starting out on its day’s journey.

“That’s the way to do it!” Winter growled, while snowflakes showered from his beard. “Stir ’em up as much as you like. Don’t be afraid.”

Then it was that the inhabitants of Northampton turned up the collars of their mackinaws. “Lo,” said they, “the winter we have with us always. When may we wear white skirts and go on bats?” And their sighs soared up to Winter, as he stood unmoved among his winds and snow.

“It’s *time* for me to come,” shrieked the voice behind his door. Winter turned guiltily, “It isn’t time,” he said. Then he wavered,

“What’s your evidence?”

“The Sun says it’s time. You’re spoiling everything—snowing on the May flowers, blowing on the maple trees. Let me in! You’re spoiling everything!”

The Sun settled the question. He rose up, smiling, from behind the clouds and the hills grew faintly pink with maple buds. Winter drooped, melted, drifted away in vapour. His door swung open as the hinges warmed—and Spring ran in. Tiny flowers, soft buds filled the air and the north wind slunk away. The fields grew green and in Northampton the inhabitants put on white skirts and the hurdy-gurdies came out.

And said they, “Let’s not work any longer. We’ll have a bat right now.”

And they did. They played on the meadows and had such a good time along the Connecticut that they forgot to work! There were those among them who said that it was the mark of a Good Sport to finish the work they had started before the Sun came out to stay. But, of course, they couldn't expect to be heard when the others were so busy.

But just when the fun was liveliest, adreadful thing happened. June came. June brought hot days—and Finals. And then those Northampton people gasped and said, "Why—why—I'd forgotten about Finals!" And the days grew hotter and they had to cram, yes, just cram and cram and cram. They tried to keep cool by drinking lemonade but, alas, too late they found they could not keep cool and sweet by the same method. (They had spent all their money on Bats so they couldn't afford much sugar.) And there were those who told them to "Keep Sweet" until they got nervous. After that I don't know what happened. This was all a long time ago. Those improvident ones have been superseded by a people who are not as they were. They have Balance, these latter-day folk.

Spring Term is a time of sunny, exhilarating days; many happy moments are to be found along the Connecticut, at the Old Golf Grounds and across the meadows. But let us not forget that there are courses to be completed. It can be the happiest, sunniest part of the year for us, and still be not unmixed with purposeful work. In the cool bright days we are apt to forget that too many sets of tennis may mean a grim reckoning in June. If we could remember to mix work with play in May, we should not need to struggle for a little play to mix with work in June. It's just a question of facing your work squarely; it's a question of the sense of balance that college is said to bring. Let's try to meet the question in such a way that this sense may be called "the balance that college brings."

K. B.

"And the moral of this, my dear children," is, don't be morbid. It is discouraging enough to have to find this tendency expressed so often in ordinary magazines, to wish after we have read a story that we hadn't done it, to close the magazine with a dissatisfied, hopeless feeling. But a college monthly is no place for hard, unsolvable problems, the kind of questions that it can never do us any good to think over or answer. "The

Greatest Diver," "Dolores" and "Prospectors" in the *Occident*, "Chrissy" in the *Vassar Miscellany* and "I Will Forgive Them for Their Childishness" in the *Harvard Advocate* all leave one, in spite of the fact that they are exceptionally well written stories, with that disagreeable, bad-taste feeling.

My, what a lot of good stories there are in the April magazines! There are some serious articles, too, of which an essay on "The Poetry of Alfred Noyes," in the *Nassau Literary Magazine*, is a very comprehensive and sympathetic treatment of the poet as well as of his poetry. The *Vassar Miscellany*, in "At Dove Cottage," although using a trifle too many quotations for the coherence of the article, presents a very charming and rather unusual picture of Wordsworth and his sister in their home life.

Among the really good short stories are "The Nautilus," in the *Nassau Literary Magazine*, which is a dainty presentation of the real spirit of Christmas; "Kipling at the Kidds," from the *Wesleyan Literary Monthly*, with its incongruity of The Vampire and a bar-room; in the *Vassar Miscellany* "The Prom" is a keen satire on the present day rush for pleasure; "The Ebb Tide" in the *Minnesota Magazine* and "An Academic Brutus" in the *Yonkers Kalends*.

"From the Ships on the Open Sea," in the *Harvard Advocate*, takes us back to the days of the Titanic disaster and gives an exceedingly realistic picture of the tortured suspense of those who waited for news. The story ends with a very delicate human touch. "The Three Sisters," in the *Nassau Literary Monthly*, an Easter story of the little girl who "is still alive in us and in the things she loved," is unusually tender and sympathetic. The *Minnesota Magazine* gives us a humorous as well as essentially human treatment on the modern dance in "Youth," while *The Mt. Holyoke*, in "The Perfume of Lilies," offers a very realistic picture of the child of the New York slums, the sort of a story which makes your throat contract with the pity of it all. "The Martyr" and "A Little Mistake" in the *Williams Literary Monthly* and "The Work of His Hands" in the *Welles College Chronicle* complete the list of the best stories for last month.

E. G.

AFTER COLLEGE

ALUMNÆ NOTICES

THE TEMPEST

Applications for Dramatics tickets may be placed on file at the General Secretary's Office, 184 Elm Street, Northampton. Alumnæ are urged to apply for the Thursday evening performance, June 11, if possible, as Saturday evening is not open to alumnæ, and the waiting list is the only opportunity for Friday. Each alumna may apply for only one ticket for Friday evening, but extra tickets may be obtained on a Thursday evening application.

The prices of seats will range on Thursday from \$1.50 to \$.75 and on Friday from \$2.00 to \$.75. The desired price of seat should be indicated in the application. A fee of 10 cents is charged to all non-members of the Alumnæ Association for the filing of the application. The fee may be sent to the General Secretary at the time of application. Applications are not transferable, and should be canceled at once if not wanted.

In May all those who have applied for tickets will receive a request to confirm the applications. Tickets will then be assigned *only* to those who respond to this request. No deposit is required to secure tickets, which may be claimed on arrival in Northampton from the business manager in Seelye Hall. Tickets will be held *only until 5 o'clock* on the day of the performance, unless a request has been received to hold them later at the theatre.

ALUMNÆ HEADQUARTERS

Each alumna returning for Commencement is requested to register as soon as possible in Seelye Hall, and obtain tickets for collation, Baccalaureate, etc. Registration will open at 9 o'clock on Friday, June 12.

The postmaster asks each alumna to notify her correspondents of the street and number of her Northampton address at Commencement, in order to ensure the prompt delivery of mail. Any alumna who is uncertain of a definite address may have her mail sent in care of the General Secretary at Seelye Hall.

The General Secretary will be glad to be of assistance in securing off-campus rooms or supplying information of any kind. Her services are at the disposal of all members of the Alumnæ Association.

ROOMS FOR COMMENCEMENT

By a vote of the Trustees of Smith College the available rooms in the college will be open to the alumnæ at Commencement. The chairman of the committee in charge of the assignments is Dean Comstock, College Hall. Applications for the classes holding reunions should be made to their class secretaries. Rooms will be assigned to as many of these classes as possible

in the order of their seniority. In view of the experience of the committee last year, no classes after the one holding its fifth reunion can be accommodated in the college houses. For the five days or less time the price of board will be five dollars. Alumnae to whom assignments are made will be held responsible for the full payment unless notice of withdrawal is sent to the class secretary before June 1. After June 1, notices of withdrawal and requests for rooms should be sent directly to Dean Comstock. Except in cases where payment to the class secretaries has been made in advance, the five-dollar charge for a campus room should be paid at Dean Comstock's office, No. 2, College Hall.

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be addressed to Lilian Peters, Dickinson House, Northampton, Massachusetts.

ex-'07. Anna B. Rounds has announced her engagement to Dr. James A. Barrett of La Grange, Maine.

'11. Marion Lucas, until recently social editor of the *Springfield Republican*, has accepted a position with the International Health Commission and is to do research work. Address: 725 Southern Building, Washington, District of Columbia.

'12. Margaret Burt is working in the Traveler's Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Mabel Curtiss is teaching in the High School at Ansonia, Connecticut.

Louise Naylor is working in the People's Settlement, 408 East 8th Street, Wilmington, Delaware.

Ruth Paine's marriage to John Blodgett will take place May 21.

'13. Margaret Allen is teaching Civics and Commercial Arithmetic in the Middletown High School, Middletown, Connecticut.

Mary Arrowsmith is at home in Bay Ridge, Long Island, New York.

Marjorie Ashley is teaching in the High School at Candor, New York.

Gladys V. Bailey is teaching French, Latin and History in the High School at Jonesport, Maine.

Florence Blenkiron is at home. Address: 945 Orange Street, Los Angeles, California.

Agnes Conklin is teaching in the Susquehanna Valley House for Orphans, Binghamton, New York.

Eliza Crosby is at home in Dover, New Hampshire.

Anne Doulan is teaching English and Physics in the Avon High School, Avon, New York.

Annie Dunlop is at home, Oak Park, Illinois.

Mary Dunne is teaching French and History in the Derby High School, Derby, Connecticut.

Winifred E. Durham is teaching in the Crystal Lake Schools, North Crystal Lake, Illinois.

- '13. Agnes Folsom is assistant in Wells River High School of Vermont.
Eleanor Galleher is teacher of French and English in the High School at Berlin, New Hampshire.
Marian Gardner is teaching at Blair Academy, Blairstown, New Jersey.
Hester Gamwell is at home in Bellingham, Washington.
Mabel Girard is teacher of French and English in the High School at Randolph, Vermont.
Sybil Green is at home.
Mary Hassett is teaching Latin in the High School at Lee, Massachusetts.
Eleanore Holmes is taking a course in the Bryant and Stratton Business School of Boston.
Grace Jordan is at home. Address: 345 Central Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.
Ruth Le Gro is at home in Palmer, Massachusetts.
Beatrice Litchfield is teaching English, Latin and History and acting as Assistant in the High School at Suffield, Ohio.
Martha Lundagen is teaching Algebra and English in the High School at Leominster, Massachusetts.
Louie Lyman is teaching a primary grade at Easthampton, Massachusetts.
Ruth Machette is teaching French and Mathematics in the North Kingstown High School, Wickford, Rhode Island.
Ruth McClellan is studying Vocal Music in the Knox Conservatory of Music, Galesburg, Illinois.
Margaret McGrath is teaching Mathematics in the High School at North Brookfield, Massachusetts.
Agnes McGraw is teacher of Mathematics and Music at Miss Mill's School, at Mount Airy, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
Annah Montague is teaching Mathematics in the High School at Putnam, Connecticut.
Mildred Morrow is teaching Mathematics and Physics in the High School at Bridgton, Maine.
Mathilde Parlett is at home. Address: 728 Georgia Avenue, Bristol, Tennessee.
Eleanor Phippen. Address: 26 Lynde Street, Salem, Massachusetts.
Sarah Porter is teaching at Berlin, Connecticut.
Louisa Quigg is substituting in the schools of Pawtucket, Rhode Island.
Edith Rogers is at home.
Florence Seaman is taking a year of graduate work in the University of Southern California, Los Angeles, California.
Mary Shea is Principal's Assistant at the Park Avenue School, West Springfield, Massachusetts.
Arline Smith is living at home and teaching Mathematics and English in Detroit, Michigan.

13. Annie Smith is teacher of History at Waterbury, Connecticut.
 Cora Stiles is teaching English, Latin and French in the High School at Conway, Massachusetts.
 Mercy Stock is teaching at Sharon High School, Sharon, Connecticut.
 Marion Stone is at home in Newton, Massachusetts.
 May Taylor is at home, studying and teaching music. Address: 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
 Marian Thompson. Address: 529 High Street, Fall River, Massachusetts.
 Alice Van Nuys is at home in Northampton. She is continuing her course in Music at Smith College.
 Anna Wallace is teaching at Proctorsville, Vermont.
 Edith Weck is at home. Address: 247 Ruby Road, Brooklyn, New York.
 Florence Willcox is teaching German and Art in Hackettstown, New Jersey.
 Elise Williams is teaching Mathematics and Latin in the High School at Bath, New Hampshire.
 Dorothy Wilner is teaching at Au Sable Forks, New York.
 Mina Winslow is studying music at home.
 Alice Woodworth is at home. Address: 203 South 34th Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

CALENDAR

- May 15. Lecture by Professor Charles Downer Hazen, under the auspices of the History Department.
- “ 16. Division B Dramatics.
- “ 20. Field Day.
 Meetings of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
 Open Meeting of the Clef Club.
- “ 30. Decoration Day.
- June 1-11. Final Examinations.
- “ 10. Meetings of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
- “ 13. Meeting of Alumnae Association.
- “ 14. Baccalaureate Sunday.
- “ 15. Ivy Day.
- “ 16. Commencement Exercises.

The
Smith College
Monthly

June - 1914

Owned and Published by the Senior Class

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JUNE, 1914

No. 9

EDITORS:

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A CRITICISM OF PLATO'S THEORY OF DRAMATIC ART FROM A MODERN POINT OF VIEW

ANNA ELIZABETH SPICER

In our life at the present day there are few forms of art more truly popular than the drama. This fact is being shown in every way: by the talk of the "man in the street," by the columns of theater advertisements in our newspapers, the sections of dramatic criticism in our magazines, the numerous performances of amateur theatricals, the increasing interest in the pageant and the municipal theatre, and the recent excellent books of criticism by excellent critics. The lion of the afternoon teas is the writer of the newest successful play, and matinée idols are to be found in every town of a few hundred inhabitants.

The theatre in Plato's time was no small nor insignificant matter. Euripides, Sophocles, Æschylus, were even then names to conjure with. "The theaters," says Jowett, "were free, or almost free, to all, costing but a drachma" (a shilling or less) "at the most." Then, too, the play was the thing, and is no more than coming into its own again.

And Plato, could he be waked from some wondrous dream of his beloved Republic, and be presented with the statistics of the theatres, would, after pondering a while over them, sadly shake his head and murmur—to himself, for in what sympathetic soul could he confide?—"ἤντριον ἡδίων ἥσω."

The question of the drama is a vital one to Plato. "We must come to an understanding about the mimetic art," he says. And then he proceeds whole-heartedly to condemn the dramatic art in every way.

Plato's arguments against dramatic art may be divided into three chief groups, the economic arguments, the ethical arguments, and the philosophical arguments.

Gouverneur Morris has well put a criticism which is sometimes heard of philosophers: "The men who live in the world are very different from those who dwell in the heads of philosophers." But Plato cannot be touched by this criticism in so far as it applies to practical interest in life. With him philosophy becomes more technical than it has ever been before and Plato's interest lies not only in the practical side of life but in the constructive as well. The economic aspect, then, is most important for Plato.

The Republic starts out with this question to be answered: What is justice? And the answer is found to be: "Justice is the harmony of human life." In the individual this refers to the setting "in order of his own inner life"; in the state justice is the same, the outward manifestation being a man's doing his own business: the carpenter is to build houses, the shoemaker to make shoes, and so forth. So, can we not see, if we consider the actor, and the author, who in writing plays would be putting himself into the places of different characters, that he is violating the principle of a well-ordered life, on which justice is founded? He will not be doing his own business, and aiding in the economic welfare of the state,—no, far from that; he will be rushing hither and thither, being first a god, then an old man, then a woman; a king, then a beggar. This will never do.

Plato makes Socrates, who is of course clearly his spokesman, give an emphatic dictum on this point. In Book III of the Republic he says, "Then, Adeimantus, let me ask you whether our guardians ought to be imitators; or rather has not this question been decided by the rule already laid down that one man can only do one thing well, and not many; and that if he attempts many, he will altogether fail of gaining much reputation in any?"¹ "The same person will hardly be able to play a serious part in life and at the same time to be an imitator and imitate many other parts as well." There is in the Republic no place for the Jack-of-all-trades.

Under these words lies the question of specialization. Now there is danger, of course, in too much scattering of interest; modern education is not blameless in this respect. The Jack-of-all-trades is not exactly an admirable member of society; but one may transgress on the other hand, also.

Plato is too dogmatic; there is not enough elasticity allowed by him. For the fullest self-realization, which is in the end a benefit to both individual and community, you must look out, see others' views, understand their work; and this cannot be accomplished by one who sticks narrowly to his own little task. The shoemaker must learn to know more than his shoe-making. Kant has said that feelings without thoughts are empty; but also that thoughts without feelings are blind. This is to-day one of the great arguments for the drama. Charles Reade, discussing certain forms of cruelty in *The Cloister and the Hearth*, says, "This defect, intellectual perhaps rather than moral, has been mitigated in our day by books, especially able works of fiction; for there are two roads to that highest effort of Intelligence, Pity—experience of sorrows, and Imagination, by which alone we realize the grief we never felt." And I am sure he would not deny that this same service is rendered as effectually by the drama. Then, instead of Justice being endangered, she is even nearer her perfect fulfilment.

As to the example Plato gives—"for even when two species of imitation are nearly allied, the same person cannot succeed in both, as, for example, the writers of tragedy and comedy,"—we offer in refutation to this our master of the drama; we open our Shakspeare first to "*As You Like It*," and then, over a few pages, to "*Macbeth*." And Shakspeare, far from being an

eccentric genius, is regarded by us as perhaps the most sane of all artists; of all dramatists the man who in his life as in his art was most praiseworthily human. The dialogues of Plato himself are an argument; but Plato, from his ethical point of view, has lost sight of this fact. He does, it is true, provide that the youth of the Republic are to be surrounded by all most beautiful things, but he does not go far enough.

It is difficult to disconnect any one of the arguments from the others, as they are so bound up together by the one dominating idea that art consists in mere imitation of nature. It is necessary to treat this more fully later. But if we remember that for Plato art is merely the imitation of common, every-day reality, thrice removed from the real, which is the Ideal, we may understand more fully his economic argument. For art, according to this, would be more or less a waste of energy, absolutely opposed to all principles of political or social economy. For some forms of art, it is true, he admits advantage to be gained—for instance, music of certain kinds. But dramatic art offers no such help to the soul, he thinks. It has no *practical results* for good.¹ And so, from an economic point of view, all participation in tragedy and comedy is a waste of valuable energy which by author, actor and spectator, might much better be turned into the channels of real life.

This argument can be opposed only by the acknowledgment that art does not mean for us what it did for Plato; it is not, we think, a mere imitation of nature.

Probably the greatest influence that ever came into Plato's life was that of the teaching of Socrates. And Socrates' effect was to deepen Plato's interest in moral questions, as well as in economic and philosophical ones. Plato is a *moral* enthusiast.

With the effect on the author of writing such things he does not treat. He seems to have little hope of reforming the poets and little sympathy with them. The dramatic poet is *lazy*; he will not take the trouble to imitate "the wise and calm temperament," which is "nearly always equable," and "not easy to imitate." He works "as if his whole vocation were endless imitation," and the objects of his imitation are those things which it is most easy to imitate, to wit, the *evil*. He eulogizes tyranny, too.

The only aim of the dramatic poet is *popularity*. He does

¹ R. 599C-600.

not care about truth, so long as the theaters, in which his plays are running, are packed; and we think of George Whetstone in the sixteenth century, grieving over the English dramatists, who are indiscreet, "not caring a straw, so people laugh." And, since the dramatist is an imitator of an imitator, his creations have an inferior degree of truth. Why should he be infallible? He himself "may have come across imitators and have been deceived by them."¹ He gets more and more deeply involved in unrealities, until all life is to him and to those who enjoy his works, "but a dream within a dream," and the dream is a nightmare!

From the moral point of view both *actor* and *spectator* are more or less dupes of the dramatic poet, in whom is the root of evil. Although Plato does not expressly say it, we may suppose that he believed the acting of plays was bad morally for the actor.

As to the spectator, the effect is the same as that of real life, differing only in degree—of inferiority—not in quality. There is presented to the spectator "an inferior part of the soul." And so, to the youth who are easily impressionable², and to the less so, but still impressionable, adults, are presented: perverted images of the gods; a woman quarrelling with her husband, or striving against the gods; cowards; men who "scold or mock or revile one another in drink or out of drink," etc., etc. How can a man seeing these *help* becoming thoroughly degenerate? "For our soul's health" we must cultivate, if any, the poet "who will imitate the style of the virtuous only." And Plato seems to think the dramatic poets would not do so, if they could.

To-day one may find division of opinion among dramatists as to the treatment of good and evil. Gervinus and Ulrici represent one point of view among German critics of Shakspeare; they "have an obsession of morality." And Charles Klein, well-known to the American audience from his plays, "The Lion and the Mouse," etc., takes this view. "What I ask," he says, "is not merely that we should be shown that evil punishes, but that it shall be insisted on as equally axiomatic that good rewards." But even this poetic justice is more than Plato would allow.

1 R. 605A.

2 R. 395D.

It is true that there is a moral danger for the actor. "The long playing of a rôle like *Hamlet*, if it be well enacted, works so insidiously upon the spirit of the actor as to become a formidable danger. No conscientious actor could repeat the performance of such a rôle as *Dr. Jekyl* and *Mr. Hyde* through an extended run, without incurring grave responsibilities to himself; while the portrayal of the characteristic habits of *Rosalind*, on the other hand, acts as an irresistible nervous tonic, so ineradicably is the spirit joined to the kindly clay in which it was begotten."¹ It is, however, in regard to the spectator that Plato is insistent.

The larger and by far the most important school of critics to-day has taken a much broader and more reasonable view. To them, also, as to Aristotle, the effect of art is not the same as the effect of nature.

Bosanquet's criticism of Plato is important: "The technical defect thus revealed consists in substituting a direct connection of subordination for an indirect connection of coördination between the spheres of beauty and of the moral order. By this subordination beauty is required to represent the moral order as moral, and nothing more; whereas it is really an expression, coördinate with the moral order as a whole and not bound under its rules, of that larger complication and unity of things which reflects itself in the sense of beauty on the one hand, and on the other hand in the social will."² And he goes on to give the modern view point: "Beauty, indeed, within its own territory of expression for expression's sake, is secure from praise or censure upon purely moral grounds. But wherever expression is not for expression's sake, but is determined by alien motives, such as the promotion of virtue or knowledge, or again the stimulation of sensuous desire, then it is outside the æsthetic frontier, and moral criticism upon it is justified not only in substance but also in form."

William Archer, one of the most important critics to-day, follows Bosanquet: "A story made to the order of a moral concept is always apt to advertise its origin, to the detriment of its illusive quality."³

Brander Matthews thinks that "the drama cannot evade

¹ Bliss Carman in "The Making of Personality."

² Bosanquet's "History of Æsthetic."

³ William Archer: "Playmaking."

moral responsibility"; and yet "the playwright is never called upon to be a preacher."¹

A. C. Bradley gives the name of "moral order" to that which Bosanquet calls "that larger complication and unity of things."² But the moral here is not the narrow moral.

The whole attitude of these critics is admirably summed up by Shelley in his preface to *Cenci*: "The highest moral purpose aimed at in the highest species of the drama is the teaching of the human heart, through its sympathies and antipathies, the knowledge of itself, in proportion to the possession of which knowledge every human being is wise, just, sincere, tolerant and kind."

In the third place, Plato argues that the emotions, the "inferior parts of the soul," are aroused by dramatic presentations. In his psychology, the emotions, sensations, desires, appetites, are all on the lowest plane of the soul and at eternal variance with the higher paths, the reason and the will.

Present-day psychology takes an entirely different view of the emotions. By it they are regarded as natural; not to be utterly crushed out. There is a right use of the emotions as well as an abuse, and this is not admitted by Plato.

We have been continually putting off the discussion of art as imitation of nature. In order to understand Plato's adoption of this attitude, it is necessary to consider briefly a few main points of his philosophy. Therein lies the fundamental difference of Plato's treatment to ours.

For Plato, Ideas are universals; eternal, self-subsisting entities, which have their being apart from sensible things in "a realm intelligible for the intellect alone." Their totality constitutes a system or intelligible world which is composed of all the Ideas participating in one another; and all Ideas participate in a higher Idea, the Idea of the Good, which is their principle. Knowledge consists in apprehending the universal principle of the object.

The Good, the Beautiful and the True are, although by no means identical, closely related. "That is beautiful which is good"; he is a "fool who directs the shafts of his ridicule at any other sight but that of folly and vice, or seriously inclines

¹ Matthews: "A Study of the Drama."

² Bradley: *Shaksperian Tragedy*."

to weigh the beautiful by any other standard but that of the good."¹

But this Beautiful, which has such a large and important part to play in the all-important Idea of the Good, is not tangible, concrete Beauty. On this point Plato is most emphatic. The real Beauty is the absolute Ideal Beauty; and in the *Phaedrus* he says of her, "where souls go in company with blessed gods, there Beauty is seen shining in company with celestial forms" (Ideas). Sensible perception of beauty is but a reminiscence of the real Beauty: "the shock of beauty is the soul's sudden half-remembrance of the world of Divine Ideas"; as Wordsworth says, "Trailing clouds of glory do we come." And a modern reflection, from Yeats, "If beauty is not a gateway out of the net we were taken in at our birth, it will not long be beauty."² The philosopher advances from loving things which seems beautiful to the eye, to loving beautiful people, and so on, toward the true Beauty.

But Art, although it may aid in this search for Beauty, may hinder also. There is a great gulf fixed between "the sight-loving, art-loving, practical class . . . and those . . . who are alone worthy of the name of philosophers. . . . The lovers of sounds and sights are . . . fond of fine tones and colours and forms and all the artificial products that are made out of them, but their mind is incapable of seeing or loving absolute beauty." The true philosopher must neither put the "objects in the place of the idea nor the idea in the place of the objects."

In the illustration of the bed, Plato shows most clearly his idea of art as an imitation of nature. Imitation itself implies no evil; but art is the imitation, not of this wondrous Ideal, but of the every-day, sensible world, an imitation of an imitation. Art and Beauty are two different things; as Raymond says, "in his own mind he never connected the two as, in any sense, necessarily connected."

We do not consider Art an imitation of Nature, nor as the unnatural as opposed to the natural. In the words of Raymond, "it differs from the immediate expression of nature in being mediate or represented expression, *Nature made human*." As literature, the dramatic art is "bound to be faithful to the inner spirit and laws of life," but we must remember that in the

1 R. 452.

2 W. B. Yeats: "Celtic Twilight."

realm of art "essential veracity has no relation to the mere actuality of every-day existence." (Matthews). The stage is the realm of appearances. Aristotle, who was more a follower of Plato than he cared to confess, made a great advance on Plato when he acknowledged that the effect produced by art is not the same as that produced by the natural (although he, too, held art an imitation of nature).

This view of art as an imitation of nature is the essential difference between Plato and modern philosophers and critics. We are able to see *Falstaff* and *Richard II* and *Macbeth* and *Othello* without being any the worse for it—nay, perchance we become better. We can attend the presentation of any really good problem play without necessarily becoming morally degenerate. In the words of Hugo, "the beautiful is as useful as the useful."

It is, of course, impossible to criticize Plato as we would a man who wrote such things to-day. Things have changed since then. In the unprejudiced view which the long passage of time enables us to take, we can even find services which such a view has rendered to thought. "It bears witness to the instinctive demand for depth and completeness in art as representing the powers that reveal themselves in that order of the world of which the moral order is one among other significant reflections; and it embodies the conviction that there is a superior art and beauty, which being not free but subservient to a practical or sensuous end, cease to be objects of æsthetic judgment and become the legitimate prey of moral censure or commendation. And censure of these must indeed always be one degree truer than commendation."¹ Plato has given us something on which to work, and we may owe him more gratitude than we seem to find reason for.

¹ Bosanquet.

AU CLAIR DE LA LUNE

MARION DELAMATER FREEMAN

When the world lies still in the light of the moon,
In the pure, ethereal light of the moon,
 Shadows lie amethyst under the trees,
 Leaves scarcely stir in the whispering breeze,
In the light of the moon.

When the sea lies pale in the light of the moon,
In the clear, white, shimmering light of the moon,
 Dim sails flash with a silvery gleam
 As they drift along like ships in a dream,
In the light of the moon.

When voices have died in the light of the moon,
Breathless, bewitched by the light of the moon,
 Hands grow taut lying palm in palm,
 Hearts beat fast in the voiceless calm,
In the light of the moon.

"ONE MAY MORNING IN HELL"

ANNA ELIZABETH SPICER

The nine old rivers flow memorial ways.
 On their grey, wavering banks one May morning
 I heard the shadow of a throstle sing
The shadow of a song. On earth such days
Be warm and wine-sweet. Here in Hell one pays
 All thoughts of bliss and dreams of wandering
 Ever, for one pale, worn-old dream of Spring
A-blooming. What has Hell to do with Mays?
Then one live note from the dead song o' the bird!
 All suddenly, to let the sunlight pass,
 A jagged streak in Hell-roof high overhead.
An there be stranger things, I never heard—
 For Lethe-banks woke trembling green with grass,
 And one blue violet wakened all the dead.

SANDY, HERO

FAYE MORRISON

Sandy lived in a house by the sea, and all day long he played and ate and slept. His little legs grew sturdy and hard and his hair grew quite straw-like in the hot sun and salt air. Days were happy ones for him, there was sand to dig in, and curious things to pick up and examine. Some days the waves would wash up queer pink and purplish jelly things, which would slip smoothly between his fingers. Then other days there were shells to be discovered nestling in the sand. One morning he woke up and discovered a great dark mass of wood piled high upon the beach and extending one beam out over the breakers. It was a black and slippery derelict and promised many interesting adventures for Sandy. All that day he lived in the mystery of the great drenched thing, crouching under its shadows, playing the castaway fearful of discovery, then stalking proudly over its slippery length, defying any danger that lurked on the high seas. He was a valiant little pirate, yet one thing troubled him. After all, he was a very small boy, and he couldn't somehow get up courage to go quite to the edge of that beam that hung so high over the water. It beckoned and defied him, but he couldn't forget how slippery it was and how noisy the breakers beneath it. Sandy was not a coward. He was too young to recognize cowardice as a thing to be despised. His experiences had not called for moral struggles. His timidity resulted from a lack of opportunity rather than from instinct. Yet when Sandy's supreme moment came he met the issue like a general to whom bravery is a habit. It all came about because of Sandy's family.

There were many reasons why Sandy lived alone by the sea with only Mrs. Haurahan and Daddy. He could remember dimly a time when there was Mother. He had often wondered about her. She had been so gay and pretty. Then one day Daddy had told him that a little sister had come to them only to go back to Heaven so quickly that it hardly seemed as though she had been there at all. His mother could not forget her, however, and Sandy knew that for many weeks she was

very, very ill. Then one day, several great, important men came and placed her in their machine and drove away. She had looked at Sandy peculiarly and when Daddy said to her, "Kiss Sandy, dear," she had only stared vacantly and oddly. Mrs. Hanrahan cried, and Daddy, who had been so boyish, looked old and haggard. They hurried Mother away and he had never seen her since.

It was shortly after that that Sandy went to live by the sea. Each night he watched the road for the cloud of dust and black speck which meant that Daddy was tearing home to him at frightful speed. There was always a mad dash up to the curb, a big figure leaping from the machine and the small boy would be swallowed up in a bear-like embrace. The evenings were happy ones for Sandy. One night he had stopped in the midst of his play and asked if Mother was ever coming home. Then Daddy took him on his lap and explained that Mother was away getting well and that some day she would come back to him. It seems that she couldn't quite forget the little sister whom Sandy hadn't even seen and it would be a long time before she would be well and happy again.

One day Mrs. Hanrahan interrupted him in one of his most exciting games and told him, with much adjusting of false teeth, that Daddy had sent word that company was coming and Sandy must be made ready. That evening, instead of just Daddy there was a great bearded man with him, who looked so hard at Sandy that he was quite shaky. After dinner, instead of the customary play time, father and the stranger sat and talked a long, long time. They seemed to be talking of Mother, for Sandy heard the deep voice say something about her being quite well; then, something about lost interest and that perhaps the new surroundings and the boy might arouse her. Then Sandy heard his own name spoken and his father's voice said slowly, "If it is to be done, Sandy must do it." So he was to do something, then. He wondered long about that. When Daddy came in to say good-night, he cuddled Sandy in his arms and told him that Mother was to come back to them and that she was very, very sad, and that Sandy must do all he could to make her smile. Sandy felt very old then and life began to mean something besides sand and sun. He was to make Mother smile, and he tasted the joy of responsibility.

She came, and Sandy could have cried, she was so little and

white. From that moment he consecrated himself to her. To make Mother smile was his happiness. Some days he would almost succeed in making her smile; then other days she would not see him and he would hear deep, painful sobbing. At such times Mrs. Hanrahan would hurry him off to the beach and at night Daddy would look more grave than usual.

As days went by Sandy became quite discouraged, when suddenly one day "The Plan" evolved. It grew slowly in his mind, but it all had to do with that black, slippery beam that hung so far over the water. Perhaps if some day when Mother was lying in the sand looking out toward the sea, he should crawl up to the very tip and *wave* she might not only smile but laugh, especially if he had to scramble to hang on. No general ever planned a manoeuvre with greater minuteness of detail than did Sandy plan his deed. There was something very heroic in the absolute forgetfulness of that awful slipperiness. "It" was to take place in the morning after one of Mother's hard days. He chose morning because—well—it would be over with sooner. The day he chose dawned and Sandy, looking a little pale, trudged valiantly beside his mother, saw her comfortably arranged among her cushions, and then sauntered carelessly toward the black pile which suddenly seemed to have grown blacker and bigger. He crawled upon the fateful beam, stretched himself flat and wiggled a few inches. He glanced toward his mother hurriedly. She was not watching. Gathering courage, he crawled a few feet farther than he had ever been before. The water pounded beneath him but still he crawled on. He wondered if she were looking and if she were smiling. A few more inches and he would be there. He closed his eyes; the salt spray stung his face. He could feel himself slipping—slipping—

In that awful moment a cry rent the air. That was the last he knew except that the water was choking him and he was being pounded and bruised. When he awoke Mother's arms were holding him fast and Mrs. Hanrahan was pumping his arms in a horribly painful fashion. "Oh Sandy, Sandy, if I had lost *you*!" his mother kept sobbing.

Sandy couldn't quite make things out. He knew that his plan had failed miserably and that Mother was crying instead of smiling. Yet the feeling of her arms about him was so loving. He hoped Daddy would understand. Then he sank off again

into unconsciousness and forgot everything for many hours—and days.

After that Mother seemed to forget that she was sad and sat long by Sandy's side and bathed his head. And when those horrible dreams came pressing about him, he felt loving arms holding him and a soft voice soothing him. He was a very, very sick boy, but when, one day, he woke up entirely well and strong there were Daddy and Mother smiling and tearful, to welcome him.

It all came out finally, and bit by bit he told them. But he couldn't understand why crying had helped Mother as much as laughing and why Daddy had held him tightly and called him "hero" when he had so miserably failed.

Many days later the big gruff man came to visit them, and when Mother, smiling and pink, led Sandy in, he couldn't at all understand why his two hands were seized or why the great specialist asked how his colleague, the doctor, was, and said, his voice shaking with laughter, that here surely was a rival to be reckoned with.

MEMORY

LEONORA BRANCH

Ah, I am tired to-day! If I could lie
Close to the cool, kind earth a little space
And feel the touch of raindrops on my face,
And watch the great white clouds sail softly by;
If, resting so a while, I could forget
The restless ways of men, nor ever heed
The phantom of the world's grim, anguished need,
I should be happy, dear, perhaps, and yet,—
Forgetting thus, should I at length be free?
Would it not sear my soul,—remembered bliss
From our dear past,—the magic of your kiss,
The quiet hope that still you needed me?

THE GOOD-BYE

ESTHER L. HARNEY

Their summer had been a happy one.

Days of gaiety, of tennis, of golf, and pleasures had followed each other quickly until now it was the end.

Cool nights and turning leaves, good-byes to friends and companions, all told of the end of summer.

The man and the girl had gone on their last horse-back ride together this night. The full moonlight had lured them from the glow of the big fireplaces, and they had gone off and up through the pine forests.

The girl was more silent than usual, and had met her companion's exhilarating gaiety and enthusiasm with rather a forced vivacity.

To the man, this girl was a type of the splendid girl, and he had thoroughly enjoyed her companionship. They had been together in most affairs and gossip had linked their names together more than once. He knew it, but he secretly laughed at such an idea. He was from the West and she was from the East, and they had laughed and jested over it often, the East and the West.

Now, he was to go back alone, and he could not tell when he would see her again. He would miss her. He was certain of that, and a lonely feeling, such as he ascribed to the bidding good-bye to good times, came over him suddenly. Well, all good times must end, he thought, as he spurred on his horse with his heel. The world was a small place, after all, and maybe next summer—but he could not fool himself. He knew that next summer he would have to stay home away out in the West and work. "What a shame," he rebelliously said, and then looked away as she quickly raised her head to catch his remark.

She rode on, enjoying the wonder of the night. And yet she was a little sad. In truth the girl was wondering at herself. A queer, big feeling came over her as she thought of the end of their summer together. She would always come up here, she thought, but he would never again. He had told her of his plans. Another year and she would be doing all these things

over again, but he? Well, she told herself practically, he would be married. And she? She gave her horse a little snap of her whip at the irritating thought of what was to become of her.

"You will write to me?" he said.

"Of course," she answered.

"You will tell me all the gay doings which you will have this winter, won't you?"

"Yes," she replied.

"And—if you are—" but he did not say it. The thought of her married, as all women should be, he reflected, was somehow painful to him.

"It must be the night, or the thought that summer is gone," they both thought as they cantered on.

The ride back to the hotel was a brisk one. Neither had cared to talk. They were such good friends that the silence between them was not noticed.

He was to leave early in the morning.

She had told him that she hated to say good-byes, and so she meant to leave him on the steps. They gave their horses to the groom and came up the steps quietly on to the veranda.

The girl had planned to hurry away with a smile and a gay word on her lips, but the man blocked her way.

"I had a glorious summer," he said, taking her hand. "I will never forget it."

"And so did I," she interrupted brightly with an impatient movement.

"Good-bye," he said, shaking her cool little hand.

"Good-bye," she answered, and with a queer little smile, "good luck!"

And he was gone, down the steps and out to his hotel, leaving her alone on her own veranda.

She leaned over the railing and looked down to the river, gleaming and alive with the richness of the moon.

What a glorious night it was!

And so this was the end of it all!

A wistful little song came into her head, "Good-bye to Summer," and she remembered it was Tosti's "Good-bye."

The end of the summer, the end of good times with a splendid companion, as the man had been. Into her thought crept a little, bitter reminder. "Men were all that way," she reflected.

"Every girl was like a new plaything, a toy to be enjoyed to the full and forgotten."

But the girl was fair and just in her thoughts, and she remembered that she herself had often had that attitude toward the many men with whom she had ridden and danced and laughed.

And how like life it was, she thought, the coming and going of friends, the swift speeding days, the passing on of faces seen and noticed in the crowd and never to be seen again.

An odd little pain hurt within her somewhere. She longed to go in and cry it out to someone. But what was there to cry out, to tell? What need to seek the crumbs of comfort?

The man, this man, who had grown curiously into all her thoughts, with whom she had hopelessly interwoven herself, was causing all this pain.

And then she knew, as she gazed out wonderingly at the glory of the night before her, that she must have always cared, and a rising surge of pity for herself started up within her.

So she cared for him, she loved him. And she began to ask herself when it had all begun. But she could not finger the thread of it all. It seemed as if she had always cared.

He must never know, he must never guess it. Would that be hard for her, she wondered. She felt that she could hide this divine feeling and exult in herself, but the sensation of her triumph, the loneliness of it all, came to her with a sudden dizzy wave.

Now the night seemed to have changed to her. The moonlight had suddenly shifted and thrown before her more shadows. The glory of its brilliancy was gone. It was like the memory of a sad, sweet song. Now the big things of the landscape loomed up before her, and the little details were blotted out and blackened. She felt as if she were looking at life as it really was, as if she were seeing the things of real value and worth where, before, her eyes had not seen. It was worth it all, she thought, and suddenly she felt older.

A breeze had come up and was stirring the heavy-topped trees beneath her. She watched them bend and sway and obey the touch of the wind. As she watched, she saw that where there was once light, now there was shadow. A dark figure seemed to be moving in and out of the light and shade. She watched it grow and loom up into the figure of a man. She saw the man come on and grow clearer to her.

And yet she did not wonder, for she thought it was a part of her reverie.

Nor did the firm, hastening steps on the veranda cause her to stir or to speak. She stood curiously still—waiting.

The man came toward her. His face seemed serious and pale in the misty darkness about them. His eyes searched her with an intentness that burned into her soul.

“I could not go away—that way,” he said, brokenly, with an effort to connect his words. “It came to me as I left you there,—that—I could not say ‘good-bye’ that way,—as if—we were—just friends,” he blurted out.

She was very still and made no effort to help him. It was as if she were dreaming, and feared to make a stir lest her dream vanish into the night before her. The man took her hands and shook them with a quick, jerky movement.

“I can’t help it,” he said, “I care so much,—don’t you understand, can’t you see that—I felt as if I were going out—into the desert, alone, and it seemed—it seemed as if I were the only one left in the world. And I thought that something in me,—somewhere, would burst until—until I came back to find you—to tell you that—I must have always loved you and never known it—”

He broke off abruptly and looked down into her face. “Couldn’t you care a little?” he said, in a voice that was almost a whisper.

The crushing of her hands in his by his strong grasp gave her the physical sensation of pain. His words seemed to be written on her heart, and she could hear their joyous echo in her soul.

Her face, too, was very pale and serious but strangely illuminated, as if from a brilliancy within herself. “I, too, have always cared,” she said, with a happy voice that held a lingering note of sadness in it. And he took her into his arms with a happy little laugh.

INTERRUPTED ADVENTURE

MARGARET BLOOM

I had always intended to be a mean, adventuresome old maid, not given to helping raise the offspring of brothers, sisters, and second cousins. So this spring, having verified by the family Bible my suspicion that I was forty-seven years old, I decided to "cut loose" while I still had teeth and was in full control of my limbs and other paraphernalia of adventure.

Acting upon my resolution to be unobliging, I told my sister-in-law, Anne, that I couldn't keep the children this summer, while she went to Atlantic City, for I had a plan of my own, which would occupy me for quite a while.

When Brother Robert came home from the store, Anne told him the news. He asked me what my plan was. I really hadn't decided on anything, but on the spur of the moment I said I was going to "tramp it." At this, Bob's eyes grew as big as saucers, and he said something about "unprotected women staying in the shelter of the home." I remarked that I thought I was as good a physical specimen as he was, being taller, fatter and generally more imposing-looking and able to take care of myself. He asked me whom I was going to take with me. I didn't have the slightest idea, but happened to think of Letty Simpkins.

Now Letty isn't just right in her mind, but she is one of those unlucky ones who are able to do a lot of work satisfactorily and willingly. She is about my age and I thought she ought to have a vacation. So, that evening, I went over to her brother's house where she lived, called her out of the kitchen where she was baking, and told her my plan three times so that she would be sure to understand it. I told her that I would come around the next morning at five and we would start right off.

Next morning, I got up before the family, left a note saying I had gone and took a good-bye look at the children, who luckily didn't wake up. I did hate to leave them and Tommy hadn't been eating well for a day or two. The night before he had said he didn't care for any pie, and his mother had wanted to send for the doctor. But I had made up my mind, so I called

my dog, Fido, and went over to Letty's place. Letty was waiting for me and we started off as fast as we could and soon got out from town into the country. We stopped at a little cross-road's grocery and got some eggs and bacon, with a skillet to cook them in. We went up into a clump of trees and cooked our breakfast by a little brook. Letty sat by my side contentedly munching her food. Letty was going to make a fine travelling companion, I thought. Fido cleaned up the scraps and we struck out across the timber, until we came to a road and walked along it. Tow-headed children peered at us through fence palings and strange dogs barked at Fido, who is a sedate animal. In his youth, Fido bit the minister, and has been a changed dog since.

I felt fine and Fido and Letty seemed rejuvenated. I couldn't help thinking, though, of Tommy and how he refused the pie. It worried me.

Pretty soon we sat down under a tree by the roadside. While we were sitting there, along came Dr. Davis behind his old mare, Jane. He waved when he saw us. "Kate," he said to me, "Letty's brothers are mad enough to eat you."

"Now, James Davis," said I, "do you remember the time you got caught up in the tree in Pendergras's orchard and I called off their dog with a bone? Here's your chance to do me a favor. Now, you just don't mention that you've seen us!"

"All right, Kate," said the doctor, and started to drive off. "Did I tell you Tommy was down with the measles and has been taking on terribly for you?" said he in an off-hand manner, "and that Letty's brothers can't find a cook? They talk some of getting a Pole to do the cooking."

I never have seen Letty so angry. "A Pole in my kitchen?" says she. "Not while I live!" She really looked quite bright.

"I guess, James, you'll have to make room for us in your buggy," said I, calling Fido and helping boost Letty up. "Anne's no nurse and anyhow she doesn't understand Tommy's nature, the way I do. Touch up that old nag of yours, and stop laughing, James Davis!"

The doctor chuckled all the way back and I suppose it was funny. Tommy's measles were a lesson to me, though, and never again shall I try to shirk my responsibilities. Being an aunt is a serious matter.

MAY DAYS

ROSAMOND DREXEL HOLMES

The velvet grass that only spring can know,
Trees coming back to life as from the dead,
Clouds—wee white caps in that blue sea o'erhead
Floating—innocent of a world below,
Purer than lilies or the gleam of snow.
Tingles the air with fragrance that is shed
By pointed firs or scarce late berries red,
What time but May has ever stirred us so?
You feel it, too. I need not take your hand
Or even look at you. It is, you see,
Too clear a message sent to you from me,
Too evident you know and understand.
No numbers of to-morrows could take away
The perfectness of one such fair to-day.

GHOSTS

LEONORA BRANCH

I saw them at twilight yesterday,—
The ghosts of the things I've tried to be,—
They stepped so softly across my way,
And stretched out their clinging hands to me!

I saw the Beauty I've never had,
And her wondrous eyes smiled into mine,
"Though you may not have me, dear child, be glad
For souls have vision to know my sign."

And the Gift of Words and the Winsome Ways,
Which my queer, still spirit has been denied,
Came forth from the ghostly, shadowed maze,
And lingered, pitying, by my side.

And the Love I've longed for, but sought in vain,
Bent softly and breathed on my brow a kiss.
"Have you known my sister, stern-eyed Pain,
And felt, in the knowing, no quiet bliss?"

* * * * *

I saw them at twilight yesterday,
The ghosts of the things I've tried to be,
And I felt in the old, heart-breaking way
The pitiful difference 'twixt them and me!

THE EYES OF THE CAMPUS

ANNE E. VON HARTEN

The eyes of the campus are its windows. With fixed and level gaze, they look forever, out of their red brick faces, watching the life of the college pass by, year in and year out, like a great sea, restless and changing. But the windows change very little, except in some cases when time invests them with heavy eyebrows of ivy-tendrils. To be sure, windows are mute and secretive in their habits; they do not tell us of the work and triumphs of the many classes that have preceded us, nor do they disclose to us how the patriarchal faculty member looked before his locks were touched with the "first streaks of the eternal dawn." However, no one need scorn a window, for besides discharging very worthy duties, such as, for example, ventilating our houses, they have also various lessons to teach. If you are an artist or a philosopher, they will supply you with food for speculation, sufficient to last through a lifetime; but if you are neither an artist nor a philosopher, and can see nothing in a window, you will, no doubt, at least be interested in what can occasionally be seen through them.

It seems to be generally conceded that the eyes more than any other single feature lend character to the human face, not only on account of their varied expression, but also because of their size, shape and position. In the same way a building derives character, whether taciturn, piquant, dignified, or unconventional, from the size, shape and position of its windows. Examples are not lacking on the campus. The long, narrow windows of College Hall with pointed Gothic arches, seem to look at the world with eyebrows raised in habitual scepticism, while the little dormers peep out from the roof like timorous birds afraid to emerge from their shelter. In the transept of Assembly Hall is a window of plate tracery, an invention of the thirteenth century, and the age of "zealous enthusiasm and simple faith." When I look up at its intricate windings and curves, and its bits of colored glass, which reflect interesting designs upon the dark rafters, I feel that in spite of the fact that chapel exercises are no longer held there, it is the most prayerful spot in the college.

Seelye Hall shows an astonishing contrast with the tracery of the Middle Ages, in windows that would no doubt please the most modern taste of all—that of the “Cubists.” The windows of John M. Greene Hall are of ample dimensions, radiating an abundance of sunshine and good will, like those cheerful and benignant Southern gentlemen in the pages of F. Hopkinson Smith.

Like the human eye, windows have their moods. They are closely in sympathy with the sky and the earth, and quickly reflect their joy, their anger, their sorrow. The varying expressions within these moods are so fleeting that an artist cannot pretend to catch them. Suppose for the sake of adventure we go forth early on a spring morning. The sun is just rising and the feathery clouds are tinged with pink. In one night a faint green has crept into the lawn, while a diaphanous haze seems hovering in the bushes and about the tops of tall trees. Some of the windows have a sleepy appearance, their drawn curtains giving the effect of closed eyelids, but in all of them are winking bits of blue sky, pink images of fleeting cloud, with green and brown from the earth. In addition to reflections of the outward world, there are also reflections on the inner side of the glass, from gay chintz and flowered wall paper, which blend and combine with the outer reflections, until the whole effect is like that of a glowing opal. People and various objects moving by are also reflected in the window panes, until I think of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, and their magic crystal, into which they could look and see the fates of men unfold themselves.

Reflections of this sort are always more perfect in plate glass in that their outline is more distinct, but the reflections in glass with a slightly rippled surface are always more artistic, in that they contain more variety.

At noon, the intense light of the sun fades the earth's colors into a more or less prosaic conformity. The windows have been thrown open on account of the heat, and their appearance is very much changed. They are now in their black mood. A window at noon is the blackest spot in the landscape—it is blacker than the artist can ever hope to represent it in a picture, for black paint has a smooth surface that reflects light. The explanation for the blackness of windows is that the room behind them acts as a vacuum or hole, which is the only thing

in the world that does not reflect light, and consequently gives the effect of utter blackness.

Windows in their black mood are apt to give a sad and lugubrious look to buildings. They stare with crushing apathy at the weary traveler entering a strange town, giving him no hope of cheer or comfort within. Dark windows in the midst of shabby surroundings bespeak a hum-drum and thread-bare life of careless poverty. But darkness in windows that we know and love, promises us refreshing coolness and tranquil retirement, such as one feels in the dim cathedrals of Italy.

At sunset, the eyes of the campus take on another aspect. The windows suddenly flame as if the whole interior of the house were on fire. For a few minutes the flames rage, and then gradually grow dimmer, until they are a dull, sullen red, which fades by degrees to the color of dried rose leaves.

The shadows are now gathering fast; the houses and trees blend into dark masses, which then sink into the uniform dusk of night. It is now that the windows again become evident. They appear like an array of Jack-o'-lanterns at a huge lawn party, a soft, warm, glowing orange color, such as Maxfield Parrish loves to use. Here against a drawn window curtain I can see the shadow of a woman, moving fantastically as if in the mazes of a dance; there in the cozy glow of an open fire is a family group sitting in a library, there is a student bending over a book, with a green shaded light near her head. But the outsider turns his head from these scenes, which he knows were not made for his eyes, with the feeling of an intruder that one has when reading the love scene in a novel.

Probably the most interesting aspect of the window is the frame that it makes for the outer world. No doubt the loveliest pictures we have on our wall are those nature pictures. As I entered my room after night had come on, I was confronted by my window. Through it the chill night breezes were blowing. Beyond was an expanse of dark blue sky in which a few wisps of stars had just appeared. Near the horizon was a streak of faint lemon color, against which the blackness of the landscape stood out. The moonlight fell in silver bars and parallelograms upon the floor, across which the shades of bare tree branches were moving restlessly to and fro.

"Hello," called my room-mate, coming in. "Is the students' lamp out of order again?"

"Oh no," I answered. "I was just admiring the moonlight. Isn't it beautiful? I remember I once saw a picture of Mr. Connoyer's in which he had caught that effect exactly. I don't understand how he did it."

"No," said my room-mate, "when all he had to do it with was a little powdered earth ground up in oil, smeared on a piece of canvas with a few pig's bristles stuck in a piece of tin at the end of a stick!"

FROM THE FOREST

ESTHER L. HARNEY

Deep in the forest a wild, weird bird sang
A song in which gladness and beauty rang;
Echoed the forest the sweet, piercing tone,
Echoed it up to the stars as a moan.
Winds bore the thread of the lilting tune,
Flung the refrain to the luminous moon,
Breathed it in whispers to me so divine,
That it sang in my heart as I gave it to thine.

MIDDAY IN JUNE

MARION DELAMATER FREEMAN

The bees hum drowsily among the hollyhocks,
The butterflies drift slowly to and fro,
And in the thick-leaved trees the silent birds
Seek shelter from the sun. The roses bend
Their heavy heads and make the hot air sweet
For dying. Overhead is cloudless blue,
The sun streams on the world like molten gold,
Midday, warm, sweet, and in the heart of June!

SKETCHES

UNCLE CHARLIE

FRANCES MILLIKEN HOOKER

CHAPTER I

Theresa did not know many men. She knew her father and her uncle and her cousins and all like male relatives which gather in one's family contingencies. She knew the chauffeur and the postman, the doctor and the minister, and probably two or three more to which we may add a few of the young dudes who were ever more or less omnipresent whenever Suzanne was home.

Suzanne was Theresa's sister. She was very pretty. Her eyes were not unlike the color of the gentian flower, which, when she raised and looked up at you through the dark fringe of her lashes, held you with a certain undefinable something which was hers to charm and bewilder the hearts of men. She was light and graceful. She was ever sweet and gracious. No matter where it was that she went, she always had swains to do her bidding. Theresa, of course, was not as old as Suzanne. Theresa was only fifteen; Suzanne was twenty-four. And yet at no time in Suzanne's existence had she known so few men. Theresa would have had no idea what to do or say if a man had even asked to call. At her age Suzanne had been out at parties and already had had two proposals, one of which she almost accepted, but at the crucial moment she thought she had fallen into fancy with another. She might have accepted him, but again she saw another. And this grew to be very characteristic of Suzanne and her butterfly way of living. Of late, however, she had met a Mr. Lymon Penneman, and it was reported that she at last had "settled down to one" and had become engaged.

Theresa heard of this report. She was not surprised. She

had heard Suzanne in her sleep. More than this, Suzanne for some time had made a great point of asking Theresa into the drawing-room whenever anyone excepting Mr. Penneman came to see her.

"They are all such bores," she would tell Theresa, "and besides," she would add in a laugh, "I am not sure but what I need a chaperon."

"Oh, I know why," answered Theresa one night, "It's because you are engaged to Mr. Penneman. I don't care. I kind of like the chap myself."

"Theresa!"

"Well, you are, aren't you?"

Suzanne answered in giving Theresa a big bear's hug and "We are going to announce it next week."

"Now does that mean that no one ever can come here any more but Mr. Penneman?"

"I hope so," Suzanne replied, giving Theresa a gentle tweak to her cheek.

"I am sorry then," the little girl sighed.

"Why, what's the matter with you?"

"Well, I'm afraid I shall miss Mr. Graham."

"Mr. Graham? Oh you shall see him often enough," said Suzanne laughing. "He is Lymon's best friend. He will probably be here almost as much as Lymon himself."

"I wish he would," continued Theresa. "Then you could go off into the library with Mr. Penneman and I could stay in the drawing-room and entertain Mr. Graham."

Suzanne looked at Theresa greatly amused. "Not a bad plan," she said. "Not a bad plan at all."

Now it must not be conjectured that from what has been said Theresa was in any wise attracted to Mr. Graham, excepting as a child who likes almost any person who will talk to her and have the tact to treat her as if she were as old as himself. She enjoyed his jokes and she loved his stylish clothes. In particular she admired the way in which he pulled off his gloves and laid them inside his hat on the hall table. The other nice thing about him was the way he would wind up the victrola. Whether he was different from any other man in these significant respects you may have your doubts. Theresa was a queer child when it came to minute details. Mr. Graham was not an object of her affection, no, she never had objects of such nature.

She liked him, however, very much. When the time for her sister's wedding approached and the various pre-nuptial entertainments were given, Theresa found herself being escorted hither and thither in the most deferential manner by Mr. Graham. He was the best man, she was the maid of honor.

"I was going to have Dot for maid of honor," said Suzanne one evening at a dinner party, sitting next to Mr. Graham, "but she has gone to Europe. You would have enjoyed her. She is so lovely. Now I don't know whom to ask."

"Did it ever occur to you, Suzanne," replied Mr. Graham, "to ask Theresa?"

"Goodness, no," answered Suzanne, looking up to catch a gleam of humor in Mr. Graham's eyes, but seeing only seriousness and earnestness there, she added, "why, you never would forgive me if I had her. Nobody wants a child to dance with and bring to the opera and so on. Theresa is old enough, surely, but she is such a child."

"I know it," said Mr. Graham, "but not so much of a child as you think. She is naïve. She is bright. She is original. Suzanne, it's a relief after all these girls with their society manners and their infernal sophistications!"

"Don't you think the other men would mind?" Suzanne spoke again.

"Well, let them," came Mr. Graham's answer. "I'll take care of her."

"All right then. We'll have Theresa."

"We'll have some life and fun too," added Mr. Graham.

The bridal party was a great success. Everyone congratulated himself and herself and themselves for having had the fortune to be in it. But no one was more enthusiastic than Mr. Graham. Theresa, perhaps; but it was all too much like a play of imagination to her to be appreciated by the usual outflow of spirits. Mr. Graham had such a good time with it all, he found it necessary to come down and see Theresa and talk it over. Theresa, you know, was not as yet blasé and had not attended so many affairs since, that this had faded into the dim recesses of parties in general. For her this was still in the form of the particular and it would appear to be in similar form for Mr. Graham. Yet you may somehow believe that for Mr. Graham the particular had quite a wider connotation.

CHAPTER II

Theresa was sitting at her desk. She was writing a theme for her next day's English class. A knock came upon her door. "Hello," she said.

"It is me, Miss Theresy. Here's a lovely box of flowers for you."

Theresa jumped up from her chair. "Flowers for me, and from Fleischman's. Oh, Mary, I would rather have flowers from that place than from any other in the city. Fleischman's is the best florist there is and it's select and stylish. Look how nifty and all the box is tied up. See this little lavender tag. Yes, and all written with lavender ink. Fleischman's always does that."

"Yes, Miss Theresa, but who do you suppose they are from?"

"I don't know. Who do you suppose? Here, you cut the string. I want to save that tag."

"I'll warrant it is that Mr. Graham."

"Oh no, he never sends me flowers unless we are going out. And besides, he is in the hospital."

"What is the matter, Miss Theresy?"

"Mumps."

"How unromantic."

"He has been dreadfully sick. He wrote to me and said he thought it would help a lot if I would think of him now and then. I know what he meant. He wanted me to write to him, so I did. I've written to him every day, too."

"Yes, and if I am any judge of the mail I bring you every day, I should say he answered you."

"Those aren't all from Mr. Graham. I only get one a day."

"What'd I tell you, Miss Theresy? That man is plumb crazy about you."

"Just as though anyone could be crazy about me. I'm not that kind. He isn't, either. Why, he writes the funniest things. I try to write as funny as I can, too. Sometimes I almost laugh out loud at my own jokes."

"You are indeed a child yet. Anyone else with half a wit would catch on after a while. No man as old as Mr. Graham is going to pay attention to a young girl like yourself unless he is serious."

Theresa did not heed this last remark. She had been tearing

off the paper from the flower box, and she was now about to take off the cover. "Look, Mary," she said, "isn't that a beautiful box?"

"Grand! but let me see the flowers. What do you care what kind of a box you get? Young ladies nowadays are certainly particular."

"One, two, three," counted Theresa, "on comes the—"

"Oh how lovely, how grand, Miss Theresy! And they are roses."

"Red ones, Mary, little tight red roses in the bud! Now which vase shall we put them in? The blue one is too large, the green one is too high. Oh, yes, that little silver one which Mr. Graham gave me last Christmas. I'll get the water, you take the roses out and fix them, so I won't stick my fingers when I put the roses in the vase."

"Such a child," mused Mary, as she picked the little red buds up in her hand. "It doesn't seem as if she ever would be awake. And yet ain't she like these flowers, giving pleasure, making happiness, scattering love, and all the time unconscious of it all. But when they open,—when they wake!"

"Here we are," called Theresa, coming down the hall. "I'm in too much of a hurry. I keep jolting the water out."

"Did you think I'd run away with the posies?" Mary called back.

"No," said Theresa as she came into the room, "but I just happened to think—that I hadn't looked for the card."

"The card, of course," said Mary, rumaging among the folds of the paraffine paper in which the flowers had been wrapped. "Here it is."

Theresa took the envelope and broke the seal. The handwriting on the outside was unfamiliar, but the card inside was Mr. Graham's. "For your birthday, my little girl," she read softly to herself, "from your adoring Uncle Charlie."

"Would you mind telling me who they're from?" asked Mary with sincere interest.

"My Uncle Charlie," laughed Theresa.

"Your Uncle Charlie," gasped Mary, gathering up the box and papers, "and who is he?"

"My Uncle Charlie," answered Theresa gleefully, "why, don't you know?"

Mary started for the door. She turned before she made her

final exit. "I would like to know, Miss Theresy. If it is a secret with a man, I think you had best to let me in on it, too. Children who have no mothers and no sisters—"

"I have Suzanne," Theresa interrupted.

"But Mrs. Penneman lives a good many miles away. You just better confide right now in your old Mary."

"It really isn't a secret, Mary. I would just as soon tell. You see Mr. Graham is very old—he isn't, of course, as old as Father, but he is older than Suzanne. He is almost thirty-three. We have known each other so long now, but it sounds sort of disrespectful for me to call him Charles, and I don't like Mr. Charles,—and so I just decided that I would call him Uncle Charlie. I think it pleased him, too."

"Let's see—your birthday is—why, it is to-day." Mary looked so surprised. "And to think there wasn't a one of us remembered it. You poor child, didn't anybody remember? Well, that is not the point. Let's see, you are eighteen to-day. That isn't so bad." Mary went on with her calculations, "Mr. Graham is thirty-three, you say. Thirty-three less eighteen leaves — only fifteen. That ain't too much disparity, Miss Theresy."

Theresa had gone back to her desk. She had to finish her theme for her next day's English class. She wrote on very busily for some time, then she stopped to gather thought, and her eyes fell upon the vase of little tight red rosebuds sitting on her table. She went over to the table to inhale their sweet perfume.

"Kind Uncle Charlie," she said to herself. "I shall be glad when you are well again and I can see you."

CHAPTER III

Several years passed by. Uncle Charlie had become an out and out bachelor. He lived at the University Club, spent his evenings with the boys, and was leading a monotonous and yet not unhappy existence. Now and then he broke over enough to come out and see Theresa or to take her to the opera, when she had time to let him, for Theresa was away at boarding school and did not come home very often.

"You are a dear little girl," he said to her one evening. "When I get very lonesome I think of you and your merry little face. I often wonder if you will ever know how much I care for you."

"Yes, Uncle Charlie," Theresa answered simply, "I think I know now."

Uncle Charlie looked deep into Theresa's eyes, and she unconsciously turned away from his gaze. "You are going away again to-morrow," he continued.

"Do you miss me?"

"Do I miss you?" the man repeated. "Do the blind men miss the sunshine?"

"Probably," said Theresa with a mischievous twinkle, "unless they are born that way, and then of course they can't miss it because they have never seen it."

"They might not have seen it," suggested Mr. Graham, "but they could have felt it."

"You ought to know more girls, Uncle Charlie," said Theresa in her nonchalant manner of changing the subject without the slightest warning. "I know several men at school, brothers of my roommate in particular. They come up to the week-end parties and to our dances. I should miss you if I didn't have them."

"Do you know many men?" Uncle Charlie asked playfully. He had to be playful when he wanted to talk seriously with Theresa.

"No, not many. I never shall know as many as Suzanne. She had more men friends than girls. And I think she must have had at least one or two love affairs before she met Lymon."

"No doubt, no doubt," laughed Uncle Charlie, slapping his knees. "Suzanne had a fascinating charm, I know Suzanne of old."

"But no one has ever asked me to marry. No one has ever asked to kiss me."

"No, you are different, decidedly," Uncle Charlie said.

"I guess I am not very popular with men. I like them. I think they are lots of fun, but I couldn't have anyone hold my hands and say the odd kind of things some of the girls like. Why, I think I should hate a man who was so silly."

"You like somebody on my order," Uncle Charlie pointed to himself in great pride.

"Yes," came a quick reply, "you are the type of man I like. Now, I know I never could fall in love with you. You are so nice and old, I always think of you as my uncle. I can come to you and tell you things and I can always count on you the very first one if I should ever have need of help."

"You think you never should be able to fall in love with me, eh? Well, that is a nice, safe feeling to have."

"If you were nearer to my age, perhaps I might. No, I wouldn't even then—because then you—you wouldn't be my Uncle Charlie."

"Did you ever meet anyone whom you thought you might fall in love with?"

"I don't know. Sometimes I think I have." Theresa blushed. "I wouldn't be surprised, but maybe it was one of—of—of my roommate's brothers. But if I should—that is if I did—why, you and I would be just as good friends, wouldn't we?"

"Just as good friends always," Uncle Charlie smiled. "Just as good friends always."

LULLABY

MARY BIGELOW WILSON

Child, how you play, how you smile
Now that your mother is by!
Why will you cry.
Can I with nought beguile,
Now she is gone awhile?

I tell a tale of sheep.
Sheep that the shepherds keep
There in the valley deep.
Yet there is nought beguiles,
Stranger, thy fleeting smiles,
Strange thing, best fall asleep.

Child, how you sleep, how deep,
Close in my arms, the while
Across your brow there creep
Half frowns you try to smother,
One smile and then another.
Child, was't in your sleep
You dreamt of mother?

A CHILD'S THOUGHTS

LEONORA BRANCH

Shadows

Some mornings when I go to school
The world seems puckered like a frown,
I watch the shadows in the pool,
And all of 'em are pointing down.

But coming home I see the sky
Arched like some giant's drinking cup,
And watch the tree-tops wave on high,
And always they are pointing up.

And then I have to stop and laugh,
Though maybe I've been cross all day,
To think the pool shows only half,
And that's just shadows, anyway.

Trees

I think I'd rather be a tree
Than almost anything !
'T would be so nice to grow outdoors,
Especially in Spring.

I'd like to stretch my roots down deep
And wriggle 'em around,
Pretendin' they were nigger toes
That played tag underground.

I'd stretch my branches up so high,
Up in the sweet, fresh air !
I'd let the breezes toss me 'round,—
They couldn't muss my hair.

I'd have such queer, tough bark on me,
Like scaly, sun-dried mud,
And my ! how funny I should feel
When I began to bud.

But I can't be a tree, of course,
And p'raps it's better not,
For trees can't move so very far
And so they miss a lot !

And then at night time I just know
I'd want my nice, soft bed,
An' so I guess it's just as well
That I'm a girl instead.

Houses

The streets used once to frighten me,
(But that was long ago !)
The houses stood so stiff and straight
And glared down at me so !

The doorways looked so queer and cross,
So cold and dignified,
As though they wouldn't like to have
A child like me inside.

But once a thought came to my mind,
So quick it made me blink !
Those empty windows even seemed
To smile a bit, I think.

And since then they look friendlier
When through the streets I roam,
Because I know that ev'ry house
For someone is a home.

A MAY EVENING

JEANNE WOODS

From the tense, electric grip of the crowd's pulsation,
From the dizzy lights and voices' humming roll,
To this cool place, all stars and soft spring breezes,
I have come to stand erect and spread my soul.

I slip my arm around this old elm's good roughness,
The wind blows back my hair, gray clouds sail by,
And up from where the grasses meet the water
Come frog-notes, as I listen, shrill and high.

Down at my feet, half hid in the wet grasses,
I see a fire-fly, faint reflected light
Of that great star that swings there in the heavens,
Triumphant in the vast, free, infinite night.

THE COMING OF DARKNESS

MARGARET BLOOM

Old Anton Schwartz was surprised at the overly kind greeting of the brothers Eble as he passed through the little antique shop on his way to the workroom in the rear. Their greeting was usually business-like and brief, as was fitting for men who had a large and fashionable business. But this morning there was something troubled in their very cheerfulness.

Anton Schwartz entered the workroom, where he had spent six days of his week for twenty years. It was a small room, whose corners melted into Rembrandtian shadows, not lightened by the one small window. A large table stood in the middle of the room with a low hanging light over it. The table was cluttered with the larger tools of the trade. (The more delicate ones were kept carefully in cases by themselves.) Near the table was a small safe which held the jewelry to be repaired.

Anton Schwartz put on the dark eyeshade he had been using for the last few months to rest his eyes and to keep them from dimming as they did from time to time. He brought out his little lamp and made some gold solder preparatory to repairing an old coral pin which he held in his hand. There was a certain happy eagerness in his manner as he regarded the beautiful old pin. His figure had a certain life and verve which had before been lacking and his meagre insignificance seemed less meagre and insignificant.

He looked up a trifle impatiently as Frans Eble came into the workroom. It was unusual for the younger brother to appear here as his suave and debonair manner were in demand by the fashionable customers in the front room.

"We didn't expect to see you here this morning, my brother and I," said Frans Eble, speaking very cheerily. "We thought you'd be wanting to take a vacation. You've been a pretty steady worker, you know, and you've certainly earned a rest. Didn't the oculist tell you something of the sort?"

"He told me I would be stone blind in a month," said Anton Schwartz, still regarding the coral pin with the same eager interest. "Herr Eble, see, is this not beautiful? It has been badly handled before, but I will repair the hurt."

"But Anton," said Frans Eble kindly, with a relieved note in his voice as if he were glad of the old man's matter-of-fact attitude, "hadn't you better give up this work? It is so hard on your eyes. My brother and I take great pleasure in thinking of what we may do for you in the future as a slight token of our appreciation of your work for us." Herr Eble had struggled a little over this stiff speech, as a man does when he wishes to speak very naturally. He did not say that he and his brother had decided between them to provide munificently for Anton Schwartz's future needs.

"Herr Eble," said Anton Schwartz, lying down the pin and peering out at his employer under the dark shade, "the oculist says if I did not use my eyes I might see for three months more. I wish to go on working, while the sight lasts, so that I may say that my eyes rested last upon the beautiful. The oculist says that the sight will go quick as a flash. I wish that my eyes should last look upon some jewel, some piece of work that has the beauty."

"Do as you please," said Herr Eble gruffly, as if he were uncomfortably moved and needed to clear his throat. He went back to the front sales room where he waited on a customer, just arrived in her limousine, with less than his customary suavity.

Left alone in the workroom, Anton Schwartz happily repaired the coral pin, soldering into thin gold calyxes two clusters of coral grapes which had slipped loose. Then he mended the tiny clasp of a chain of quaintly-set garnets. He was working feverishly and eagerly as if each piece might be the last on which he should work. He handled one black and white cameo pin gingerly, as he cleaned it, for its dull black and white did not interest him.

At noon Wilhelm Eble, the older brother, came into the workroom.

"Time to stop work and eat," he said. "I know you like noodle soup and they are to bring you up some hot from the delicatessan on the corner."

This brother Eble left hastily, perhaps to avoid being thanked. Anton Schwartz ate the soup when it was brought up. He was hardly conscious of what he was eating and hurried back to his work.

First, he tightened the settings of an amethyst pendant. He knew this piece well, as he had repaired it several times in his

twenty years with the Ebles. He half wished that his eyes might have closed when full of its rich purplish light.

The winter evening came on and other shadows came to join those already filling the little workshop. The corners were in total darkness, but Anton Schwartz, sitting under the brightness of the hanging lamp, seemed to be in a luminous, phosphorescent light. His eyes no longer pained him, nor did they dim and fill with moisture. They felt strong and there was a lifting away of the strain, which had borne heavily upon him for months, perhaps years. He felt young again and he was working with the accuracy and precision which had been his years before, when his eyes had fully aided the skill of his hands.

He picked up the last piece in his repair tray. It was a pear-shaped diamond, not large but of singularly fine water. He knew this piece and greeted it tenderly as if it were an old friend. He held it up before his eyes and the lamp above him, striking the stone, caused it to send out darts of brilliant light. He opened his eyes wide and the diamond seemed to fill all his vision. It was superbly beautiful now, divinely beautiful, he thought, like the divine halo of some saint or like that of the Saviour, Himself. Suddenly, Anton Schwartz felt that this might be the supreme moment when his eyes would cease to see, for he had never felt so close to absolute beauty, divinely perfect. Then he knew it had been the moment. He put the diamond back into the tray and quietly waited until the brothers Eble should come and take him home.

THE WIND

MARION DELAMATER FREEMAN

Hush! Don' yo' cry, yo' mammy's baby.

Don' yo' git skeered o' de wind dat's howlin',

He can't git in, mammy won't let him!

'Sides, he's jus' sneakin' 'roun' an' prowlin'.

He wouldn't hurt yo', Lawsee Massy!

He's jus' playin', fond o' teasin',

He jus' loves to ruffle people,

Blow deir hats off, set 'em sneezin'.

He ain't bad! Don' let him scare yo',

Sit heah on mammy's lap, and hark!

Jus' heah him snicker in de keyhole!

I 'clare, he's listenin', jout in de dark!

MARY ANTIN

DOROTHY THORNE

She moves across the platform with a quiet, homelike step. Majesty is not there, nor regal bearing, and though nothing is wanting in dignity, it is rather that of the fireside than of the purple. Her form is slight, but with the sound of her first word, the possibility of oblivion threatens no longer. Naturally, simply, she tells her anecdote of village life and from it draws the idealistic lesson which she is to teach. "You" and "I" are the characters she draws and to the audience before her she speaks directly, intimately, using the first and second person, allowing no barrier of artificial formality to be imposed by the rostrum on which she stands or the great gathering which she addresses.

Her words are commonplace enough in themselves, but as they pour forth in a swift current of enthusiasm not one is heard indistinctly and each shoots home its winged message. The tones of her voice vibrate with tense emotion as she points backward at the path we have trodden and shows whither that way must lead. Idealistic, burning with a divine fire of earnestness and high sincerity, she calls us to rouse ourselves from our blind indifference and, with the enthusiasm of an inspired being, marks out our exalted mission.

The inspiration is here, but the means of fulfilment? With the abstraction of the idealist, the generalization born of too brief experience with the commonplace, she considers not the ties on which the smooth rails of progress must be laid. Someone may come, many will have to come, to work out the practical details, but here she stands to-day in the spirit of the prophets of old, vibrant with the power of her message, the truth of her experience. Her logic weak, her political understanding dormant, she is through the supreme sincerity of her feeling the seer of our greater destiny, the prophetess of our more perfect patriotism.

ABOUT COLLEGE

MEDICAL REPORT FROM SMITH COLLEGE

MARION DELAMATER FREEMAN

DEAR SIR :

In reply to your query about diseases prevalent in Smith College, I submit the following report. You think winter the most advantageous time for epidemics. It is not so. Here at Smith, spring is the deadly season. More maladies than one could enumerate break forth at this pleasant time, and few are those who escape one or all of them. They are of all sorts, kinds, and varieties.

The first one is springius feverius. Almost all students have it. Its symptoms are day dreams, disinclination to work, indifference to marks, and a desire to look at the moon. It is rarely dangerous, and soon cured by an injection of pep.

Another rather common malady is fussitis. This is usually manifested in a desire to dance, to talk in a low voice near the grotto or fountain, and to eat at Rose Tree Inn or the Lonesome Pine in company with a person of the opposite sex. It is hard to cure.

These two are simple diseases, without very violent symptoms except in extreme cases. We now turn, however, to more serious complaints.

Of these, poesia frensidosa is an interesting one. It manifests itself at this season in most students taking English Thirt. Its first symptoms are absent-mindedness and general drowsiness. These are followed by a violent eruption of verses, sometimes very bad. It is almost always cured by a good dose of E, administered by Miss Jordan.

Of like character is Artitis Outdoorsia. This is usually caught in the Art Gallery. Its symptoms are an immediate desire to

rush out of the house, accompanied by a species of insanity, during which the student is obsessed by the idea that she is a moving van. This is followed by an outbreak of sketches. It is cured sometimes after a consultation between Drs. Tryon and Strong, in which they decide to admintster either E or D, sometimes by a protracted period of rainy weather, which is always very soothing.

Speaking of insanity, it takes several very interesting forms up here. One of them is Dramaticum-la-la-Tempesticum. The germs are caught in the late fall or early winter, but no symptoms manifest themselves until late winter or early spring, at which time biweekly fits, called rehearsals, take place. These become more and more violent as time goes on. The patients walk about campus carrying blue serge bundles under their arms, and at times retire to the Gymnasium, Students' Building or Seelye 27, where they are treated by Dr. Williams. This disease is considered so serious that the college has a famous specialist, Dr. Young, who comes frequently from New York to consult with Dr. Williams. When confined in their own rooms the patients often become violent, striding about, overturning furniture, and crying out in deep tones utterly unlike their own when sane. In the late spring the symptoms become alarming. The patients rush about madly, and emit strange sounds. Every morning a clinic is held in Dr. John M. Greene's Sanitarium, at which the patients rave. After a few violent struggles they are reduced to a state of complete exhaustion, however, from which they are only revived by a dose of chapel. The disease culminates in four very violent fits or convulsions, which take place in rapid succession during June, after which the patient rallies slowly and is able to receive visitors. The peculiarity of this malady is that it attacks only seniors, and that it recurs year after year, apparently without check.

A short but violent ailment, Promitis, attacks most juniors some time in May. This may be guarded against, but most people will not take the necessary precautions. It lasts but two days, three at most, and is marked by great activity, an eruption of flowers, and extreme mental excitement, followed by complete lassitude and irritability. It has one serious consequence in that it leaves the pocketbook in a decidedly weakened state, from which it may not recover for a year or more.

Last but not least, I will cite a very curious disease which is

less widespread, but which has lasting results. I speak of Literary Societitis. This is divided into two classes, Alphitis and Phi Kappa Psitis, but the symptoms are exactly alike.

It attacks apparently normal girls in the prime of youth and health. It is preceeded by an acute attack of heart failure. The first symptom is a violent eruption of spots, usually on the chest, and more rarely on the back. These last for a day, after which all but two fade from view, being, however, visible under a very thin waist. After two or three weeks one of the remaining spots vanishes. The last one is permanent, however, and the individual attacked rarely recovers. The first eruption causes great mental excitement and extreme joy, which never completely dies. These diseases are absolutely incurable, and so far no doctor has found anything to alleviate them. The difference between Alphitis and Phi Kappa Psitis lies in the the shape of the spots.

There are a few other ailments, such as batitis and trolley-caritis, but they lack the serious qualities of the aforementioned ones and therefore do not merit our consideration.

Respectfully yours,

FREEMAN, M. D.

THE ORDER OF THINGS

ROSAMOND DREXEL HOLMES

She was in my class at college. "Who?
What was she like and what did she do?"
Why she wrote a little verse or two
And a tune of a song that no one knew,
That 's all I can remember.

She did n't come out for basket ball,
Nor for college as such did she care at all.
The others? They laughed at her most of all
And did n't notice much in the fall
That she left that same September.

And to think she is making nations stir,
The one clear light that shines in a blur,
While they are unheard of who confident were,
For the fame she did not seek found her,
And claimed her the One Great Member.

THE ALLOWANCE

ROSAMOND DREXEL HOLMES

At last my April allowance
Has come to me from home.
I can go and see the Castles dance
(A topic for a "pome").
I can go car-riding far away,
A nickle to the mile,
And maybe get up to Mt. Tom
Some day—in a long while.

I've been down to the note-room
And there I saw a sign :
"Buy your class supper tickets here
If you would come to dine."
"Pay your class tax and all your bills
If you would graduate."
"Your million dollar pledge is due."
"Help Wellesley, ere too late."
And as I read I give a sigh,
And as I sigh I pay,
But anyhow cars don't run up
Mount Tom till the first of May.

PAST—BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

ROSAMOND DREXEL HOLMES

We sit in class quite grouchy,
As they call the fatal roll,
Thinking of lucky absentees
Who in their motors roll.

We watch the junior's hair curl
That was, oh, so straight before,
And remember we were lovely, too,
And hope 'twill rain some more.

We get so cross, we nearly cut—
I'd like to throw a bomb.
Instead, I sigh for a past youth
And the last year's Junior Prom.

CO-OPERATIVE LIVING

MIRA BIGELOW WILSON

"It's your turn to scrape at breakfast!" I was perusing the Elizabethan Sonnet in the classic shadow of the English shelves in the "libe" when this statement was handed across the table to me on the fly-leaf of "The Golden Treasury." That was in the fall of 1912; and I, because coöperative living and, in particular, the work of the breakfast squad, were new to me, was much amused and promptly referred my informant to that passage which reads:

"These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy Love."

The next morning I investigated the process designated as "scraping" and came upon a domestic scene which still lingers in my memory. The scraper held the center of the stage, preparing dishes for immediate ablution. On either side were the president of "Pill Club" and an "Oriental" senior, who wielded their dish mops with one hand, and expounded philosophy versus theology with the other.

They, in turn, were flanked by the dish-wipers, a species of Old Greek chorus draped in blue checked gingham, who occasionally voiced the popular verdict or waved an eloquent but moist towel in approbation of the sallies of the Oriental. A touch of modernity was added by the frequent asides in dialect, which reached us from the kitchen slide where Kate was dispensing muffins.

But this foreign element was well offset by the truly Hellenic and hasty arrival of the messengers, in other words the seniors, who dashed through folding doors in breathless haste for soft-boileds, two and a half, three and a half and four and a quarter minutes; and who, coming upon the discussion with little previous knowledge of its trend, took it upon themselves to offer emphatic if abbreviated negatives to both sides. Scraping is not my regular occupation, but I gleaned afterward that here, as of old, the catastrophe usually occurs off stage. Either the messengers, hot-headed from the fray, run into various obstacles in the nature of side-tables or other waitresses in the dining

room, or the four-and-one-half-minute egg, delayed by the controversy to six minutes, is brought discreetly but firmly to the notice of the too philosophic messenger by "the powers that be."

The reason why it was not often my fate to scrape was because that privilege was bestowed upon seniors who coveted early morning positions. For the greater part of the year, I was one of the turbulent messengers, in which capacity it was eternally my privilege to disagree with the scraper on the subject of idealism versus materialism. The ideal aim of the waitress is, by the way, to educate all possible customers to the point where they will know that eggs in a round dish are hard, in a shallow dish, soft. Hence the vernacular of the breakfast room is "soft and shallow," "round and hard."

This year a certain inability on my part to arise with the rising bell has led me to forsake the breakfast squad for the work of the solitary sweeper. As an intellectual employment sweeping is far inferior to scraping, and yet there are compensations. It is the sweeper's prerogative, in case her archenemies leave valuables in corridors or bathrooms, to convey them to the pound, a mode of confiscation as dire as it sounds. It is very bad for one's temperament to have this means of vengeance so easy to one's hand, for vengeance smiled upon by justice is, as any moralist will tell you, one of the most dangerous things in a state. Yet another means of satisfaction may be employed, although it is not even recognized by justice; that is the possibility of mutilating with the mop the tender fronds of hostile ferns or the spring buds of geraniums left for the night in the corridor. I will say I have not descended as yet unto this depth.

On the whole, however, sweeping has few attractions. Legally, one may whistle as one mops from seven-thirty-five to eight-twenty in the morning, but it has been suggested that one mercifully refrain. An open door gives a chance for a bit of gossip; and, over some tale of interest, one may lean on one's mop as over a back-yard fence. Yet it is early for gossip, which reaches maturity in the house about twelve-forty-five noon. So that, in general, early morning sweeping is just early morning sweeping.

THE THREE FATES

MARGARET LOUISE FARRAND

You think fatalism has had its day,
And we all are believers now in free will,
But wait until vacation time,
And you 'll see that we all are fatalists still.

"What time do you arrive in New York?"
"Whenever that special deigns to get in."
"Do you think that you 'll make connections in Springfield?"
"There is always hope, but the chances are thin."

"Will your trunk be there when you reach home on Wednesday?"
"I checked the thing on the B. and A.
I've got to have my chiffon that evening,
But there really is nothing to do but pray."

Yes, we still believe in the three fatal sisters,
Though we call them by different names to-day;
Not Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos, but
N. Y., N. H., B. and M., B. and A.

"THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US"

MARGARET LOUISE FARRAND

We walked, you and I, at sunset time,
Away from the noisy haunts of men,
And we found a little hill to climb.
The world was a blaze of glory then,
Golden and crimson and fiery red
Were the clouds in the western sky outspread,
While tall and black 'gainst the flaming sky
The pine trees lifted their branches high.
And as we gazed at that sunset glow,
You dreamed your dreams and I dreamed mine,
And our dreams were joined by a thread so fine
That words would have snap't it. Our eager eyes
Swept the breadth of the sunset skies
Till suddenly—we saw a hen-house.

HEARD ON THE TAR WALK

THE OPTIMIST

A tiny little bird sat on a wire,
Bobbing, bobbing
With the little breezes flying higher,
And chirped, hobnobbing.
As he sat, so happy and so free,
Rocking, rocking
Higher than the top of the highest tree,
His head a cocking.
Came a little boy with a stone and a stick,
No shoe, no stocking,
Pulled a little string and did the little trick,
Shocking, shocking.
But the little birdie only looked more pert
Swinging, swinging;
Too happy, far, for any stone to hurt,
And kept on singing.

ROSAMOND DREXEL HOLMES 1914.

TO MY PARENTAGE

Well, here I am,
And there are you,
I'm glad I'm back—
Yet I miss you.

Since yesterday and day before
I've thought of you a lot—and more.
I've thought how good you are to me,
How very good you are to me.
A little homely flower—I,
A common weed, most pass me by,
Not even worth a second look,
If ever they a first look took,
And yet you are so good to me.
I wonder why all this should be—
Why should you be so good to me?

FRANCES MILLIKEN HOOPER 1914.

A SUMMER EVENING IN HAMP

I'm modest and tidy
In my dress of dark brown
That o'er my round body
Fits craftily down.

I'm small and I'm harmless,
And affectionate, too.
I'm fond of bright objects
And things of gay hue.

I don't like the darkness
And terrors of night,
So, timidly blundering,
I rush in where 'tis light.

But, alas, what awaits me!
Why should people treat
One who's perfectly harmless
And dainty and neat?

Some run panic-stricken
And leave me alone—
Then enter there others
With hearts of cold stone.

They handle me rudely,
Grabbing me tight,
And most impolitely
Thrust me into the night.

Now I know that I'd never
Throw you out to fly,
If *you* were a June bug,
And a college girl *I*.

DOROTHY OCHTMAN 1914.

PROOF POSITIVE

The buds upon the maple tree
Burst out, the breeze began to be
Warm, the waters of Connecticut
Rose high and sank down slowly, but
It seemed not Spring to me.

This morn I felt that I must shout;
Spring! Spring had come without a doubt!
I saw, when I looked in the glass,
Like dandelions on the grass,
My freckles had popped out!

ERMA KATHLEEN QUINBY, 1914.

The little girl stepped warily over the
OF THE PEOPLE occasional stones relieving the mud flats.

Her shoes had just been whitened, and she was particular. Now she had crossed all the way from the yacht club to the little house-boat in the tall grasses, and she stepped up to the place where the porch would have been, and stamped the mud off. Then she rapped on the gray board and pulled aside the canvas door-curtain to peep in.

"May I come in, please?" she asked, smiling, "or are you busy?" The man at the other end of the little low room turned from his easel with a frown. How he hated summer visitors! He looked up at the little girl all in white and lumberingly rose to his feet.

"Oh, you, is it?" he mumbled. "Come in, do!" Then, pushing the easel back toward the window framing his subject, "Most too dark to paint, anyways," he added, graciously enough.

She went down the step slowly, looking with interest at all the water-colors, and perched, like a lost bird, on an old camp-stool. The artist leaned back against the wall with his thumbs in his pockets, and appreciation lighted his rugged face as he looked at the very-up-to-date little girl in his very-much-behind-the-times little studio.

"Is that the one you were just doing?" she asked, pointing to a fresh picture on the easel.

"Yep," said the old man, with a chuckle, "an' what d'ye think? I sold it already."

"What! before it's even done?" said his caller, in true surprise at someone's rash step.

"Yes'm, young feller just stepped by a few minutes since'n said he liked it, so I'm just goin' to finish it up for him. Summer boarder," he added contemptuously. The little girl flushed, for she knew his native contempt for the "shif'less," as natives consider those foreign to their kind.

"Did you hear about the man who drowned, up river this morning?" she tried, thinking to divert him. But the artist's face showed no gleam of interest.

"Oh," he said, "I believe someone did mention it. 'T wa'n't any one particular, was it? Only a summer boarder," he added indifferently. But the little girl was not heeding him.

"It was so awful," she went on. "I was down at the station

and I saw a lovely looking girl with a baby. And I heard one of the trunk-men say, 'What a cute baby!' and the other one said, 'Yep, that baby ain't got no father; he was drowned up river this morning, just off the sand-bar. Fishing, he was—'

"Huh," interrupted the artist. "Oh pshaw! You don't mean it? Really? Oh, you don't say. Had a kid, did he? Oh pshaw!"

The girl looked up in surprise. There was a husky note she had never heard in her old friend's voice; and he was mopping his eyes with his handkerchief. She suddenly felt very far away from her artist friend. She got up to go.

"Good night," she said, "I am so glad about the picture."

"Picture," said the man vaguely, "what—" and she was gone.

Slowly he picked up the easel, and with careful touch put away his work. He turned, and looked out of his one tiny window, across the land he loved, where the glorious July sun made even the mud flats glow. Long he looked at the so-familiar scene. How well it was engraved on his heart—and on his canvas. But even art is not all-sufficient. Then he spoke aloud—to the evening.

"Huh," he said, softly. "Had a kid, did he? Pshaw!"

ROSAMOND DREXEL HOLMES 1914.

AT THE FACULTY TEA

The ladies sipped demurely;
A few men were in sight;
The seniors flitted to and fro,
Resolved to be polite.

"Just speak to any faculty,
Though you're not introduced,"
The hostess told us when we came,
Thus courage was induced.

We gossiped with the ladies
And gathered 'round the men
To hear the latest class-room "gists"
And giggle now and then.

One gentleman stood quite alone,
The girls had left his side,
But with a broad, magnanimous smile
Each little group he eyed.

One tender-hearted maiden,
More thoughtful than the rest,
Shied up to him and bravely spoke,
He answered with a jest.

Then conversation turned to Math,
She prattled on some more ;
" They say," her tongue ran glibly on,
" That new Prof's such a bore !"

The broad smile waned perceptibly,
Some girls who overheard
Were giggling in their handkerchiefs,
But no one said a word.

They laughed until their faces flushed,
But I—oh, don't you see?
I did not laugh at all, because
That tactless girl was me !

EFFIE KURZ OPPENHEIMER 1914.

FUTILITY

I did my hair quite up to date
On that raw December day ;
I pulled it down and pinned it tight
In the very latest way.

But now I look my class-book o'er
I simply have to smile,
For oh, that stylish " do " of mine
Is quite, quite out of style !

ELOISE SCHMIDT 1914.

EDITORIAL

Chapel is over, and the slickered, rubbered, and umbrella-covered throng streams down the steps and hurries to its varied activities in class-room, laboratory, or library. We pause to watch them pass, and we wonder, as we look, how each one of them is meeting her rainy day. When they have all gone by and the college has settled down to its nine-o'clock quiet, we consider what we have seen and heard, and we decide that here in Smith College, at least, there are three ways of accepting a rainy day.

First of all, there is the way of the aggrieved person, and we are amazed at the number of those who travel therein. This individual looks upon the behavior of the weather as a personal insult, and resents it accordingly. Moreover, she expresses her resentment in words, and incredible though it may seem, she expects sane people to listen to her. Nay, more, she even looks for sympathy. Though her numbers be many, this type of person is not worthy of future consideration.

The second way is the way of the competent person—the aggressively competent person. She has made ready for her rainy day. Her overshoes stood ready, parallel, each to each; the buttons are all on her rain-coat and her umbrella is never at the “Lost and Found.” She has no grievance against her rainy day. She accepts it with a certain resigned preparedness, but it is preparedness for an enemy.

There is a third way. It is the way of the person who makes friends with her rainy day. We know her from afar, by her joyful face upturned to the pelting drops, and by her body glorying in the struggle with the storm. She may be a competent person, with everything in readiness—in fact, she is very likely to be, but she is something more. Perhaps she is an optimist, if by that term we mean a person who finds the best in her rainy day.

There is something in this matter of the acceptance of rainy days that is significant of character, and preparedness for life. For, like spring in Northampton, life has, from time to time, its rainy days, that have to be met in one way or another. The aggrieved person, who still resents her rainy days, may be left out of the discussion at once. She is still in Life's Kindergarten class.

The competent person, who has made ready for her rainy day, and receives it as a matter of course, though as an enemy, represents, perhaps, most of us. She is the normal, average person, if such a one is to be found. There is something in her quiet fortitude that commands admiration. She is a comfortable person to have around—she will “do,” on the whole, very well, although she isn't having as good a time as she might have. Yet the souls who have reached Life's mountain-tops are those who have learned to make friends with their rainy days.

It was one of his rainy days—though no one would ever suspect it—that Robert Louis Stevenson was looking out upon when he wrote :

“The world is so full of a number of things
That I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.”

He had made friends with his rainy day. There are people, however, who resent what they consider the too optimistic—too blindly cheerful note of Stevenson's couplet. They remind us that the world is full of a number of other things, also, things which make it impossible for some of us to be as happy as—even self-respecting private citizens (who, by the way, are doubtless much happier than kings). Ruskin could not ignore this “number of things,” and said that he should be ashamed if he could be happy, knowing the world's misery.

“What about the butterfly who had only one day to live, and that day was a rainy day?” So ended a story which has haunted us ever since we read it, with the tragedy of its appeal. It was the people represented by the butterfly whose one day was a rainy day, whom Ruskin could not forget. We cannot forget them, either, and we should be ashamed of ourselves if we could. In the activities which we speak of so inexpressively as “social uplift” we are translating into life our inability to forget. We whose rainy days come rarely, and are followed by a morning of glorious sunrise and shimmering leaves, are trying to bring some of the brightness of that morning to our

brothers in their continuous rainy day. But it is not impertinence to them for us to be "as happy as kings." If we come to them bewailing the inclemency of the weather, we are merely adding a few more drops to the general downpour. If we come as the competent person, armed with overshoes and umbrellas, we shall see but a transient gleam light up their faces, for the best of overshoes and umbrellas will wear out in a life-time of rainy days. But if we have made friends with our rainy day—have found the best and glory in it—then we have something worth while to offer. We do not come saying, "Oh, what a dreadfully rainy day! I'll be wretched with you," nor yet "How very sad that your day must be rainy. But here are some overshoes." No, we come showing the joy of wrestling with the storm, the exhilaration of pelting rain on the face, the quiet content that comes with the drip of rain upon the roof. So, serene in our share of all weathers, we travel with them toward the patch of sunshine that is behind every cloud in the eastern sky.

EDITOR'S TABLE

College makes us broad. Of course! That is a universal premise which we accept as one of the indisputable facts of our academic existence. What do we understand this to be, this attribute of breadth which college gives? We are not quite clear as to the precise definition and yet we should agree, I think, that the interests of an educated person are not limited by the boundaries of one particular group of people. A lack of sympathy with the movements and interests that are vital to others betrays in us a sluggish mentality, a selfish emphasis upon the things that touch our own petty lives and fortunes. This is the reverse of what we expect college to bring us; this is what we call a "narrow outlook."

When we come to college we are brought in touch with the learning and the service which the great minds of the world have evolved. Such influences should make for breadth. But if we ourselves do not open our minds to these stimuli, college will leave us as untouched as the clam who locks himself in his shell at an alien touch. We are not in constant touch with the world of actual deeds; but we are being made acquainted with that world. Our courses in Economics and Sociology, for instance, could hardly fail to make us realize the seriousness of problems that are being puzzled over and the dreadful realities that need to be reckoned with. Yet listen to this remark made by a college girl in reference to the Colorado mine war. "Those miners got as much as they earned. What are they fussing about now? There must always be a lower class!"

It is safer to pass over the primitive form of reasoning illustrated. But we cannot ignore the attitude. It is an excellent example of our clam-like friends. Shall we, safely tucked away in our shells, snugly await the issue of the struggle in which men are fighting for the common rights of men and shall we

say complacently, "Ah, this must be! Those miners constitute the class that must exist"? Shall we accept this bovine standard which declares, "Yesterday I lived here; the miner worked in the earth. To-day, and to-morrow likewise, shall be as yesterday"?

Nor do college girls alone offend. Ever since the beginning of the Mexican trouble, we have been told by various writers and speakers that the people of that harassed country were shiftless Indians, incapable of governing themselves. Do we forget so soon what it means to be fighting and dying for liberty? And do we forget how much a word of sympathy and cheer meant to those brave men who guided our growing nation to Freedom? The people of Mexico have been wronged, denied man's birthright of justice and freedom. Shall we continue to deny them their right to rule their own country? The traditions of the discovery and founding of Mexico are as stirring and as sacred to the Mexicans as our stories of the Pilgrim Fathers are to us. Is it not infinitely cruel for us, happily provided for, richly endowed, to forget the weakness and the misery of others in the flush of our own well-being?

It is true that here in college we cannot do much that is practical to help those who are trying to better conditions. But we can keep our interest in the world awake and our sympathies from lying dormant.

K. B.

There is an unusual element in many of the stories for this month. It is found in the treating of really deep sociological and other worth-while subjects in short-story form. This treatment endows theories with personality and creates in the place of "cases" actual, heart-gripping people.

The best of these is found in the *Barnard Bear* under the title, "For They Know Not What They Do." It contains an appeal which all the keen, statistical tirades against the divorce evil lack. The heart-broken cry, "Oh little Teacher, my baby is going to call another man 'Father,'" comes very near to being the crux of the whole matter. "\$22,584.63," in the *Williams Literary Monthly*, the cost to a community of a feeble-minded boy, who should never have been brought into the world, is a brutal but very graphically told story on this same sociological theme. "How the Other Half Lives," from the *Radcliffe Magazine*, a story of the ridiculous blunders of a

group of friendly visitors and their badly managed and unwelcome attempts at "social uplift," is too exaggerated to be anything but amusing. "The End of the Feud," found in the *Western Oxford*, is a peculiar and unusual story of that strange, inexplicable condition, the family feud of the Southern mountains. "One Thing Thou Lackest," though hardly in the sociological category, answers a big, perplexing question. The question, "Will—will there be another life of some sort or will it be—just the end?" was asked of a Y. W. C. A. secretary by her best friend, dying of tuberculosis, and, stripped of her professional manner, the secretary quailed before it and admitted miserably, "I don't know." But the answer came from little, white-haired Hallelujah Nancy, a distributor of tracts in the prisons.

Also in the more serious vein come the essays, all of which deal with distinctly modern authors. The one on Joseph Conrad in *The Occident* sounds the keynote of this tendency by severely criticizing the attitude of the people who, "whenever a new book comes out read an old one." *The Mt. Holyoke* has an appreciation of Tagore which is very well done, giving quite comprehensively some points in his philosophy as well as the essentials of his style. One exceedingly good characterization is made of his English in the sentence, "We hardly recognize our own language, so fresh and colorful it seems." A well-written treatment of "Maurice Maeterlinck, Playwright," in the *Wells College Chronicle*, sums up the impression his work leaves on one most aptly in "He is intoxicating to read because one literally gets drunk on the honey of his words."

How many charming little endings there are to the short stories. "The Roles Reversed" in the *Wesleyan Literary Monthly* surprises you chiefly because you expect the unusual and instead find the perfectly usual; "Rocking Chairs and Wooden Spoons," which the *Nassau Literary Magazine* offers, has a solicitous editor's note warning the reader that for some unexplained reason the author neglected to finish his story; the *Bowdoin Quill's* "Thieves" and the *Amherst Monthly's* "Amateur Criminal" have startlingly unexpected endings, and "A Calabash Pipe," *Wesleyan Lit.*, has its point a little too evident, though it makes up for it with the charming epigram for its last sentence, "Those hot-blooded fools who have nothing better to do than chase women are bound to get left in the end."

E. G.

AFTER COLLEGE

WEIHSIEN, SHANTUNG, CHINA,
January 25th, 1914.

MISS ELEANOR CORY,
DANA PLACE,
ENGLEWOOD.

My Dear Miss Cory:

We are back again in old China, cheered by the memory of our happy year at home. I often wish that you, who showed so kindly an interest in our life here, could be with us to see real conditions.

Last week, when eight of the "tai-tais," ladies of high rank, came out to call on me in gratitude for an operation Dr. Roys had done for one of them, I looked at their tiny bound feet and recalled what I had heard so often in America: "Footbinding has ceased in China." Outside the circle of Christians, there has been no attempt in our district to break the old custom.

One returns to find the women of these parts almost as ignorant and shut-in as they were fifty years ago. One smiles sadly at the memory of many a woman's club in America in which the complacent assertion was made: "China's women are emancipated, and suffrage is an established fact."

The West has viewed through rose-colored glasses the progress of affairs in the Flowery Kingdom. Alas! In spite of wonderful changes, the present situation is far from roseate. In the tremendous opportunity and need of the medical work, we often recall the question asked by so many at home: "How many trained nurses and doctors have you on the staff of your hospital?"

Nothing could so satisfactorily answer this question as an actual visit to the clinic. Won't you come with me, and we can slip into the women's clinic now in progress?

The doctor is already seated at the table in the consulting room, and one by one the patients come in "to invite the Great Master to spend heart and see their sickness." Everything is done according to Chinese etiquette. The first question in all polite conversation is asked: "What is your honorable name?" "My name?" "Yes, your name?" "*My* name?" "Yes, *your* name?" "My name is 'Wang'." The same number of questions is necessary to ascertain the village and the age of the patient; but the women's full conversational powers are revealed by the next question: "What sickness do you wish me to 'see'?" The cork pops out of the bottle at this, and a flow of talk follows. Such picturesque description of symptoms!

"My legs have gone sour."

"My teeth have worms (cavities) in them. I won't allow you to pull them, but please just rub on a little Western medicine and make them grow sound again."

"The devil is sitting in my insides." (Who has not experienced these symptoms?)

"My legs and arms are wooden; and my ears itch."

"A partition is growing across in my interior."

Most pitiful of all are the cases of women and children who innocently suffer for the misdeeds of others. Our first two cases to-day are women with repulsive skin trouble. The throat of one is in a horrible condition, the palate utterly eaten away. The poor woman can scarcely speak above a whisper. Shall we make a hurried exit or can we possibly stay for more?

In comes a little child of one year, and we instantly think of the little one, well and happy in her clean nursery just next door. No portion of the little patient's body is in a healthful condition: from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet she is covered with ulcers. It is almost more than we can bear, and we find ourselves murmuring in impotent pity: "Oh God, the poor little lamb! The poor little lamb!" It would be unpardonable to harrow you with this case if it were not that the doctor can "fix" it. After cleansing and treating the little child, there will be no happier child in the whole village.

But one marvels afresh that the doctors can so tenderly touch and care for such unspeakably repulsive conditions. We are reminded of Him who in His purity put out His hand to touch and make whole. We do not wonder that one searches in vain in all the world for such work done by any one of the non-Christian religions.

Our next little patient is thirteen years old, so poor that years ago she was sent to her future husband's home to be the family drudge. Her mother-in-law has died and there is no one in the home but her betrothed husband, aged thirty-three, and his brother. It is not difficult to fill in the story of what her life must be! Her condition is too repulsive for any attempt at description; and we can only hope for a speedy release from a life of constant suffering.

What a ray of sunshine comes into the room with the little lad of one year who contentedly grabs his small foot and chews it. God must know that human hearts cannot bear an unbroken succession of hopeless cases. So He now and then sends a little child to smile up into the doctor's tired eyes, and to bring comfort. The condition of this child, suffering from rickets, can be bettered; and the happy mother carries him away holding in his hand a brightly colored picture card.

And so they pass in and out of the consulting room, thirty-two patients this afternoon. The medicines are given out and directions repeated unto seventy times seven. Surely they *must* understand now! But the ointment will very likely be eaten; the patient "well shaken," instead of the bottle; and the four days' supply of pills swallowed at one time to insure a rapid recovery.

The afternoon clinic is over and we hurry out to reach the sun and air. The eternal mystery of pain surges through us in the question: Why must sentient human creatures suffer so, when much of it is preventable? For hours the world seems dark with inscrutable purposes and appalling punishments. It is a relief to turn from the clinic to the in-patients, for it is they who reap the greatest benefit of the medical work. By remaining days and often weeks in the ward, they hear the message, the telling of which is our only reason for being here. Many a home, yes, and sometimes an entire village, has been transformed by one who first heard of Christ in the mission hospital.

Do you ask to be taken to see the hospital wards? You will not recognize them unless I point out to you the low, ill-ventilated Chinese rooms which for a dozen years have been the only wards Weihsien has had. Where are the light, airy rooms you pictured, with trained nurses in immaculate uniforms, moving about among snowy cots? Where indeed? Here you will see low, brick beds, with two or three persons on a bed, wearing the filthy clothes which do service an entire winter, day and night, without washing. The only bedding is the family wadded quilt which is used year in, year out, by the family who doubtless will shiver to-night because they generously allowed the sick person to take the quilt with him. In place of the nurse, you will see a relative or neighbor of the patient, in his filthy clothing, clumsily waiting on him; because there *is* no nurse, and unfortunately the doctor's day holds only twenty-four hours.

For a moment you may stop to recall that this hospital furnishes the only surgical relief for a district containing three millions of people. Then you will count the twenty-five "beds" while you ponder the fact that often eighty people occupy these beds.

Do you wonder that the Chinese gentleman who came in yesterday with his son, for operation, left early this morning, repulsed by the lack of proper accommodations and privacy? And do you wonder that we often are heart-sick trying to work in such conditions?

But a better day is dawning! Another foreign doctor has been added to our staff, and a trained nurse is ready to come. A committee of leading Chinese and of foreigners has asked the Board for a new hospital. The doctor, rubbing his eyes with a sense of unreality, has drawn plans for an adequate sixty-four bed hospital, to cost \$10,000 gold.

One-tenth of that sum is in hand. And we hope that some who are giving for the China Campaign will designate their gifts "for the new hospital at Weihsien."

Ever yours heartily,

MABEL M. ROYS.
(Mrs. C. K.)

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be addressed to Lilian Peters, Dickinson House, Northampton, Massachusetts.

'09. Frances Bickford has been made head of the school department of the New Haven library.

Mrs. George Deming Grannis (Louise Winthrop) Address: 2301 Portland Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

'11. Anna Doyle has been teaching Latin and French in the High School at Lenox, Massachusetts.

Marian Hazeltine has been teaching Latin and History in the High School at Belfast, Maine.

Margaret Keen has been cruising in the West Indies.

Mary Lewis has been teaching English in Martha Washington College, Abingdon, Virginia.

Elizabeth Macdougall has been teaching Domestic Science in New York.

Eleanor Mills has gone to Europe.

Frederica Mead has gone on a trip around the world.

Mrs. Riley McConnell (Grace Otteson) is living at the Navy Yard, Mare Island, California.

Dwight Power is working with a publishing company in New York. Address: "The Judson," Washington Square, New York City.

Raena Ryerson and Helen Sriver are going abroad together this month.

Elizabeth Sherwood is at home. Address: 113 Harvard Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

Margaret Shepard is playing among the second violins of the MacDowell Club Orchestra of Boston, Mass.

Loretta Wallace is Directress of a girl's club in the University Settlement, and a Friendly Visitor in connection with the Orange, New Jersey, Bureau of Charities.

Marian Yeaw has been acting as chairman of the East Orange Day Nursery.

'13. Edith Alden has been teaching in the Essex High School, Essex, Massachusetts.

Marion Amsden has been teaching Biology and French in the High School at Melrose, Massachusetts.

Beatrice Armijo is at home. Address: 269 West 79th Street, New York City.

Alene Ayres is at home. Address: 216 Ogden Street, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

13. Ruth Bach-Wiig is at home. Address: 507 Cumberland Avenue, Portland, Maine.

Charlotte Barrows has been teaching French and Ancient History in the Rockville High School at Rockville, Connecticut.

Cora Beach has been teaching Mathematics, English, and History in Walden, New York.

Josephine Beecher has been teaching Latin and German in the Livonia High School, Livonia, New York.

Eleanor Brodie is at home. Address: 16 Sewall Avenue, Brookline, Massachusetts.

Caroline Daugherty has been teaching in the Public Schools of Indiana, Pennsylvania.

Lillian Dowd is at home. Address: 11 Spruce Street, Nashua, New Hampshire.

Gertrude Dudley is at home. Address: 76 Pearl Street, Malone, New York.

Catherine Ferry is at home. Address: 88 Elizabeth Street, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

Constance Fowler is at home. Address: 40 Ingersoll Grove, Springfield, Massachusetts.

Helen Kempshall is at home. Address: 240 South Broad Street, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Ethel Libby is at home. Address: 15 Pine Street Court, Springfield, Massachusetts.

Martha McMillan is at home. Address: 941 James Street, Syracuse, New York.

Marie Moody is at home. Address: 212 Ashland Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.

Hildur Osterberg has been taking a post-graduate course in the University of Southern California, Los Angeles, California.

Theia Powers is at home. Address: Lyndonville, Vermont.

Harriet Schölermann is at home. Address: 171 Field Point Road, Greenwich, Connecticut.

Blanche Staples has been teaching in the York High School, York Village, Maine.

Edith Strong has been teaching in the Central Grammar School, New Britain, Connecticut.

Meron Taylor has been teaching Chemistry, Botany, Zoology, and Latin in the High School at Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania.

'13 Mabel Weld has been teaching in New City, New York.

Marjorie Willson has been teaching English and History in the Whites School, Austin, Texas.

MARRIAGES

'94. Olivia Dunbar to Ridgely Torrence, February 21, 1914.

'95. Ruth Warren to Erwin F. Smith. Address: 1474 Belmont Street, North West, Washington, District of Columbia.

'06. Carrie McKay to George P. Crema. Address: 412 11th Street, Ocean City, New Jersey.

Elizabeth Roberts to Arthur G. Browne. Address: 1115 North E Street, Tacoma, Washington.

'07. Louise DeForest to Robert Veryard, December 3, 1913. Address: Care of Chinese Y. M. C. A., Tokio, Japan.

'09. Gertrude Gerrans to Charles W. Pooley, January 17, 1914. Address: Linwood Terrace, Buffalo, New York.

Jean MacDuffie to George D. Pirnie. Address: 112 Magnolia Terrace, Springfield, Massachusetts.

Eleanor Mann to Harvey D. Blakeslee, April 15, 1914. Address: 48 Inwood Place, Buffalo, New York.

Alice Woodruff to Donald D. Willcox, April 4, 1914. Address: 94 Linden Street, New Haven, Connecticut.

'11. Helen Earle to Henry R. Johnston, May 20, 1914.

Edith Foster to Henry Strong Huntington, Jr. Address: 122 State Street, Watertown, New York.

Ilma Sessions to Robert Hunt Johnson, April 13, 1914. Address: 296 Woodward Street, Waban, Massachusetts.

Mary Vidaud to Heermance M. Howard, April 18, 1914.

ex-'11. Clarice Taylor to Robert M. Williams of Rochester, New York, March 17, 1914.

'12. Mary Butler to Chester Wright, January 20, 1914.

Henrietta Dana to Thomas D. Hewitt, April 25, 1914. Address, 118 Hicks Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Theo Gould to Raymond D. Hunting, March 31, 1914. Address: 41 Long Street, Allston, Massachusetts.

Carolyn Ward to Dr. Harry Ingling, February 11, 1914. Address: 51 West Main Street, Freehold, New Jersey.

'13. Florence Hirscheimer to Paul Rosenwasser, February 9, 1914. Address: 1315 North Market Street, Canton, Ohio.

Vera O'Donnel to Guilford Jones. Address: Colorado Springs, Colorado.

ENGAGEMENTS

- '00. Florence E. Shepardson to E. S. Taggard of Portersville, California.
'11. Adaline Moyer, June 17, 1914.
'12. Louise Hibbs to Rev. Roscoe M. Meadows. To be married this month.

BIRTHS

- '00. Mrs. Francis D. Costello (Julia Gragg), a son, James Gragg, born April 1, 1914.
Mrs. Rollin Polk (Beth Crandall), a daughter, Betsy, born April 26, 1914.
'10. Mrs. Nelson R. Peet (Gertrude Barry), a son, Samuel Clinton, born April 4, 1914.
'11. Mrs. Harvey Hall (Florence Foster), a son, Harvey Hall, Jr., born April 9, 1914.
Mrs. Claude P. Terry (Chloe Gillis), a daughter, Claudia Gillis, born November 26, 1913.
Mrs. Cyrus Boutwell (Margaret McCrary), a daughter, born April 23, 1914.
ex-'11. Mrs. William P. Gaddis (Katharine Berryhill), a daughter.
Mrs. Alder Ellis (Grace Child), a son, Alder Ellis, Jr., born October 15, 1913.
'12. Mrs. Frances B. Davis (Patty Westcott), a daughter, Elaine Seymour, born February 13, 1914.
'13. Mrs. William F. Zimmerman Jr. (Susan Phelps), a son William Fred-eric 3rd, born March 9, 1914.



